THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

5cts.

FEBRUARY 9, '18

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this copy of The Saturday Evening Post place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any U. S. postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

The Thunders of Silence—By Irvin S. Cobb

"That . . Settles It" . . . .

Cream of Wheat

is a highly concentrated and economic food. One package will make ten quarts of delicious cooked food. Can you beat this for economy?

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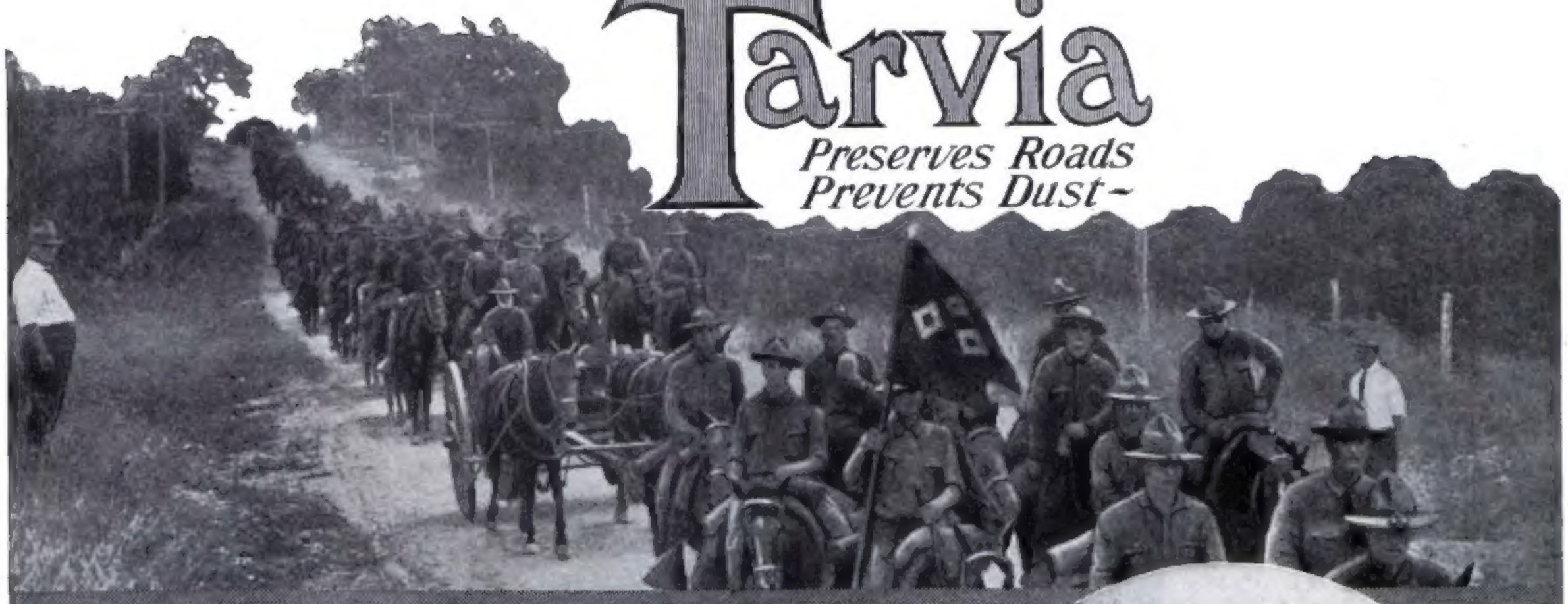
Tarvia
Preserves Roads Prevents Dust—



Tarvia Roads Withstand Severe War Traffic—

THE troops in their Texan maneuvers last year ruined many miles of ordinary roads.

The traffic was so strenuous that they quickly went to pieces.

Some roads, however, stood the test. *These were Tarvia Roads.*

They stood the strain of marching thousands. Horse, motor, and artillery divisions passed over them without number.

They had the equivalent of years of traffic in a few days.

The Gainesville *Daily Register* said:

> "This army movement was the greatest since the Civil War, consisting of 15,000 infantrymen, 275 heavily loaded five-ton motor-trucks, 600 wagons, and 6,000 horses, in addition to all the field artillery, machine guns, mountain batteries, and other equipment."

The road commissioners were so well pleased with the way the Tarvia Roads withstood this severe traffic that they immediately ordered the construction of several additional miles in Travis County alone.

Tarvia Roads are built to withstand hard usage. It is for this reason that they are in use on Government reservations, in the Army cantonments. Hundreds of the most important state and county thoroughfares all over the country are Tarvia Roads.

Today, owing to the great traffic congestion and the increasing cost of living, the country needs good roads more than ever before.

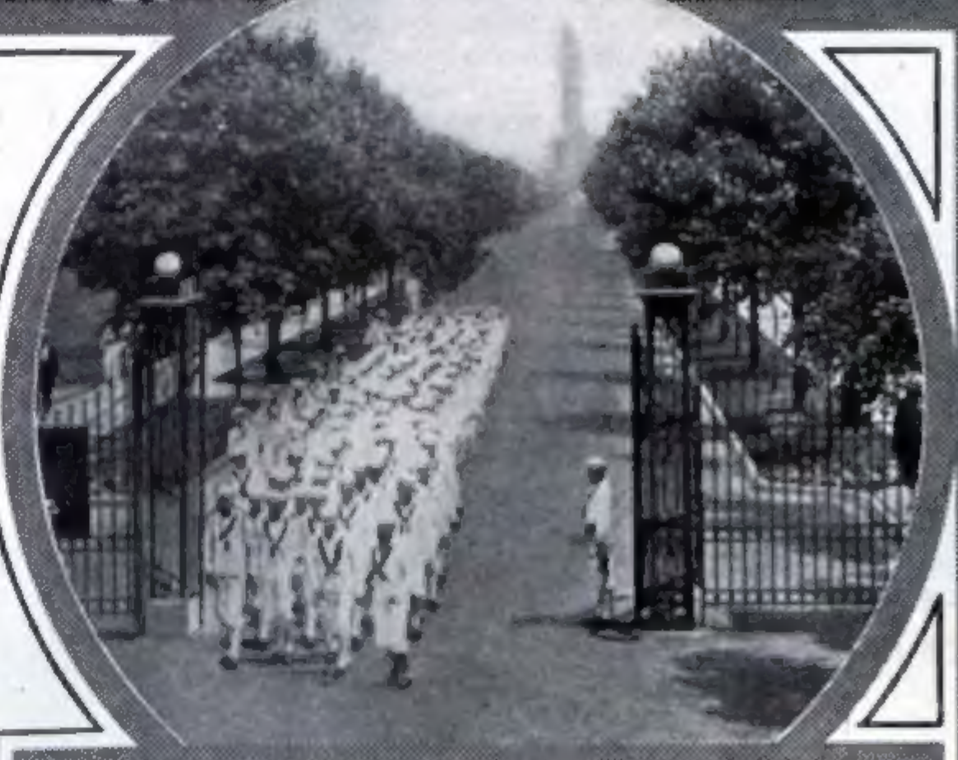
Poor roads add to the cost of everything we buy because they add to the cost of every ton that drags its weary weight over them.

Good roads, on the other hand, pay for themselves over and over again in decreased hauling charges and by saving wear and tear on vehicles and motor-cars.

The cheapest form of good road construction today is Tarvia Roads, because their first cost is low and no form of road construction is so inexpensive to maintain.

Get your neighbors together and talk over the good roads question. Write to the Tarvia Special Service Department and they will give you expert and practical information and suggestions regarding the best method of getting good roads in your community.

There are several grades of Tarvia and a dozen methods of using the product to meet varying road conditions.



(Top)—Troop movement over Tarvia-treated Government post-road in Travis County, Texas.

(Center)—Entrance road to Naval Station at Great Lakes, Illinois. All main roads within the Station are built with Tarvia.

(Bottom)—Tarvia-treated road at Camp Douglas, Wisconsin.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

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Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville

The Barrett Company

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If You Will Ask Your Banker's Advice

He will tell you that the reliability of a product depends on the responsibility of its maker

If you ask your banker's advice about buying stock in a manufacturing enterprise, it's ten to one the *first* question he asks *you* will be *"Who's back of it?"*

For the banker knows that only human brains, integrity, responsibility and experience can make an investment safe.

He knows, because it's his business to take care of other people's money, and his reputation depends on his judgment.

This Applies to Buying Motor Car Axles

When you buy a motor car, a considerable part of the price—*more than most men realize*—covers the cost of the axles. You are investing your dollars in *safety*, axle reliability, axle efficiency.

So you should ask, *"Who's back of them?"*

If the answer is "Timken-Detroit," what does that mean?

It means a permanent *institution* in the automobile industry.

It means the oldest and largest organization in the exclusive business of building axles for motor vehicles.

It means engineering and manufacturing experience that began with the industry and has developed with it.

It means ability to improve—to foresee the trend in motor-car construction. Hardly any important part of any front or rear axle but shows the result of Timken-Detroit experience and ingenuity.

It means long years of demonstrated efficiency *under all conditions of road and load.*

It means recognition of superiority by the leading car builders, who have year after year used Timken-Detroit Axles because of their actual performance.

This good average, year after year, can only be shown by an organization that has itself successfully gone through all these years of testing and learning, studying and demonstrating.

These, after all, are the important things to consider in deciding what type of axles will last longest and give you the most protection and the best service under your passenger car or motor truck.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
Detroit, Michigan

Oldest and largest builders of front and rear axles for both motor cars and trucks.

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

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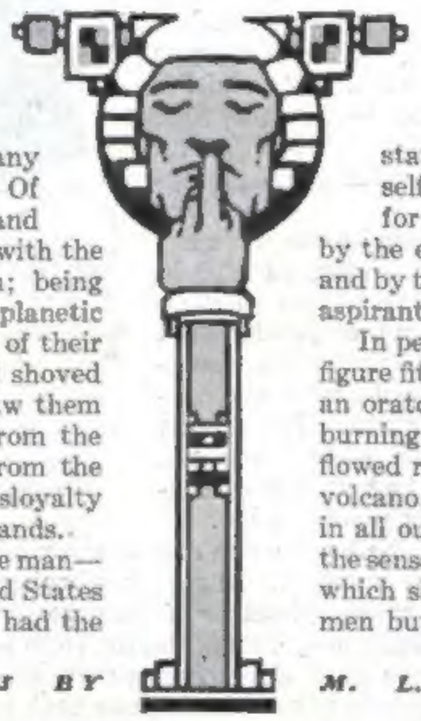
THE THUNDERS OF SILENCE

By IRVIN S. COBB



DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

SOME people said Congressman Mallard had gone mad. These were his friends, striving out of the goodness of their hearts to put the best face on what at best was a lamentable situation. Some said he was a traitor to his country. These were his enemies, personal, political and journalistic. Some called him a patriot who put humanity above nationality, a new John the Baptist come out of the wilderness to preach a sobering doctrine of world-peace to a world made drunk on war. And these were his followers. Of the first—his friends—there were not many left. Of the second group there were millions that multiplied themselves. Of the third there had been at the outset but a timorous and furtive few, and they mostly men and women who spoke English, if they spoke it at all, with the halting speech and the twisted idiom that betrayed their foreign birth; being persons who found it entirely consistent to applaud the preachment of planetic disarmament out of one side of their mouths, and out of the other side of their mouths to pray for the success at arms of the War Lord whose hand had shoved the universe over the rim of the chasm. But each passing day now saw them increasing in number and in audacity. Taking courage to themselves from the courage of their apostle, these, his disciples, were beginning to shout from the housetops what once they had only dared whisper beneath the eaves. Disloyalty no longer smoldered; it was blazing up. It crackled, and threw off firebrands.

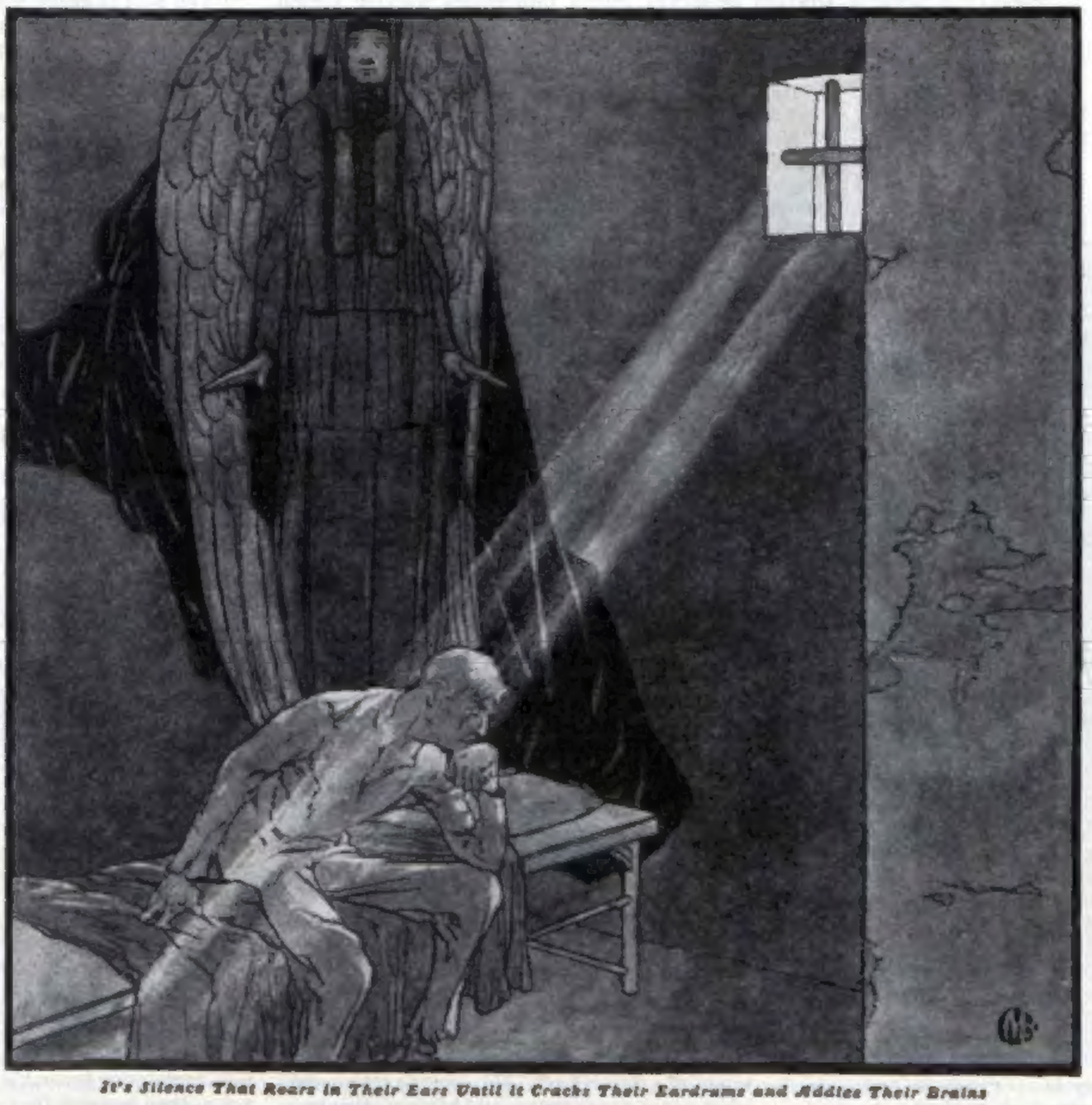
Of all those who sat in judgment upon the acts and the utterances of the man—and this classification would include every articulate creature in the United States who was old enough to be reasonable—or unreasonable—only a handful had the right diagnosis for the case. Here and there were to be found men who knew he was neither crazed nor inspired; and quite rightly they put no credence in the charge that he had sold himself for pieces of silver to the enemy of his own nation. They knew what ailed the Honorable Jason Mallard—that he was a victim of a strangulated ambition, of an egotistic hernia. He was hopelessly ruptured in his vanity. All his life he had lived on love of notoriety, and by that same perverted passion he was being eaten up. Once he had diligently besought the confidence and the affections of a majority of his fellow citizens; now he seemed bent upon consolidating their hate for him into a common flood and laving himself in it. Well, if such was his wish he was having it; there was no denying that.

In the prime of his life, before he was fifty, it had seemed that almost for the asking the presidency might have been his. He had been born right, as the saying goes, and bred right, to make suitable presidential timber. He came of fine clean blends of blood. His father had been a descendant of Norman-English folk who settled in Maryland before the Revolution; the family name had originally been Maillard, afterward corrupted into Mallard. His mother's people were Scotch-Irish immigrants of the types that carved out their homesteads with axes on the spiny haunches of the Cumberlands. In the Civil War his father had fought for the Union, in a regiment of borderers; two of his uncles had been partisan rangers on the side of the Confederacy. If he was a trifle young to be of that generation of public men who were born in unchinked log cabins of the wilderness or prairie-sod shanties, at least he was to enjoy the subsequent political advantage of having come into the world in a two-room house of unpainted pine slabs on the sloped withers of a mountain in East Tennessee. As a child he had been taken by his parents to one of the states which are called pivotal states. There he had grown up—farm boy first, teacher of a district school, self-taught lawyer, county attorney, state legislator, governor, congressman for five terms, a floor leader of his party—so that by ancestry and environment, by the ethics of political expediency and political geography, by his own record and by the traditions of the time, he was formed to make an acceptable presidential aspirant.

In person he was most admirably adapted for the rôle of statesman. He had a figure fit to set off a toga, a brow that might have worn a crown with dignity. As an orator he had no equal in Congress or, for that matter, out of it. He was a burning mountain of eloquence, a veritable human Vesuvius from whom, at will, flowed rhetoric or invective, satire or sentiment, as lava might flow from a living volcano. His mind spawned sonorous phrases as a roe shad spawns eggs. He was in all outward regards a shape of a man to catch the eye, with a voice to cajole the senses as with music of bugles, and an oratory to inspire. Moreover, the destiny which shaped his ends had mercifully denied him that which is a boon to common men but a curse to public men. Jason Mallard was without a sense of humor. He never laughed at others; he never laughed at himself. Certain of our public leaders have before now fallen into the woeful error of doing one or both of these things. Wherefore they were forever after called humorists—and ruined. When they said anything serious their friends took it humorously, and when they said anything humorous their enemies took it seriously. But Congressman Mallard was safe enough there.

Being what he was—a handsome bundle of selfishness, coated over with a fine gloss of seeming humility, a creature whose every instinct was richly mulched in self-conceit and yet one who simulated a deep devotion for mankind at large—he couldn't make either of these mistakes.

Upon a time the presidential nomination of his party—the dominant party, too—had been almost within his grasp. That made his losing it all the more bitter. Thereafter he became an obstructionist, a fighter outside of the lines of his own party and not within the lines of the opposing party, a leader of the elements of national discontent and national discord, a mouthpiece for all those who would tear down the pillars of the temple because they dislike its present tenants. Once he had courted popularity; presently—this coming after his reëlection to a sixth term—he went out of his way to win unpopularity. His invectives ate in like corrosives, his metaphors bit like adders. Always he had been like a sponge to sop up adulation;



It's Silence That Roars in Their Ears Until it Cracks Their Eardrums and Addles Their Brains

now he was to prove that when it came to withstanding denunciation his hide was the hide of a rhino.

This war came along, and after more than two years of it came our entry into it. For the most part, in the national capital and out of it, artificial lines of partisan division were wiped out under a tidal wave of patriotism. So far as the generality of Americans were concerned, they for the time being were neither Democrats nor Republicans; neither were they Socialists nor Independents nor Prohibitionists. For the duration of the war they were Americans, actuated by a common purpose and stirred by a common danger. Afterward they might be, politically speaking, whatever they chose to be, but for the time being they were just Americans. Into this unique condition Jason Mallard projected himself, an upstanding reef of opposition to break the fine continuity of a mighty ground swell of national unity and national harmony.

Brilliant, formidable, resourceful, seemingly invulnerable, armored in apparent disdain for the contempt and the indignation of the masses of the citizenship, he fought against and voted against the breaking off of diplomatic relations with Germany; fought against the draft, fought against the war appropriations, fought against the plans for a bigger navy, the plans for a great army; fought the first Liberty Loan and the second; he fought, in December last, against a declaration of war with Austro-Hungary. And, so far as the members of Congress were concerned, he fought practically single-handed.

His vote cast in opposition to the will of the majority meant nothing; his voice raised in opposition meant much. For very soon the avowed pacifists and the secret protagonists of Kultur, the blood-eyed anarchists and the lily-livered dissenters, the conscientious objectors and the conscienceless I. W. W. group, saw in him a buttress upon which to stay their cause. The lone wolf wasn't a lone wolf any longer—he had a pack to rally about him, yelping approval of his every word. Day by day he grew stronger and day by day the sinister elements behind him grew bolder, echoing his challenges against the Government and against the war. With practically every newspaper in America, big and little, fighting him; with every influential magazine fighting him; with the leaders of the Administration fighting him—he nevertheless loomed on the national sky line as a great sinister figure of defiance and rebellion.

Deft word chandlers of the magazines and the daily press coined terms of opprobrium for him. He was the King of the Copperheads, the Junior Benedict Arnold, the Modern Judas, the Second Aaron Burr; these things and a hundred others they called him; and he laughed at hard names and in reply coined singularly apt and cruel synonyms for the more conspicuous of his critics. The oldest active editor in the country—and the most famous—called upon the body of which he was a member to impeach him for acts of disloyalty, tending to give aid and comfort to the common enemy. The great president of a great university suggested as a proper remedy for what seemed to ail this man Mallard that he be shot against a brick wall some fine morning at sunrise. At a monstrous mass meeting held in the chief city of Mallard's home state, a mass meeting presided over by the governor of that state, resolutions were unanimously adopted calling upon him to resign his commission as a representative. His answer to all three was a speech which, as translated, was shortly thereafter printed in pamphlet form by the Berlin Lokal-Anzeiger and circulated among the German soldiers at the Front.

"That's the Thing He Feeds On—Vanity"

For you see Congressman Mallard felt safe, and Congressman Mallard was safe. His buckler was the right of free speech; his sword, the argument that he stood for peace through all the world, for arbitration and disarmament among all the peoples of the world.

It was on the evening of a day in January of this present year that young Drayton, Washington correspondent for the New York Epoch, sat in the office of his bureau on the second floor of the Hibbett Building, revising his account of a scene he had witnessed that afternoon from the press gallery of the House. He had instructions from his managing editor to cover the story at length. At ten o'clock he had finished what would make two columns in type and was polishing off his opening paragraphs before putting the manuscript on the wire when the door of his room opened and a man came in—a shabby, tremulous figure. The comer was Quinlan.

Quinlan was forty years old and looked fifty. Before whisky got him Quinlan had been a great newspaper man. Now that his habits made it impossible for him to hold a steady job he was become a sort of news tipster. Occasionally also he did small lobbying of a sort; his acquaintance with public men and his intimate knowledge of Washington officialdom served him in both these precarious fields of endeavor. The liquor he drank—whenever and wherever he could get it—had bloated his face out of all wholesome contour and had given to his stomach a chronic distention, but had depleted his frame and shrunken his limbs so that physically he was that common enough type of the hopeless alcoholic—a meager rack of a man burdened amidships by an unhealthy and dropsical plumpness.

At times when he was not completely sodden—when he had in him just enough whisky to stimulate his soaked brain, and yet not enough of it to make him maudlin—he displayed flashes of a one-time brilliancy which by contrast with his usual state made the ruinous thing he had done to himself seem all the more pitiable.

"The American People are a Mighty Patient Lot"

Drayton of the Epoch was one of the newspaper men upon whom he sponged. Always preserving the fiction that he was borrowing because of temporary necessity, he got small sums of money out of Drayton from time to time, and in exchange gave the younger man bits of helpful information. It was not so much news that he furnished Drayton as it was insight into causes working behind political and diplomatic events. He came in now without knocking and stood looking at Drayton with an ingratiating flicker in his dulled eyes.

"Hello, Quinlan!" said Drayton. "What's on your mind to-night?"

"Nothing, until you get done there," said Quinlan, letting himself lop down into a chair across the desk from Drayton. "Go ahead and get through. I've got nowhere to come but in, and nowhere to go but out."

"I'm just putting the final touches on my story of Congressman Mallard's speech," said Drayton. "Want to read my introduction?"

Privately Drayton was rather pleased with the job and craved approval for his craftsmanship from a man who still knew good writing when he saw it, even though he could no longer write it.

"No, thank you," said Quinlan. "All I ever want to read about that man is his obituary."

"You said it!" agreed Drayton. "It's what most of the decent people in this country are thinking, I guess, even if they haven't begun saying it out loud yet. It strikes me the American people are a mighty patient lot—putting up with that demagogue. That was a rotten thing that happened up on the hill to-day, Quinlan—a damnable thing. Here was Mallard making the best speech in the worst cause that ever I heard, and getting away with it too. And there was Richland trying to answer him and in comparison making a spectacle of himself—Richland with all the right and all the decency on his side and yet showing up like a perfect dub alongside Mallard, because he hasn't got one-tenth of Mallard's ability as a speaker or one-tenth of Mallard's personal fire or stage presence or magnetism or whatever it is that makes Mallard so plausible—and so dangerous."

"That's all true enough, no doubt," said Quinlan; "and since it is true why don't the newspapers put Mallard out of business?"

"Why don't the newspapers put him out of business!" echoed Drayton. "Why, good Lord, man, isn't that what they've all been trying to do for the last six months? They call him every name in the calendar, and it all rolls off him like water off a duck's back. He seems to get nourishment out of abuse that would kill any other man. He thrives on it, if I'm any judge. I believe a hiss is music to his ears and a curse is a hushaby, lullaby song. Put him out of business? Why say, doesn't nearly every editorial writer in the country jump on him every day, and don't all the paragraphers gibe at him, and don't all the cartoonists lampoon him, and don't all of us who write news from down here in Washington give him the worst of it in our dispatches? . . . And what's the result? Mallard takes on flesh and every red-mouthed agitator in the country and every mushy-brained peace fanatic and every secret German sympathizer trails at his heels, repeating what he says. I'd like to know what the press of America hasn't done to put him out of business!

"There never was a time, I guess, when the reputable press of this country was so united in its campaign to kill off a man as it is now in its campaign to kill off Mallard. No paper gives him countenance, except some of these foreign-language rags and these dirty little disloyal sheets; and until here just lately even they didn't dare to come out in the open and applaud him. Anyway, who reads them as compared with those who read the real newspapers and the real magazines? Nobody! And yet he gets stronger every day. He's a national menace—that's what he is."

"You said it again, son," said Quinlan. "Six months ago he was a national nuisance and now he's a national menace; and who's responsible—or, rather, what's responsible—for him being a national menace? Well, I'm going to tell you; but first I'm going to tell you something about Mallard. I've known him for twelve years, more or less—ever since he came here to Washington in his long frock coat that didn't fit him and his big black slouch hat and his white string tie and in all the rest of the regalia of the counterfeit who's trying to fool people into believing he's part tribune and part peasant."

"You wouldn't call Mallard a counterfeit, would you?—a man with the gifts he's got," broke in Drayton. "I've heard him called everything else nearly in the English language, but you're the first man that ever called him a counterfeit, to my knowledge!"

"Counterfeit? Why, he's as bogus as a pewter dime," said Quinlan. "I tell you I know the man. Because you don't know him he's got you fooled the same as he's got so many other people fooled. Because he looks like a steel engraving of Henry Clay you think he is a Henry Clay, I suppose—anyhow, a lot of other people do; but I'm telling you his resemblance to Henry Clay is all on the outside—it doesn't strike in any farther than the hair roots. He calls himself a self-made man. Well, he's not; he's self-assembled, that's all. He's made up of standardized and interchangeable parts. He's compounded of something borrowed from every political mountebank who's pulled that old bunk about being a friend of the great common people and gotten away with it during the last fifty years. He's not a real genius. He's a synthetic genius.

"There are just two things about Mallard that are not spurious—two things that make up the real essence and tissue of him: One is his genius as a speaker and the other is his vanity; and the bigger of these, you take it from me, is his vanity. That's the thing he feeds on—vanity. It's the breath in his nostrils, it's the savor and the salt on his daily bread. He lives on publicity, on notoriety. And yet you, a newspaper man, sit here wondering how the newspapers could kill him, and never guessing the real answer."

"Well, what is the answer then?" demanded Drayton.

"Wait, I'm coming to that. The press is always prating about the power of the press, always nagging about pitiless publicity being potent to destroy an evil thing or a bad man, and all that sort of rot. And yet every day the newspapers give the lie to their own boastings. It's true, Drayton, that up to a certain point the newspapers can make a man by printing favorable things about him. By that same token they imagine they can tear him down by printing

unfavorable things about him. They think they can, but they can't. Let them get together in a campaign of vituperation against a man, and at once they set everybody to talking about him. Then let them carry their campaign just over a psychological dividing line, and right away they begin, against their wills, to manufacture sentiment for him. The reactions of printer's ink are stronger somehow than its original actions—its chemical processes acquire added strength in the back kick. What has saved many a rotten criminal in this country from getting his just deserts? It wasn't the fact that the newspapers were all for him. It was the fact that all the newspapers were against him. The under dog may be ever so bad a dog, but only let enough of us start kicking him all together, and what's the result? Sympathy for him—that's what. Calling 'Unclean, unclean!' after a leper never yet made people shun him. It only makes them crowd up closer to see his sores. I'll bet if the facts were known that was true two thousand years ago. Certainly it's true to-day, and human nature doesn't change.

"Your Average Latter-Day Martyr May Not Fear the Gallows or the Stake or the Pillory, But He Certainly Does Love His Press Notices"

"But the newspapers have one weapon they've never yet used; at least as a unit they've never used it. It's the strongest weapon they've got, and the cheapest, and the most terrible, and yet they let it lie in its scabbard and rust. With that weapon they could destroy any human being of the type of Jason Mallard in one-twentieth of the time it takes them to build up public opinion for or against him. And yet they can't see it—or won't see that it's there, all forged and ready to their hands."

"And that weapon is what?" asked Drayton.

"Silence. Absolute, utter silence. Silence is the loudest thing in the world. It thunders louder than the thunder. And it's the deadliest. What drives men mad who are put in solitary confinement? The darkness? The solitude? Well, they help. But it's silence that does the trick—silence that roars in their ears until it cracks their eardrums and addles their brains.

"Mallard is a national peril, we'll concede. Very well then, he should be destroyed. And the surest, quickest, best way for the newspapers to destroy him is to wall him up in silence, to put a vacuum bell of silence down over him, to lock him up in silence, to bury him alive in silence. And that's a simpler thing than it sounds. They have, all of them, only to do one little thing—just quit printing his name."

"But they can't quit printing his name, Quinlan!" exclaimed Drayton. "Mallard's news; he's the biggest figure in the news that there is to-day in this country."

"That's the same foolish argument that the average newspaper man would make," said Quinlan scornfully. "Mallard is news because the newspapers make news of him—and for no other reason. Let them quit, and he isn't news any more—he's a nonentity, he's nothing at all, he's null and he's void. So far as public opinion goes he will cease to exist, and a thing that has ceased to exist is no longer news—once you've printed the funeral notice. Every popular thing, every conspicuous thing in the world is born of notoriety and fed on notoriety—newspaper notoriety. Notoriety is as essential to the object of notoriety itself as it is in fashioning the sentiments of those who read about it. And there's just one place where you can get wholesale, nation-wide notoriety to-day—out of the jaws of a printing press.

"We call baseball our national pastime—granted! But let the newspapers, all of them, during one month of this coming spring, quit printing a word about baseball, and you'd see the parks closed up and the weeds growing on the base lines and the turnstiles rusting solid. You remember those deluded ladies who almost did the cause of suffrage some damage last year by picketing the White House and bothering the President when he was busy with the biggest job that any man had tackled in this country since Abe Lincoln? Remember how they raised such a hullabaloo when they were sent to the workhouse? Well, suppose the newspapers, instead of giving them front-page headlines and columns of space every day, had refused to print a line about them or even so much as to mention their names. Do you believe they would have stuck to the job week after week as they did stick to it? I tell you they'd have quit cold inside of forty-eight hours.

"Son, your average latter-day martyr endures his captivity with fortitude because he knows the world, through the papers, is going to hear the pleasant clanking of his chains. Otherwise he'd burst from his cell with a disappointed yell and go out of the martyr business instanter. He may not fear the gallows or the stake or the pillory, but he certainly does love his press notices. He may or may not keep the faith, but you can bet he always keeps a scrapbook. Silence—that's the thing he fears more than hangman's nooses or firing squads.

"And that's the cure for your friend, Jason Mallard, Esquire. Let the press of this country put the curse of silence on him and he's done for. Silence will kill off his cause and kill off his following and kill him off. It will kill him politically and figuratively. I'm not sure, knowing the man as I do, but what it will kill him actually. Entomb him in silence and he'll be a body of death and corruption in two weeks. Just let the newspapers and the magazines provide the grave, and the corpse will provide itself."

Drayton felt himself catching the fever of Quinlan's fire. He broke in eagerly.

"But, Quinlan, how could it be done?" he asked. "How could you get concerted action for a thing that's so revolutionary, so unprecedented, so ——"

"This happens to be one time in the history of the United States when you could get it," said the inebriate. "You could get it because the press is practically united to-day in favor of real Americanism. Let some man like your editor-in-chief, Fred Core, or like Carlos Seers of the Era, or Manuel Oxus of the Period, or Malcolm Flint of the A. P. call a private meeting in New York of the biggest individual publishers of daily papers and the leading magazine publishers and the heads of all the press associations and news syndicates, from the big fellows clear down to the shops that sell boiler plate to the country weeklies with patent insides. Through their concerted influence that crowd could put the thing over in twenty-four hours. They could line up the Authors' League, line up the defense societies, line up the national advertisers, line up organized labor in the printing trades—line up everybody and everything worth while. Oh, it could be done—make no mistake about that. Call it a boycott; call it coercion, mob law, lynch law, anything you please—it's justifiable. And there'd be no way out for Mallard. He couldn't bring an injunction suit to make a newspaper publisher print his name. He couldn't buy advertising space to tell about himself if nobody would sell it to him. There's only one thing he could do—and if I'm any judge he'd do it, sooner or later."

Young Drayton stood up. His eyes were blazing.

"Do you know what I'm going to do, Quinlan?" he asked. "I'm going to run up to New York on the midnight train. If I can't get a berth on a sleeper I'll sit up in a day coach. I'm going to rout Fred Core out of bed before breakfast time in the morning and put this thing up to him just as you've put it up to me here to-night. If I can make him see it as you've made me see it, he'll get busy. If he doesn't see it, there's no harm done. But in any event it's your idea, and I'll see to it that you're not cheated out of the credit for it."

The dipsomaniac shook his head. The flame of inspiration had died out in Quinlan; he was a dead crater again—a drunkard quivering for the lack of stimulant.

"Never mind the credit, son. What was it wise old Omar said—'Take the cash and let the credit go'?—something like that anyhow. You run along up to New York and kindle the fires. But before you start I wish you'd loan me about two dollars. Some of these days when my luck changes I'll pay it all back. I'm keeping track of what I owe you. Or say, Drayton—make it five dollars, won't you, if you can spare it?"

Beforehand there was no announcement of the purpose to be accomplished. The men in charge of the plan and the men directly under them, whom they privily commissioned to carry out their intent, were all of them sworn to secrecy. And all of them kept the pledge. On a Monday Congressman Mallard's name appeared in practically every daily paper in America, for it was on that evening that he was to address a mass meeting at a hall on the Lower West Side of New York—a meeting ostensibly to be held under the auspices of a so-called society for world peace. But sometime during Monday every publisher of every newspaper and periodical, of every trade paper, every religious paper, every farm paper in America, received a telegram from a certain address in New York. This telegram was marked Confidential. It was signed by a formidable list of names. It was signed by three of the most distinguished editors in America; by the heads of all the important news-gathering and news-distributing agencies; by the responsible heads of the leading feature syndicates; by the presidents of the two principal telegraph companies; by the presidents of the biggest advertising agencies; by a former President of the United States; by a great Catholic dignitary; by a great Protestant evangelist, and by the most eloquent rabbi in America; by the head of the largest banking house on this continent; by a retired military officer of the highest rank; by a national leader of organized labor; by the presidents of four of the leading universities; and finally by a man who, though a private citizen, was popularly esteemed to be the mouthpiece of the National Administration.

While this blanket telegram was traveling over the wires a certain magazine publisher was stopping his presses to throw out a special article for the writing of which he had paid fifteen hundred dollars to the best satirical essayist in the country; and another publisher was countermanding the order he had given to a distinguished caricaturist for a series of cartoons all dealing with the same subject, and was tearing up two of the cartoons which had already been delivered and for which he already had paid. He offered to pay for the cartoons not yet drawn, but the artist declined to accept further payment when he was told in confidence the reason for the cancellation of the commission.

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The Lone Wolf Wasn't a Lone Wolf Any Longer—He Had a Pack to Rally About Him

HEROING IN FRANCE

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, COPYRIGHT BY COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

Apparently the Only Tools Required are Hammers

PHOTO. FROM INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., COPYRIGHT BY COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

Loading Supply Trucks for Our Army on French Soil

By George Pattullo

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, FRANCE.

DEAR ED: Here is one busted hero! Cast away your cigarette and give three long jeers! After all those farewells—after that dinner they gave me—after old Mr. Thomas, president of the chamber of commerce, made everybody weep with pride because the War Department had specially picked me out to go forth first—or can a man go fourth first?—anyway, after Mr. Thomas had said that the hearts of all my fellow townsmen would be with me as I carried the banner of democracy and human liberty on the bloodstained battlefields of France or stood watch at my cheerless post in the gloom of the trenches—and after a couple of girls had cried on my new uniform and I had promised them that I'd try to hold in and not rush too far ahead of my men every time I went over the top—after all that, I've been out on a baldfaced prairie for a month, bossing a bunch of men on a railroad job.

Fact! I'm a section boss. We're infantry, but our regiment has been put on railroad construction, and we're building a roadbed. Wouldn't it cork you? All I have to do is walk round and see they don't loaf on the job, for the sergeants stand over them to show what is to be done. Some different from what the folks think I'm doing, I guess; but that's the way with war—there's about as much romance in it as there is in laying a gas main on Elm Street. Thousands and thousands of others are in the same boat, Ed. Their folks picture them in tin hats, doing hero stuff in trenches—whereas they're shoveling gravel into a wagon or driving a truck, for $1.10 a day. And all that they've seen of the Front is what they saw in the movies back home. Take the case of Seth Thomas, who came over with me on the boat; last I heard from him he was digging a ditch not so many miles from Paris, in a course of instruction for engineers, and longing to get to the American "camp."

Fightless Soldiering

THAT reminds me. Guess who blew in yesterday, all dressed up and rearing to go? Lon Roberts, who used to be teller in the First National. He's a captain now and had perfectly new, shiny bars on his shoulders. What do you know about that? I didn't recognize him at first, because a uniform changes a man so, and Lon didn't know me from a load of hay.

How could he? A bank teller sees mighty little of a newspaper reporter, anyhow.

"Where's the American camp?" he said. "I got orders to report to the —— Infantry to-day."

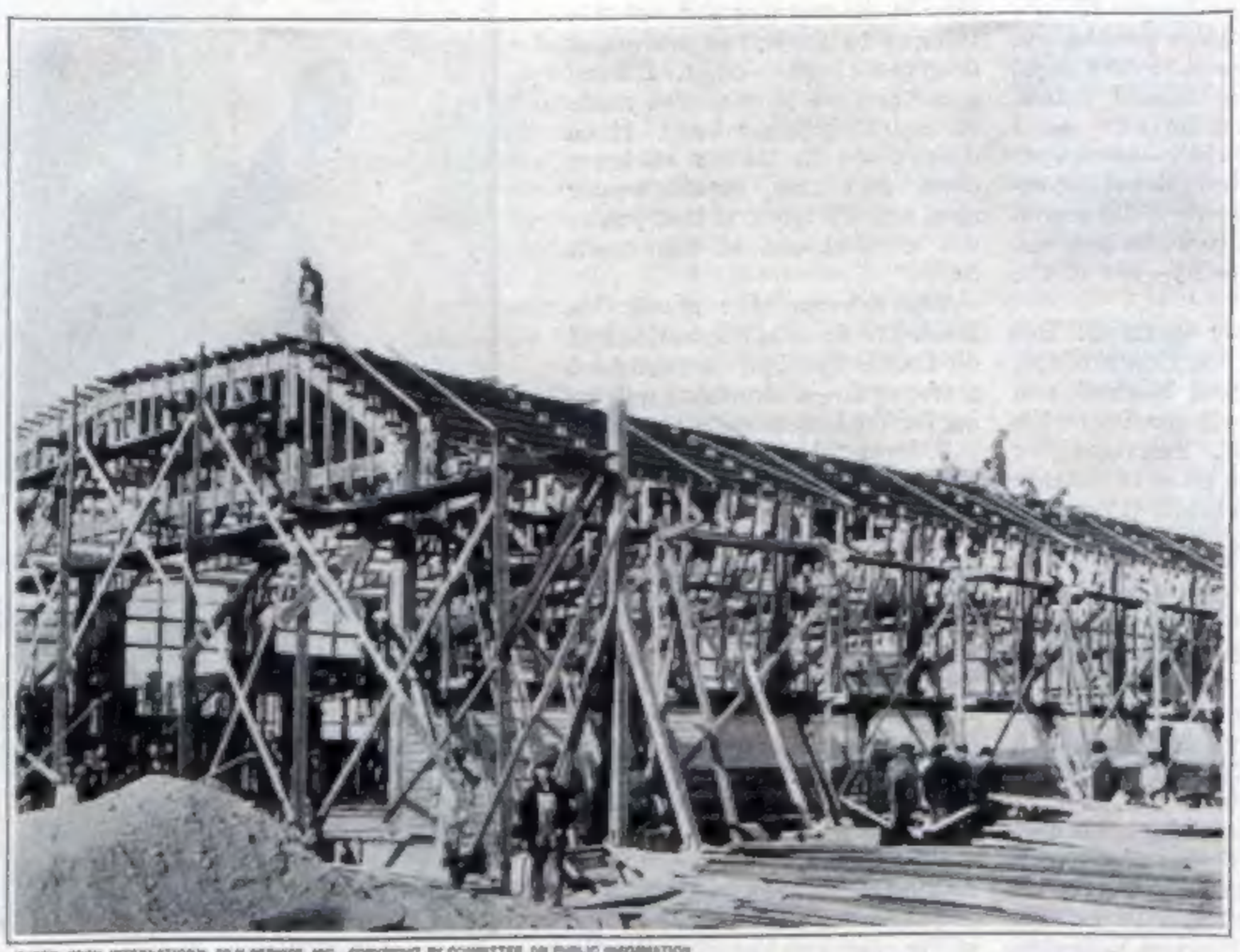
"Well, you've arrived. This is your regiment. Welcome, little stranger! You can get a pick and shovel from the sergeant. Or would you prefer to run a wheelbarrow?"

That was no way to talk to a captain; but it made him recognize me, and we had a glad reunion.

"But all joking aside," said Lon, "I've got to get to the American camp this afternoon. Where is it?"

Well, sir, it took me twenty minutes to convince him that he had arrived, and that this was one of the American "camps." It was so entirely different from what he had expected. But when it comes to that, everything here is different from what any of us expected. Lon isn't the only one. I had fool ideas myself, and I can see in every letter from home that the people back there picture the army's doings in France about the way Lon and I did.

That's because they still cling to the antediluvian notion that soldiering is a purely martial pursuit and every man in uniform goes out to fight. Not by a long shot, Ed! For every soldier in the firing line there're four behind who're working on everyday jobs such as we've been doing in the United States all our lives—deepening harbors; building docks and storehouses; unloading freight; driving mule teams; pushing new railroads across country and adding spurs and extra tracks; putting up telephone posts and stringing wires; hauling rocks and gravel for new roads; digging cuts; making barracks for the men to live in; chopping down trees and hauling out the lumber and the wood for fuel; transporting supplies across country in motor trucks; keeping up garages and repair shops for those trucks and the thousands of automobiles the army uses; digging deep ditches, which they call trenches when fitted up with dugouts and revetments, and so on.



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Construction Squadrons in France are Rushing Work on Homes for the American Air Army

Business Methods That Will Win

ABOUT eighty per cent of modern war is just plain hard work, Ed. And the more you bring business methods to it the better you succeed. Gee, I'd like to see things hum they way they do in the plant back home! It's because the boches applied their best business brains to war that they got the bulge on the other nations from the start. We've been doddering along in the belief that war was a mystic science reserved for men with special technical training and that ordinary dubs who made a living at railroading or clerking for the Beef Trust hadn't a chance in it. Forget it! Those are just the boys we need. Most of war is industrial organization—that's all. And when did the boches beat us on big industrial jobs? The same methods that built our railroads can win a war.

In my opinion the whole proposition boils down to this: Can we get the same speed and efficiency into our warfare that we have applied to our peacetime activities? And can we do it three thousand miles from home? If we hope to, we've got to bring to bear on the job the business brains of the United States. They've already made a start in that direction over here, glory be! and probably you'll see the general extend the plan.

To hear a lot of people talk you'd think the Germans were a race peculiarly equipped by the Almighty for fighting. Now I've been watching the German prisoners in these parts, Ed—there're more than three thousand of them, so one ought to be able to form an idea of the sort of men we're up against—and I tell you straight that we've got the edge on them in human material. Most are fine, husky men all right—no use lying about things; but stack them up alongside our own and you'll feel proud of Uncle Sam.

The boche idea of us makes me boil. You can detect it even in the attitude of the prisoners. They're almost insolent—not in words of course, but in their

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With the Red Cross in Italy

The Story of the Big Retreat—By Elizabeth Frazer

TO SAY that history repeats itself is a trite enough observation; but to watch history at close range and without perspective in the very act of repetition; or nearer yet, to be a factor in that big, grinding, aeonic process—that is not trite, but more often terrible, tragic, astounding. That is what is happening to-day in Italy. History is repeating itself. Some centuries ago, more than I personally can remember, the Teutonic hordes crossed the Alps, swept down the lovely plains of Lombardy and Tuscany, burning, raping, slaying—down to the very gates of Rome; and when its inhabitants refused to pay a colossal indemnity they proceeded to sack the town. They sacked it good and hard, in true Teutonic style. They tore down the temples and shattered the statues and pitched priceless works of art out into the filth of the gutter and broke open the wine cellars and chanted drunken hymns in praise of their own superior refinement and culture; and, in short, indulged in the same heavy triumphal orgies in the Eternal City that their descendants had planned to execute in Paris in August, 1914. They painted Italy a bright sanguinary vermilion—as long as their red paint lasted. In Venetia in particular they so harried the simple natives that they fled to the marshes and founded the town of Venice.

To-day Italy is in the painful throes of just such another brutal invasion. Another swift, powerful, headlong lunge has been initiated, but stopped short almost before it began, upon the plateau of Asiago, at the banks of the Piave. And as I write this in Rome the Italian armies, rallying from the first stunned shock of defeat, are holding firm and gallantly striving to dam—and damn!—the vast Germanic tidal wave which for the second time in history has topped the Alps and burst across their northern frontiers.

The result of Mackensen's first smashing assault on the Italian line all the world knows. General Cadorna published the news of the defeat in a curt communiqué of a dozen words, and Lloyd George startled the whole Allied world by flinging full in its face the complete facts of the disaster in all their menacing significance.

The Hospital for Children of Refugees, at Naples

The Loss of the Second Army

WHAT happened, briefly, was this: The Second Italian Army caved under a sudden tremendous pressure of the enemy, the German troops rushed through the breach at the rear and captured the Second Army practically entire. They captured its men, its guns and ammunition; its enormous warehouses of grain and its hospital units and supplies. In two terrible days the Italians lost all the headway they had striven unceasingly for two years to attain. They lost their magnificent roads, tunnels and mountain passes, fortified and intrenched in the solid rock. They lost the northern strip of territory invaded by the foe, and had to shoulder, moreover, without a moment's warning, the colossal burden of hundreds of thousands of refugees, who fled from their homes panic-stricken in the first mad rout of the big retreat.

Already between five and six hundred thousand refugees, or *profughi*—those who flee—as the Italians picturesquely term them, have poured southward—a vast human tide of dispossessed peasants, hungry, homeless, clotheless, piteously tragic, and yet upheld in their misfortune by a kind of courage and simple faith that makes one wish to weep. This wave has already rolled from the top to the bottom of the country, from the mountains of the north down to the very toe of the boot, and the surplus has streamed across into Sicily and Sardinia. At the present moment, however, tragic and moving as are some of the specific cases, the refugee problem is in the main under control. But should the Italians be forced to retreat back of the Piave; should Venice and the surrounding country come under Austrian control, then that six hundred thousand would leap up past the two-million mark. Two million more refugees would be flung upon the back of an already straining nation; and then not Italy alone, but the whole Allied world would taste disaster! And it is this grim contingency that now faces Italy.

Between Five and Six Hundred Thousand Refugees Have Poured Southward—a Vast Human Tide of Dispossessed Peasants, Homeless and Piteously Tragic

In order to visualize clearly the picture of what is occurring in Italy it is necessary to go back over the last month and get the broad lines of the disaster which resulted in the loss of the Italian Great Headquarters at Udine. The underlying causes of that defeat will probably never be revealed to the world in their entirety. In Rome dozens of tales are flying about from mouth to mouth to account for the grand débâcle, all kinds of absurd rumors and grotesque episodes; and treachery is of course the first word on everybody's lips. But in an engagement of such prime magnitude it is rarely any one single outstanding and dramatic factor which causes the wreck, but rather the combined accumulation of many coefficients, some big, some little, some obvious, some obscure, some immediate, some remote, but all of them operating against stability of mass, so that when a swift terrific blow is suddenly applied the mass breaks to pieces—and each one of the warring coefficients is partially to blame.

Austro-German Propaganda

IN THIS particular case the chief coefficients were the destructive peace-propaganda activities carried on by the Austrians, the Catholics and the Italian Socialist party. Now in ordinary private life each one of these elements hates the other. The Socialists do not love the Clericals, their ancient foes; and certainly the German propagandists have no altruistic friendship for either faction. But the four months before the Italian defeat found all these three parties walking in the same road, each bent on its own particular goal. And so peace talk began to spread and be artfully disseminated—first, by the parish priests in obscure country villages among the women whose husbands and sweethearts were bearing the brunt of the war; second, by the Socialists among the business men and small dealers who saw their means of livelihood being destroyed by an indefinite term of conflict; and third, by the Austrians, who cunningly took advantage of both these other elements to spread disaffection, and who in addition, by means of new leaflets printed in Italian and scattered throughout the country and the trenches, sought to impress the idea of Austria's friendliness and of her genuine desire for an early peace.

"Let the others, if they so desire, fight it out to the bitter conclusion," these pamphlets said. "But as for us, Italy and Austria—friends, neighbors, kinsmen, knit by a thousand bonds of blood—each of us desires nothing but simple peace; and so let there be peace between us. The holy Pope desires it; the Socialists desire it; the Italian people desire it; and certainly we Austrians desire it most of all. We are unutterably sick of war. Therefore, why should we delay? Let us make a pact, join hands and start the world movement."

This was the burden of Austrian propaganda, instigated of course from the Wilhelmstrasse with the idea of cutting Italy out of the game; and its influence as one of the coefficients in the defeat at Udine was undoubtedly powerful, chiefly because it ran with the currents of feeling already prevalent

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The Grand Romantic Manner

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Though the Shower of Gold Continued I Found Myself Constantly Made Mournful by the Thought That a Braying Ass Delighteth the Multitude, While the Classics Play to Empty Seats

A DOZEN times, my pendulum swinging to confidence, I have started to tell this story; and a dozen times, seeking the caves of despair, I have thrown my pen away. For one reason, I am a tragedian, a scholar of the old school, a true believer in the grand romantic manner; whereas in its essential features that chapter of my life which I wish to set before you is a comedy—a comedy such as the Muses sometimes seem to stage to divert the pagan deities, to excite the magnificent risibilities of Ashtaroth and Baal.

For another thing, I find it difficult to decide where to begin, so many circumstances crowd upon my recollection and backward hold my pen.

Shall I start, for instance, with Jocko, the musical jackass, who nearly broke my heart; or with the princess whose tears were presently turned to laughter? Or shall I tell you first about the haughty manner of Mrs. Cuthbert-Raven; or about the explosive snuff designed to make the devil say "Kerchew!"? Or, waiving immaterial matters, suppose I boldly launch the statement that I, Sir Horace Vergil Larkins, one of the most classical men of my times, once wore my trousers upside down and fiddled on a ham—great heavens!—to save the world from cataclysm and furnish laughter for the high Olympian gods?

But wait!

In those last words I catch the far-off echo of an epic note—of the grand romantic manner. An old, old habit, this, which I must try to break.

For though I stretch my days to match Methuselah's span, I can never forget that on the painted stage I played the parts of kings—and dukes—and cardinals. Yet when I was given an actual part in the greatest drama of modern times I found that I was cast as a clown, a low comedian, a poor buffoon to make the galleries laugh.

I

THE night was dark, even for London, and if you had been transported on a magic carpet and set down in the room where my story opens you might have been, for all your eyes could have told you, in a prince's palace or in a pauper's home.

And while you sat there waiting in the darkness for the light to come you would have heard three sounds, or rather three series of sounds:

The first was an oft-repeated sigh, born in the heart and stifled in the pillow. That was I.

The second was the cautious creaking of a bed. That, too, was I.

And the third sound, and last, was the soothing sound of a lady gently sleeping. And that of course was my dear Josephine.

The scene was my bedroom in London. The hour was just before the dawn.

And while you are waiting for the light to come and show you what it can I am going to tell you a few of the leading facts of my life.

More years ago than I care to specify I was born, the son of the vicar of St. Modwins. My father named me Horace Vergil Larkins, and I can never describe him better than that.

At Cambridge I found myself irresistibly drawn to the drama and the flavor of antiquity. Fortune had favored me with the tragic mask and the grand romantic manner, and I resolved to follow in the footsteps of Kean, Booth and Mantell. Nay, more: I vowed to myself on the fires of youth that I would take no rest until I was hailed as the greatest tragedian that the world had ever seen.

Fortune favoring me again, I secured an engagement in Irving's company. A few years later, making a tour of the States, I played for a season with the great American, Mansfield.

It was on this latter tour that I met my Josephine, who was appearing in vaudeville.

God bless my Josephine!

What dreams of future greatness I whispered in her ear I need not tell, but when I returned to London Josephine was by my side, and she had vowed on her part that she would take no rest until I had received the order of knighthood and she was known to a title-loving world as Lady Larkins.

Shortly thereafter, casting dignity to the winds, I ran a race with the stork. The baby was called Mary, and because our life was essentially nomadic Mary was brought up by her grandfather, the vicar of St. Modwins. This left myself and Josephine free once more to pursue our grand ambition, and one by one the years had dealt with us until the night of which I now am speaking.

It was a dark night, even for London; but all things come to an end at last, and as you sit there on your magic carpet the dawn begins to show itself in the east.

First the window of my room is faintly outlined. Then the foot of the bed appears—a chest of drawers—a table by the window; all just discernible and nothing more. This bed, for instance, might be of the period of Louis XIV, exquisitely carved and embellished with tapestry and gold leaf. And over the mantel a portrait emerges—quite in the old baronial style.

And still I sigh—those bitter sighs of the early morn which are born in the heart and stifled in the pillow.

And still my Josephine sleeps soundly by my side.

The light grows stronger. On the table by the window a silk hat is seen, and though this, too, might for a moment indicate that my dreams of life had been realized, the next two items that become visible are a broken-seated chair and a water pitcher sans pattern, sans spout, sans handle.

The light grows stronger yet, and now you see that the room is a shabby one, the walls discolored, the furniture of the meanest kind. From the street shrill sounds arise, the universal accompaniment of poverty, as though it had a strident voice and little heart for melody. Children cry, urchins begin to shout, a coster's donkey brays, and then suddenly in the next room to mine a passionate tenor begins an aria, and is presently accompanied by the curses of an equally passionate barytone, who evidently wishes to sleep.

And I who had dreamed of greatness—can you wonder that I sighed? And I who had wept in my youth at the beauty of life—can you wonder that I turned and that I tossed?

On the table by the window was a letter, and by the side of this letter was a paper bag which half-concealed and half-disclosed the sardonic countenance of a dried salt herring.

With another smothered sigh I reached for the letter. It was from my daughter Mary—she whose enlarged photograph hung above the mantel. Again and again I read it, even as I had read it the night before. And again and again I pondered the following paragraphs:

"I love him, oh, so much!

"His mother is terribly proud, and terribly rich, and terribly fussy. She's one of those women who don't think that anybody is anything unless they have been presented at Court. She wants to meet you very much indeed.

"I haven't said anything about your being an actor. You know how dreadfully old-fashioned some people are. But when I simply had to say something I told them what you once told me to say—that you were a great dramatic scholar. I added that you were probably the greatest in London.

"We're all coming down to see you as soon as Eric can get his first furlough, which we think will be sometime in June.

"Just fancy! I haven't been to London since I was six weeks old, and you haven't been to St. Modwins since the war started.

"I'll let you know the exact date later, and you can either meet us at the station or we'll come straight to the house ——"

And now at last you know the reason why all night long I had tossed upon my couch, my heart heavy within me, my pillow—I am not ashamed to say it—wet with my tears.

I was fifty years old—and a failure.

I had sacrificed my wife in the worship of a false god—and now my daughter was about to be laid as an offering upon the same altar.

My rent was three weeks overdue, my shoes let in water, I was posted at my club, and only the night before I had spent my last twopence for six dried salt herrings.

Ah yes, my friends, I who have plumbed the depths of all the great tragedies—I who have delved deep into the woes of antiquity—I want to tell you this: When a man has a wife and a daughter for witness, and a sensitive soul for a scourge, there is no tragedy so poignant as to find oneself fifty years old and a failure—to stare into the dull dead eyes of a dried salt herring, and to find therein the parable of one's life.

II

ALL morning I was out upon the rounds of the dramatic agencies, Pegasus on a treadmill, hoping against hope, even as I had hoped for the last five years; but when I returned home with a leaden heart expecting to find Josephine in the depths of despair I found her instead in her smartest dress, polishing her finger nails and humming a sprightly tune—something, I believe, about a hot time and an old town—a sprightly tune which I hadn't heard her hum for many years.

"Well?" she asked. "Any luck this morning?"

She comforted me then for a time, according to her custom. "Hoddy," she said at last, "I've always made you a good wife; haven't I?"

God knows, I tried to tell her.

"And for more than twenty years I've done everything I could to see you knighted. I've been dignified and proper and worn black satin and jet beads, and acted high and haughty—a regular little Lady Lord-Look-at-Her, full of prunes and prisms and potatoes—now haven't I, Hoddy dear?"

Again I tried to tell her, though wondering, dimly fearing what was coming next.

"Well, that's all right," she said. "I'm satisfied if you are. But last night, after I'd read Mary's letter, I remembered that years ago when I was in vaudeville it was always the male quartets that made the biggest hits ——"

Obscurely then I began to see what was coming, but Fate had made me powerless to try to check the blow.

"Now you know, Hoddy," continued Josephine, "after three years of war the British public has had tragedies enough without going to the theater to see another big bunch. That's why your Great Moments From the Great Tragedies has been such a frost. What John Bull wants is something that will make him laugh himself inside out and forget all his troubles for a little while. If we can do that we can make a lot of money, and then when Mary and those awfully proper people come to London we'll have a little ready cash to entertain them at the Ritz, and I'll be able to show that terribly fussy woman just how terribly fussy a woman can be!"

"But, my dear," I stiffly objected, "you mention a male quartet. Surely you know I cannot sing ——"

"But you don't have to sing in a comic male quartet," she told me. "All you have to do is make a noise and play the fool ——"

"Great heavens!" I cried, almost in anger. "At my time of life you would make me a clown? Wearing my trousers upside down and fiddling on a ham?"

Josephine quite stared at me.

"Why, what a dandy idea!" she exclaimed. "And now listen to mine, Hoddy:

"You know Jocko, the little donkey that comes in the street every morning with the shellfish—Jocko, who says 'Hee-haw!' whenever anybody rubs his ears? Well, sir, that's the bright young youth who's going to be the second member of our quartet!"

"What!" I gasped.

"Of course you'll have to write him a special song," she continued; "one of those topical things—What the Donkey Said; and every time we come to the last line of the verse—'And the donkey said'—I'll rub his ears and then he'll sing 'Hee-haw! Hee-haw!'"

"Great heavens!" I muttered, staring at her, for though I have always followed the tragic star I was at least sufficiently versed in matters theatrical to know that a musical jackass would make a decided hit in any music hall.

"And now," said Josephine, her cheeks overbright, "who do you suppose is going to be our third little man?"

"Perhaps you have a musical flea in mind," I made ironic answer; "or Bruno, the barking dog."

"No. No, Hoddy," she sighed. "I—I'm going to be the third little man. Dressed up like a fat boy, with a big bustle, and a short red coat ——"

"My dear Josephine!" I gently cried, and the tears came to her eyes at last. For of late years she had bravely maintained the theory that she still preserved her girlish figure, and sometimes when we were exchanging confidences of the soul she would say, "Oh, Horace! That woman who bowed to you on the street to-day; am I as fat as her?" And now, when for the laughter of the vulgar she proposed to trick herself out in a costume that would show those very details which she had always tried to conceal—the bustle, the short red coat, the pantaloons!

"But look here," I said after we had comforted each other, "you've only named three, and in a quartet ——"

"Oh, yes!" said Josephine, and she thoughtfully looked at the clock. "For the fourth, of course, we shall have to find a tenor, and I thought we'd have to talk with our neighbor—he who sings opera so much in the early morning. So when I heard him after you went out, I had a few words with him and he promised to call at noon ——"

Outside, the bells of St. Paul's started to peal the day's meridian and simultaneously I heard a step in the hall.

"Rap-a-tap-tap!" sounded a knuckle on the panel—the summons of Fate, though I was far from suspecting it then.

"Come in! Come in!" I cried.

III

THE door opened as though by an invisible hand—the invisible hand of Destiny—and the next moment our neighbor had entered the room. He bowed to Josephine in the Continental manner, heels together and hand pressed on his heart—such a bow as might have been given in the court of the Golden Age—florid, effulgent and conceived in the grand romantic manner.

"I am prompt of the time?" he asked; "yes?"

It didn't need his words to tell me that our neighbor was anything but a British product. And now that he had resumed the perpendicular and no longer blinded the eye with the effulgence of his bow, I began to notice his beard, black with dye, his thick red lips, his passionate smile and overbearing eyes. All these attested his foreign birth, and when I add that he wore a pinchbeck diamond on his finger and another in his soiled cravat perhaps you will get the same impression that I received—of being in the presence of a gypsy king on his holiday, dressed and adorned as he thought a gentleman should be.

"This is Mr. Larkins, my husband," began Josephine in her usual straightforward manner. "I am Mrs. Larkins."

With another grandiose bow he handed Josephine a card, ignoring me as completely as though I were in some distant limbo near the moon.

"Mr. Nikolai Napieff," read Josephine. "We've been neighbors for quite a while, Mr. Napieff, and though we've often heard you playing and singing we've never happened to meet each other before."

"It is because of my hours," he answered. "I am a chemist, madam, working on munitions every nighttime and sleeping when I can by the day." And giving me at last one of his bold smiles over Josephine's shoulder he added: "When it came to powerful explosives, my friend, you found that some of us in Russia knew a trick or two worth learning!"

It was then, without any surprise, that I noticed the earring holes in his ears.

"You are a chemist?" I asked.

"University of Petrograd, 1880," he said. "And later postgraduate course at the University of Paris."

His manner was so challenging that I openly looked at the piercings of his ears.

"And later?" I suggested.

"You are quick on the eye, my friend," he said, wetting his lips. "Yes, later, I found it safer to return to my own people in Poland. Already then I knew too much about explosives ——"

"Mr. Napieff," said Josephine, suddenly joining in, "would you like to make some money? Would you like to make a lot of money?" she emphatically amended herself.

In growing surprise our visitor looked round the room.

"Oh dear, no; it isn't here," laughed Josephine, in no wise offended. "You've got to help us make it. Now listen: I'll tell you the scheme."

It didn't take him long to catch the value of her plan, and when she had finished he chuckled thoughtfully to himself and walked up and down the room a few times, pulling his beard and blowing out his cheeks, like a man who has the center of the stage and knows it well.

"I will tell you, my friends," he said, coming to a sudden stop. "As you can guess, I do not live at this charming lodging house because I am overburdened with wealth. Is it not so? Yes! Any more than yourselves! I live here because it is—what you call it?—on the cheap; and me—I need every penny I can get for my grand invention. For the last few weeks I have been handicap' for the want of funds; and now if you can show me how to make some extra money ——"

He disappeared, and returned almost at once with a violin under his arm, and for the next three hours he took the lead in building up a program for what was surely the strangest male quartet that ever looked over the footlights. Yes, and what is more, there wasn't a minute when he wasn't equally occupied in taking the lead over me as well.

I could feel it in his tones, his glances, the shrug of his shoulders, and a certain devilish gift he had of cursing me with his violin. As Jonson wrote, "He was a hurricano—a fever of a man!" And the more he played upon his violin the more he seemed to intoxicate himself with his own music, and the more he seemed to push me into the background—I, Horace Larkins, who had trod the boards—yes, step by step!—with Mansfield, Tree and the immortal Irving himself.

Just before he left Napieff broke into a wild melody—such perhaps as Czerny, the gypsy, used to play before the king's daughter. In the middle of a note he came to a sudden stop. "What piece is that, Mr. Napieff?" asked Josephine in her cheerful manner.

"That, madam," he grandly answered, "is the story of my life—wild, curious, roaming, and rising now to the grand tempestuous height. Next month—next week, perhaps—I shall finish the present movement—and then ——"

I think he caught my smile from the corner of his eye, for he suddenly turned and gave me one of his domineering glances.

"My friend," he said, "you laugh in your sleeve, but some day you will be proud to say that once upon a time you were acquainted with Nikolai Napieff, the man who stopped the war!"

"Oh?" I asked as politely as I could.

"Yes—'Oh!'—my friend! And once more, 'Oh!' And still again, if you want it! What?" he cried. "Have you never read in British history of a man named John Churchill who stopped the Grand

It Suddenly Came to Me That at Last I Knew the Greatest Tragedy That Can Befall Mankind

Monarque at Blenheim—and they made him a duke for that? And have you never read of Arthur Wellesley, who stopped Napoleon at Waterloo—and they made him a duke for that? But this—my friend!—this is no duke's war! And when I have stop' it—as I very soon shall!—they shall make me a Pr-r-ince!—a Royal Highness!—an Excellency!—yes, one of the Very All Highest! And—you, my friend—yes, you shall live to see it done!"

He made his exit then, spurning the floor with his feet, and left Josephine and me staring at each other in mutual astonishment.

"What do you think of that?" I asked at last.

"Some nut!" said Josephine; and again, almost in the tone of admiration: "Yes sir; our Tenor is certainly some nut!—believe me!"

IV

EVEN as Josephine with that American ingenuity which is akin to genius had conceived the idea of the Four Musical Balaams—the name itself was her own invention—so now she became our business manager.

"We're going on as an added attraction at the Piccadilly on Monday night," she triumphantly announced the next day. "If the act's a frost we die with our boots on; but if it makes the hit of the evening we're going to draw our fifty pounds a week till further notice."

"Fifty pounds a week?" I demanded.

"That's us," calmly nodded Josephine; and hanging up her hat she executed a few chaste steps. "Ten pounds to the neighbor, five to Jocko's owner—and thirty-five, fresh from His Majesty's mint, for Sir Horace and Lady Larkins! How's that, my lord?"

At sound of the title, which now I knew would never be mine, I felt like him who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; but careful not to hurt her feelings I assumed the mask of hypocrisy and congratulated Josephine as though with all my heart.

"Oh, and I saw a man from the orchestra," she continued—"the second violin; he's coming round to help arrange the scores. He's a funny little fellow. I wish we had him in the quartet instead of old Bluebeard next door. Oh, that reminds me too: I borrowed some make-up. Come and sit over here, Hoddy, and I'll try this pretty shade of blue on your upper lip."

But there, at last, I asserted myself, and a moment later, hearing the musician's step on the stairs, Josephine stopped stalking me round the room with the blue grease on the end of her finger.

"You See?" Whispered Napieff. "Without the Draft We Would be as Dead Men! A Few Short Whiffs of That ——"

Presently our strange neighbor came in, too, his violin under his arm, and though the occasion dragged upon my heart and made me sad—so far, so low had I fallen from the bright star of my youth—I could see that Josephine was enjoying herself immensely, her voice never so loud and clear, her color never so high. Yet once, when I woke in the night and found her sitting underneath the gas industriously converting an underskirt into a little red coat, I caught a look of wistful resignation on her face which reminded me of the sweet flower of her own young dreams and the bitter fruit which Time was now presenting to her.

On Monday night, however, when we stood in the wings of the Piccadilly waiting for our signal, I could see no signs of melancholy on Josephine's part, though this may have been due to the wealth of make-up with which she had disguised herself. We were supposed to be the side show of a stranded circus walking back to London, and even the stage hands grinned as they watched us waiting for our cue.

Napieff, wearing a coquettishly tight skirt and a woman's hat, was billed as the Bearded Lady.

Josephine, as you have guessed, was the Fat Boy—Not an Ounce of Muscle or Bone—Three Hundredweight of Solid Suet and Fat.

I was Sober Simon—Fifty Pounds to the Lady Who Can Make Him Smile—and God knows she would have earned it!

And Jocko was Balaam's Ass—Who Has Now Had His Voice Cultivated.

I shall not burden you with our songs and dialogue—even though the catch line of Josephine's ditty—"Who looked through the knot hole in father's wooden leg?"—became the catch phrase of London before the week was over, and was heard more often than any nobler question. Nor shall I tell you about the by-play: How the Bearded Lady fell in love with the Fat Boy, how he spurned her, how I set up a music stand for Jocko every time he sang, and with what heartfelt emphasis I answered the Bearded Lady when she asked me:

"Why do you wear your trousers upside down, Simon?"

"So I can kick myself," I told her, "every time I step!"

Ah yes, my friends, but life is the strangest thing. That line, born in banality and destitute of wit, drew more applause than any other line which I have ever delivered—I who have trod the boards as Hamlet and Mark Antony; I who one day dreamed of being the greatest tragedian that the world had ever seen! Indeed I might have thought that I was riding a nightmare had it not been for the golden sovereigns that passed into my hands the following Saturday afternoon; and from that hour on, Josephine equally divided her week days between the theater, the mantua-makers and the shops. As you have already guessed, we left nothing undone to conceal our real identities, and no one dreamed that the comically mournful basso in the Four Balaams was Horace Vergil Larkins, one of the leading dramatic scholars of his time. At least, we thought that no one dreamed it then.

Meanwhile Josephine was busy with her plans.

"Those people will probably only be here for a day or two," she said. "Just before they arrive we'll take an apartment at the Ritz and entertain them there. Then as soon as they're back in St. Modwins we'll book up solid for as long as we can, and make hay while the sun shines."

But when I approached our neighbor upon this latter subject I found he had distinctly different plans of his own.

"'For a leetle while—yes," he said. "For a long run—no, no, no! Any day now I may achieve my grand invention—and when that hour arrives ——"

He made a gesture such as Satan might have made when he saw the world at his feet, and so great was my feeling of relief at his refusal that I shook him by the hand.

"What is this great invention of yours?" I asked him, sitting down. "Some sort of a machine?"

"No, no, *batuchka*. It is a new explosive. I call it 'Napieff' all the same as me. And all the same as me once more, I shall not sell it cheap! You wait, my friend! You wait and see the price I get!"

"Is it some sort of dynamite?" I persisted.

"Dynamite? Pooh-pooh!" he scoffed. "Listen, *batuchka!* Heretofore all explosives have been set off by spark, or percussion, or fire, or something of similar nature. But in my great invention the powder is simply exploded by getting it wet; that's all!"

He must have caught my puzzled look.

"What?" he proudly cried. "You do not grasp it yet? Listen! Over the enemy's lines we send our aëroplanes, and soon they are sifting down a fine invisible cloud of my new explosive—a cloud that settles itself on the earth below like dust—and looks like dust—and feels like dust—and lies there unsuspected!

"In a little while—you understand?—the rain clouds begin to roll upon the scene, and—pat-a-pat!—you see the point? It rains!

"Ah, *batuchka!* As soon as the first drops of moisture reach the earth there is one loud lingering roar and everything that my powder has touched is absolutely done for! Trenches—forts—soldiers—ships—they are all what you call erased—wiped completely off the earth!"

In growing excitement he reached a large tin from one of his shelves—a glazed familiar snuff tin, in black and yellow, such as I had seen in many a tobacconist's shop.

"You would think it was snuff, eh?" he asked, showing me the contents with one of his passionate smiles. "And so it is! Snuff to make the devil sneeze and blow me into a kingdom! To fool the curious I have mixed it, half and half, with the choicest snuff; and when my formula is complete I defy the world to analyze it. And why?

"It is to laugh! Because the moment you touch it with anything wet—bang-bang! and off she goes!"

He put the tin back on its shelf and reached up again—this time for a bottle of brandy.

"A moment," he said; "I must find another glass."

As you have seen, I was in his rooms, and while he was gone for the glass I looked round me.

To say the least, it wasn't a wholesome place—either in its atmosphere or in its fittings. Down one side of the room was a long table covered with the ill-smelling paraphernalia of a chemist, its beakers and apparatus dirty and in disarray. Dirty, too, was the couch in the corner, and dirtier yet were the Continental prints that had been pinned to the wall. Between two of these, I noticed a half-tone picture of Princess Charlotte, Britain's bravest and most popular war princess, whose engagement had just been announced to the young Duke of Dorset; and by the side of this was a photograph of Napieff himself, smiling as ever his full-lipped, bold-eyed smile.

In the mere proximity of the two photographs I might not have guessed how literally our neighbor had spoken when he described himself as a man of grand ambition; but when I read the words he had written beneath the pictures I had no further doubt about it. Underneath the picture of the princess he had written "Charlotte, Queen of Russia"; underneath his own, "Nikolai, King of Russia."

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THE TAVARISH

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

AFTER hundreds of interviews with Russian officers and soldiers of all grades, scattered over twelve thousand miles of their country, I am at last ready to write about "Tavarish," or Comrade, as he conducts himself to-day. I think I should know the Russian soldier, for I have met many myriads of him, from Petrograd to the uttermost point of the Front in Persia, and from Siberia to the Black Sea. I have shared his food and his fleas, his tents and his trains. I have watched him and listened to him and smelt him! There may be other Americans who have come closer to a greater number of Russian soldiers than I, but I do not envy them their distinction; except that nobody knows this Russian situation who does not know the common soldier.

For neither Kerensky nor the provisional government nor the committee of workmen and soldiers rules Russia, but Tavarish; and he knows it. Comrade's own opinion was well summarized by a brutish fellow who occupied the upper berth in a first-class compartment between Rostoff and Alexandrovsk, a few days ago. He had paid no fare of course; and a lady who had been in the compartment had been forced to leave and stand in the aisle; for his comrade, a husky peasant with muddy boots, whose vermin-infested clothes had not been off his back for months, lay at full length on the red velvet cushion of the lower berth, his head pillowed on a dirty burlap bag holding his kit. How he gloated over the unwonted luxury, in the consciousness that Tavarish has come to his own, while the bourgeois are cast out into desolation!

Ignorant Victims of Tyranny

I ASKED the man in the upper berth about his plans. "There will be peace within a month. If not, all the soldiers, from the Caucasus to Riga, will go home, each taking fifty cartridges and a gun. Then there will be another revolution, and we shall show them!"

That is the big fact about Russia to-day—bigger, perhaps, than the revolution itself, of which it is the most important expression. Tavarish is taking his gun and going home, without saying "By your leave" to anybody. Now he has an argument the force of which he can understand and wield. He has been bewildered and befuddled by countless strange pleas. All parties have appealed to him as if he were a reasonable being. He has been tossed about on a sea of rhetoric, each latest wave carrying off his frail mental craft. For Tavarish is, after all, only an embruted peasant, the victim of generations of autocratic tyranny and injustice. He is not responsible for his inability to think. His ignorance of such big words as patriotism, honor, loyalty, democracy, must be laid at the door of the powers that denied him the privileges of a rational human. He was ruled by force—and now that he finds force in his own hands he will rule in the same way. The rich oppressed him: now he will make the rich pay—and to him every man who is not a soldier or a peasant is a hated bourgeois. The I. W. W. doctrines are coming to full fruition in Russia just now.

There Is No Authority Left in the Land Except the Soldier With His Gun
Above—A Bread Line in Astrakhan

Already the condition of which I write has come to pass in a large and steadily increasing measure. It is no mere theory that I am discussing. I write amidst swarming soldiers homeward bound; and I confess that they appear to me to be a more real danger to personal safety than the Kurds or the Turks or the brigands of the Caucasus among whom I have been sojourning. The newspapers now carry a standing head, "Pogroms and Lootings," and it daily occupies an enlarged space, representing every section of this far-flung land. I could repeat scores of stories of causeless killings in cold blood, and of the burning of houses, and of the looting of stores and private dwellings. Nobody knows where or when the next outburst will be. Day before yesterday an intelligent woman on the train told me that she was en route to Kieff because she felt it to be the one safe city. Yet that very day a regiment in Kieff looted three government-sealed liquor stores—consuming, incidentally, three barrels of spirits; and then they broke into private houses, outraging women and looting household goods.

The Reign of Anarchy

WEEKS ago, two friends of mine, American officials, were on an express train that was trailing after a slow troop train. At one station they were permitted to pass it, observing that the soldiers were laughing and singing, heedless of the privilege thus granted the bourgeois. Yet half an hour later those same merry troops killed the station master horribly, and beat his assistant unconscious, for having allowed the express its usual right of way. To-day's paper tells how the soldiers cut the throat of the engineer of the Petrograd express for attempting to pass a soldier train. Then they put a Tavarish into the cab and attached ten troop cars to the express. Down near Vladikavkaz last week a crowd of soldiers stopped a train five miles from any station and forced all the passengers—first class, second class and third class—to get out and walk, while the comrades rode.

All talk of a bloodless revolution in Russia was premature. The country now appears to be entering upon a period of anarchy that will make the red record of the French Revolution seem pale. There is no authority left

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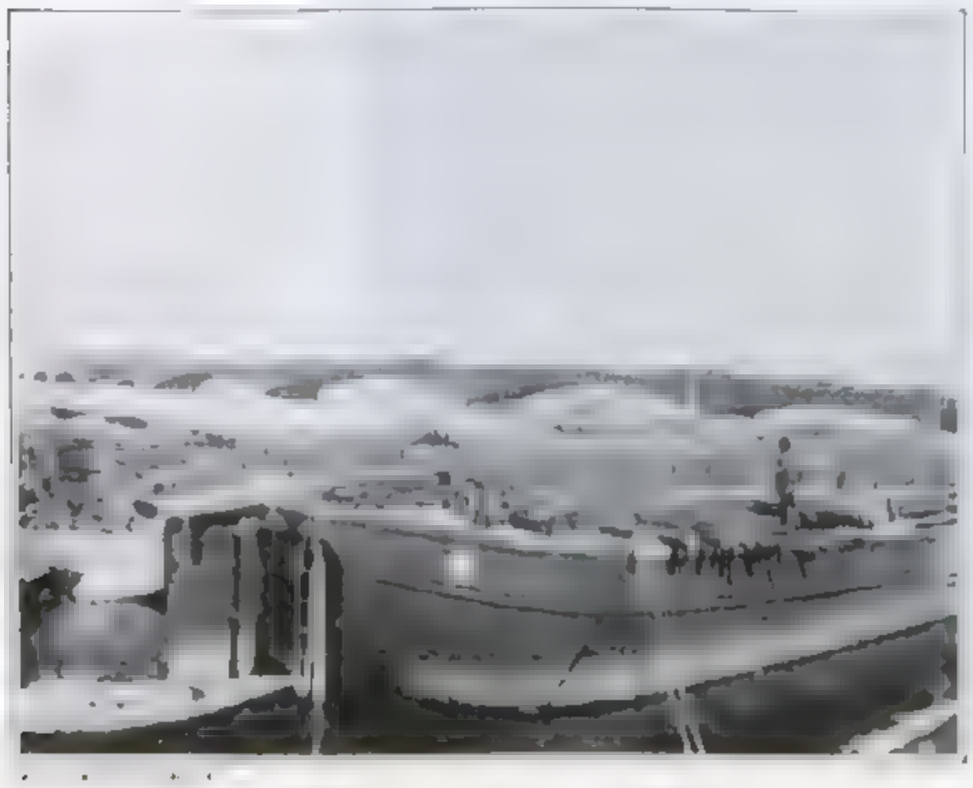

Barges of Fuel Wood at Petrograd

In Front of Nicholas Station, Petrograd

FRANCE AND THE FUTURE

A NATION REBORN INDUSTRIALLY THROUGH WAR

By Isaac F. Marcosson

TWELVE months ago the American salesman went to France carrying a sample case and was looked upon as a bird of prey. To-day he arrives with a rifle in his hand and is hailed as a deliverer From commercialism to heroism is the evolution. Such is the transformation wrought by war in this new world of swift and sudden change. In this striking contrast is epitomized a transition of immense significance to American business. Up to the time of our entry into the war the United States almost went out of her export way to irritate the trade temperament of France, thereby destroying a large opportunity to build up a permanent and profitable oversea business. This ignorance and misunderstanding are now wiped out in the flood of a mutual antagonism toward the German.

Though there is no sentiment in commerce, henceforth every relation between the two great republics must have, consciously or unconsciously, the impress of a kindred sacrifice for a common cause. Nowhere along the far-flung battle front of world trade will competition have the same interest for us as in France. Our sister democracy is to-day the repository of American hope—the cradle of a whole new American valor. On its historic ground was spilled the first American blood in actual combat in the war—in that rich earth will be "a richer dust concealed."

Aside from this purely sentimental interest France will offer a peculiar opportunity for American trade after the war, for the reason that, as England's self-sufficiency grows with intensive industrial development and mobilization of imperial resources, we must find a new market for some of the business we transacted in the United Kingdom before the war. In other words, our possible loss in Great Britain must be made up by a corresponding gain in France.

There is a common impression that France is bled white and weary with the war. This is quite true. For that matter all Europe is war-worn and yearns for rest. But let no man be deceived by the spectacle of France in the throes of her war agony. With the enemy inside her gates, with her northern area ravaged, with her manhood depleted, and with every home mourning a loss, she heroically faces the task of reconstruction with the same fortitude with which she met the spear at her breast.

Edouard Herriot, National Minister of Transportation and Food Supplies, Who is Regarded by Many as the Coming Man of France

Trade With a Reborn France

IN THE midst of death she is preparing for the new life of a restored trade, a revitalized finance, and a rebirth of authority as the artistic mentor of the world. There will be a resurrected and a reconstructed France.

What then is the economic situation to-day in the land of Lafayette? What is the concrete opportunity for American commercial expansion in France? What has our business learned during the past year that will equip it to cope with the new and altered conditions after the war?

France revisited presents the supreme spectacle of sacrifice incarnate. The people are a little irritable, to be sure. This war, as America will find, gets on the nerves, more especially when the despoiler is pounding at your front gate and has his grip on most of your mines and quarries. As in England, and despite the social unrest that is the inevitable by-product of a long-drawn war, there is the dogged determination to see the struggle through, regardless of cost.

To a much greater degree than in England, however, you get the direct and physical evidence of America's participation in the war. France to-day is a miniature America at every turn. From the moment you touch a seaport until you reach the zone of fighting, the Yankee khaki, surmounted by the familiar peaked campaign hat, is everywhere. This fraternal invasion for war will inevitably be followed by the commercial invasion for peace.

Realize this and you get the whole meaning of the new Franco-American relationship. The comradeship of the fighting line will be followed by a fiscal entente equally enduring. The bonds of blood are the forerunners of the economic ties.

A year ago—indeed, for a great many years—America seemed to regard France as the dumping ground of the incompetent and the unequipped. Instead of sending representatives and salesmen who knew the French language, and who were familiar with French local needs, they sent, in the main, agents who did not know a word of French, and who believed that the swift and compelling selling methods that land business in the trade centers of the hustling Middle West, could get over in a strange country. When this "Now, my friends, you have got to take this stuff" talk rattled like peas against the side of a dreadnought, the American always thought the Frenchman was to blame and did not appreciate fine, scientific salesmanship. He discovered that drummer eloquence does not get business in a land where social cultivation and temperamental understanding are the first outposts of the successful trade offensive.

The misfit American salesman in France relied upon an interpreter. With this handicap, he not only prejudiced the would-be buyer against him, but, as I could illustrate with many instances, placed himself at the mercy of the unscrupulous and the crafty. More than one interpreter has entered into a corrupt alliance with a purchaser and the salesman was caught between two millstones that ground him mercilessly.

Then, too, there was always the crooked agent who got his commission from both ends. He would do up his employer, on the one hand, and exact his pound of flesh from the buyer, on the other. One familiar method was to get one price from the selling house in New York or Chicago, raise it ten per cent on the buyer, and pocket the difference.

Even before we went to war American business had begun to see the light in France. We are sending over better men. The trade interpreter in Paris, like the sight-seeing guide who used to be a pest, is losing his job. The business scouts who go to France now either know French or are studying French. It is no unusual experience to hear an American business man in France say:

"I can't see you until ten o'clock in the morning. My French teacher comes between nine and ten."

Knowledge of the French People

OF COURSE the greatest obstacle to our long-standing ignorance of the French language is being overcome by the presence of our Army in France. No matter how soon the war ends or how long it lasts, millions of young Americans will have made some sort of stagger at mastering the tongue. Having once got a taste of the speech they are very apt to keep on at it. Thousands of them will remain in France after the war is over and take business root. General Pershing has encouraged his troops to buy French war bonds; and thus they will become partners in the reconstruction of the nation. Ownership of bonds will give them a definite interest in the country.

With knowledge of French will come a newer and more intimate knowledge of the French people. Knowledge in peace is as important a factor as intelligence in war It will prevent the

The War Will Not Only Remake France, But it is Even Now Recreating French Business

A Frenchwoman's Main Job is to Exact the Greatest Amount of Labor Out of the Working Hour

The Frenchwoman Works at a Speed That No Man Could or Would Imitate

Etienne Clementel, the French Minister of Commerce

many misunderstandings that have operated against business harmony in the past.

In this connection there comes to my mind something that Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig said to me one day last winter when we sat in front of the fire at his headquarters and talked of the world, the war and many things. I spoke of what the war had done for the over-sea peoples; for those gallant cubs of empire who rallied to the call of the mother lioness when she sent forth her challenge to the world. His face lighted up with pride as he replied: "War, harsh as it is, is the great maker of men. Take the Australian: Everyone knows that he is as proud as he is undisciplined. Yet war has made him a trained and disciplined soldier, and, more than that, a world citizen. The same is true of the Canadian, the New Zealander and the South African. They will go home better equipped and better organized for peace."

What the war has done for the Anzac it will do for the American. He will not only be bigger of spiritual build and broader of vision, but when he does business in a foreign land, and more especially in France, he will be equipped for the job. He will cease to be a trade provincial.

One reason why the American business man—aside from the sentiment created by our entry into the war—is advancing in favor in France develops from a growing Gallic appreciation of Yankee methods. By this I do not mean the galvanic salesmanship that always runs afoul of the French temperament, but I do mean our compact and efficient way of deciding questions.

Banking will afford the best illustration. When a Frenchman wants to make a loan at a bank he begins to make preparations a month ahead. It is like entering into a momentous experience like matrimony. All manner of preliminaries must be indulged in. When the application is finally recorded it begins a slow journey from underling to chief, and from chief to superior, and finally gets up to a council, where it is a subject of grave deliberation. If the unfortunate borrower has an option that must be met with the proceeds of the loan he is often required to get extension after extension. Sometimes his opportunity goes by default because of the delay in getting action.

Speeding Up French Business

WHEN the Frenchman goes up against the swift, decisive and energetic Yes or No of the American banker in Paris, or elsewhere in France, he first gets a jolt and then he is tremendously pleased that so solemn a performance as getting money out of a bank can be so quickly decided. The result is that the business men representing the new France welcome an opportunity for negotiation with American financial institutions.

The same endless red tape that clogs banking in France applies to all other activities. The American who tries to have a telephone installed in his house in Paris approaches the proceeding with prayer and trembling. First of all, he must make an application to the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs. In order to fill out this application he is required to present an affidavit setting forth the fact that his landlord has no objection to the telephone's being installed.

After a long delay the anxious subscriber obtains permission from the ministry to buy a telephone outfit. In France you must buy your own equipment. Then he is requested to apply to the telephone company for service. After the company has assured itself of the moral character and desirability of the applicant he is permitted to hire electricians to install the telephone in his home.

But this is not the end of his troubles. It merely marks the beginning, because the French electrician, like the American plumber, does not regard time as the essence of all contracts. I know one American who spent exactly ten weeks trying to get a telephone installed in his apartment. When I left Paris at the end of the tenth week of his efforts the wiring was in, but the telephone still stood on the floor.

The advent of American troops jolted the telephone snails from their lethargy. Sammee wanted telephones, and in a hurry; and he got them, as this story will show:

A battalion of engineers was camped somewhere in the north, but still in the civilian zone. They desired to establish telephone connection with the base, about thirty miles away. After making the necessary application to the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs they started to put up poles and stretch wires. A gendarme at once tried to stop them, saying:

"You cannot have a telephone until it is officially ordered."

"But we've got to have these telephones at once," replied the officer in charge.

While the gendarme gesticulated the work went on. The telephone system was in working order exactly three weeks before the official sanction arrived. This energetic procedure is beginning to open the eyes of the French to the fact that if they are to hold their own in the war-after-the-war struggle they will have to reform their ancient methods of doing business.

Do not get the idea that, because France feels grateful to us for our deeds of charity and our entry into the war, she will sit with hands folded at the advent of peace and permit America to do all the business Germany formerly did there. Far from it.

The war will not only remake France but it is even now recreating French business. Out of the wrack and anguish of the great conflict are emerging whole new lines of productive pioneers; men schooled in the adversity of war, developed in resource, and fit to do business battle on any terms. They are the Industrial Captains of To-morrow!

I have in mind the case of a manufacturer in the devastated district. When the Hun ravaged the area in which he lived and destroyed his tool factory he set up a new shop near Paris. With a small subsidy from the government, and using a war contract for automobiles as collateral, he literally began his business life all over again. To-day he not only owns a big and going motor-manufacturing concern but he has been able to start a shipbuilding industry on the side.

Another manufacturer, who was literally down and out when the war began, has reëstablished himself by producing war materials. He has been able to pay back every franc he owed and is now moving toward a commanding place as a factor in chemical output.

In their war industries the French have performed marvels of mechanical ingenuity and with a degree of efficiency that would surprise some of the best mechanics in America. Let me illustrate this with a characteristic episode:

In one of the large factories in the south of France a very difficult mechanical operation in the manufacture of a rifle was performed by a few workmen who were highly proficient in this specialty. Realizing the advantage their skill and experience gave them, they proceeded to hold up their employer. They demanded and got one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, which is an absolutely unprecedented labor wage in France. Not content with this, they insisted upon a six-hour working day.

"This has gone too far," said the superintendent, a one-time mechanic who had risen from the bench.

Realizing that this was the weakest point of his organization, he set about devising means of proving to the mercenary workmen that they were not indispensable. After a great deal of thought and labor he devised a machine on which a peasant, after a few days of practice, could perform all the work of the skilled mechanics, and do it faster and more economically.

When he had accomplished this he was not satisfied. To show his contempt for the inconsiderate artisans who had taken advantage of his emergency, he made up his mind to go farther. He improved the machine to the point where it could be operated by blind men. To-day, when you go to his factory, you see the operation that formerly gave him so much cost and trouble being accomplished by sightless soldiers, whose output is several times greater than that of skilled and high-priced workmen of other days.

A Succession of Wonder Tales

THIS ingenious superintendent gave still another evidence of his enterprise. When an American business man, long a resident of Paris, saw this machine in action he immediately said:

"Can I get one to send to the Government at Washington? It will greatly expedite our output of arms."

"Certainly," replied the Frenchman. "I'll let you have one next week."

This reply is almost revolutionary when you consider that before the war the mechanical head of a French factory would have had to submit such a suggestion to half a dozen men, and finally to a board of directors, before he could get it approved. This whole incident, and a great many more that I could present, are the convincing arguments that French industry is being galvanized to the point where it is very likely to be a strong competitor of Britain and America when peace comes.

These evidences of the reborn French industrial spirit are merely incidental to the drama of output now being played by the new industrial rulers of France. I will now introduce to you two men, both of them unknown in America, who in the romance of self-made success duplicate the familiar stories of Carnegie, Frick, Schwab and Westinghouse. The war has given them the opportunity, which their inventive genius, courage and energy have capitalized into what is little less than a succession of wonder tales.

Five years ago André Citroen was a manufacturer of gears in a small way. Born in Paris, he had graduated from a technical school, served a practical apprenticeship at the bench, and was just getting launched in business when the war broke out. He was a reservist and at once joined the colors. After the battle of the Marne, in which

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SAXBY GALE

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY

READERS of a great history, the Annals of the American Trotting Horse, cannot fail to have remarked a number of paragraphs beginning in such terms as:

2.18 Class:
COLKITTO, ch. g. (Grele) 1 1 1
CHERRY RIPE, b. m. (Nelson) 2 3 2
RATTLER, blk. h. (MacDonald) 3 2 3

Or such as:

2.10 Class:
LYDIA LANGUISH, br. f. (Grele) 1 1 1
PATCHEN BOY, b. h. (MacDonald) . . . 3 2 2
HANNAH K., g. m. (Lee) 2 3 3

Other parts of the chronicle need not be cited here, because, so far as they contain the name of Grele, they read very much alike. Brown mare, chestnut gelding, or bay stallion, whatever horse's name is followed by the parenthesis "(Grele)" is also usually followed three times by the figure one.

Probably Tom Grele has never seen a record of this kind. He helped to make the History of Trotters; therefore, was too busy to read it. Books in general he is fond of; not books about his own profession, horse-flesh, for of them he has a deep-rooted scorn, unless they are the best. Once a rich friend lent him some gold-and-morocco volume entitled The Perfect Horse. Grele kept it a week, returned it neatly wrapped and spotless, with polite thanks and no critical comment. Many weeks afterward the owner of that gorgeous book found, penciled on the flyleaf in Grele's old-fashioned hand: "The Perfict Horse; by a Perfict Ass"

The owner came to Grele laughing and taxed him, to his face, with being a wit. Tom, busy in his little back field behind the barn dunghill, breaking to halter a colt of Darius the Great's, was horribly upset.

"I meant to rub that out, sir," he cried, hauling the bay colt home to him and leaning on the colt's back. "Sure you don't suppose I'd go disfigger your property. It come to me like an idea, foolish; and down it went slap. I certainly meant to rub her out, but forgot the whole thing. Now, sir, you name your own price for the damage. I'm sorry."

A lean, strong, sunburnt man, with glittering gray eyes, Tom waited for an answer, and while waiting examined the colt's feet one by one. Spring grass had begun turning green in the center of the back field; but banks of dirty, coarse-grained snow lingered under the shady corners of the fence, and Tom was not going to let a good youngster have the scratches.

"I'm dretful sorry!"

"Never mind," said his visitor. "I was joking. What I came to ask was, How do you always manage to win straight heats? Never knew you to fail, Tom. Between friends, now, what's your trick?"

Grele looked under the fetlocks one by one again, and with his broad thumb nail scraped off some infinitesimal scale.

"They's no trick," he replied, from among the legs of Darius the Great's descendant. "Give a good enough hoss to a good enough driver, harness right, shoein' right, a sulky with wheels that go round and round, and, by Cripes, if they can take one heat they'd ought to take all three—or go bag their head."

The visitor and the bay colt waited a while.

"Provided the driving is all straight and square, like yours."

Grele brushed the colt's tail from his eyes, which he allowed to glitter for an instant up at his friend. Humor, doubt and suspicion lurked in their gray light.

"Pervided. 'Tain't always the case," said he dryly. "Pervided; yes, a big pervide. If you're hintin' at anything, this is my busy day. A man sets full still, ye know, that's got a rent in his breeches."

It is not always the case. Tom Grele, when, speaking of breeches, he employed an elegant metaphor coined by the Earl Douglas—of whom he never heard—was thinking about his own past, and thinking humbly.

II

IT WAS Saxby Gale to whom his thoughts went back; Saxby Gale, roan stallion, the first blooded horse that Tom owned. He might never have owned such a creature had he not sat up all night, and many nights, nursing old Bales McCatherine through a last illness. A red-hot stove and a stable lantern lighted, in part, the dusky harness room where Bales, under horse blankets and a torn patchwork quilt, lay wondering about this world and the next. Bitter January nights they were, and very long.

Old Bales, who could not sleep, moved only his eyes, and with a weary speculation seemed to count the tangles of worn leather, hames and collars and headstalls and boots, hung up on wooden pegs round the room; hung up, so far as he was concerned, forever. He looked as dark and worn as the leather—a long-beaked sort of Don Quixote, Indian-tanned, with melancholy drooping white mustache, and the indelible mark of Horse printed on his sharp features. His voice had failed to a whisper; but once, after midnight, he roused under his patchwork and said clearly:

"Tom, you a 'ligious man?"

"I ain't had so much as I'd ought to."

"Nor me," sighed the stable keeper.

"If they're right about it——" he began again, and again paused. "You and me stayed always good friends. P'rhaps they'll count that in my favor. S'pose you was Peter, tendin' the stile, would you pass my ticket?"

Tom knew this for a bad sign.

"If I kep' the park," he answered quietly and in a tone of conviction, "I'd never call her heaven without Bales McCatherine inside the rail a-lookin' on."

The old fellow closed his eyes.

"I put'n it down in writin' somewheres. Want you to have that little Mambrino weanlin'. Don't you fergit to take him home."

This was a worse sign than before, and Tom's heart sank lower.

"Don't talk so, Bales!" he scolded. "Come time the dandylions is up, you'll be out driving him yourself to the little breakin' cart I builded ye. Hey? . . . Ye warm enough?" The sick man laughed.

"Out, yis. But the' hain't no dandylions where I'm a-goin' out to, Tom. Dandylions? No; ner snow, ner glaze. Mebbe I've took my last hoss to be sharpened. . . . Mind ye, the colt's Mambrino blood. They've laughed at me plenty fer sayin' so, but he harks 'way back to Messenger, seventeen hund'ed-and-odd. In a clean trace. Saxby Gale his name, by Lion Gale out o' Mons Meg. . . . Afore them come Tempest, by Eckanocks. . . . You keep him good."

With that, Bales the sinner composed himself to a tranquil sleep.

"I'll say you knowed everything I done, Tom, and yit you stayed friends right up to the last. Cal'late he ought to pass me the gate fer that much, or let me climb the fence."

And so it happened, one windy winter morning, that Tom Grele went leading a black-roan colt home, through drifting snow, to his wheelwright shop in a little farmyard. By the foot of the cleated runway that climbed the shop wall, Saxby Gale tossed his delicate nose aloft and whinnied.

At the sound all Tom's children—bareheaded, barehanded and red-cheeked—came running and tumbling among the snowdrifts.

"Oh, dad! He's a beauty! Where'd you get him? Look at his head, will ye? Oh, dad!"

"They know hosses," thought their father proudly, and began to forget his grief in the sight of these young animals acclaiming one another, neighing, laughing, going on gayly with life and making warm friends in a white scene of desolation.

The Mambrino weanling entered his stall with two riders on his back and four toddling grooms for company.

III

MRS. TOM, the young and fresh-colored mother of the family, had a fund of quiet merriment hidden somewhere about her. A woman who throve on work and grew the handsomer for it, she reminded strangers of a dove, a brunette dove, until they met the look of her large brown eyes, and found a spirit dancing there, deep and changeable, like streaks of sunlight at the bottom of a brown pool. Not openly, but in his soul, Tom placed her even above horses; a fact she knew well, which was what kept her so young. She regarded him as only another of her children, the greatest boy among them all.

"What long-legged pepper-and-salt cub have you gone and trapped now?" was her greeting to him and to Mambrino's scion. "Looks like something the cat brought in."

Tom grinned and hung his mittens above the kitchen stove.

"Them long legs, mother," he averred, "got speed in 'em. Speed, Old Girl!"

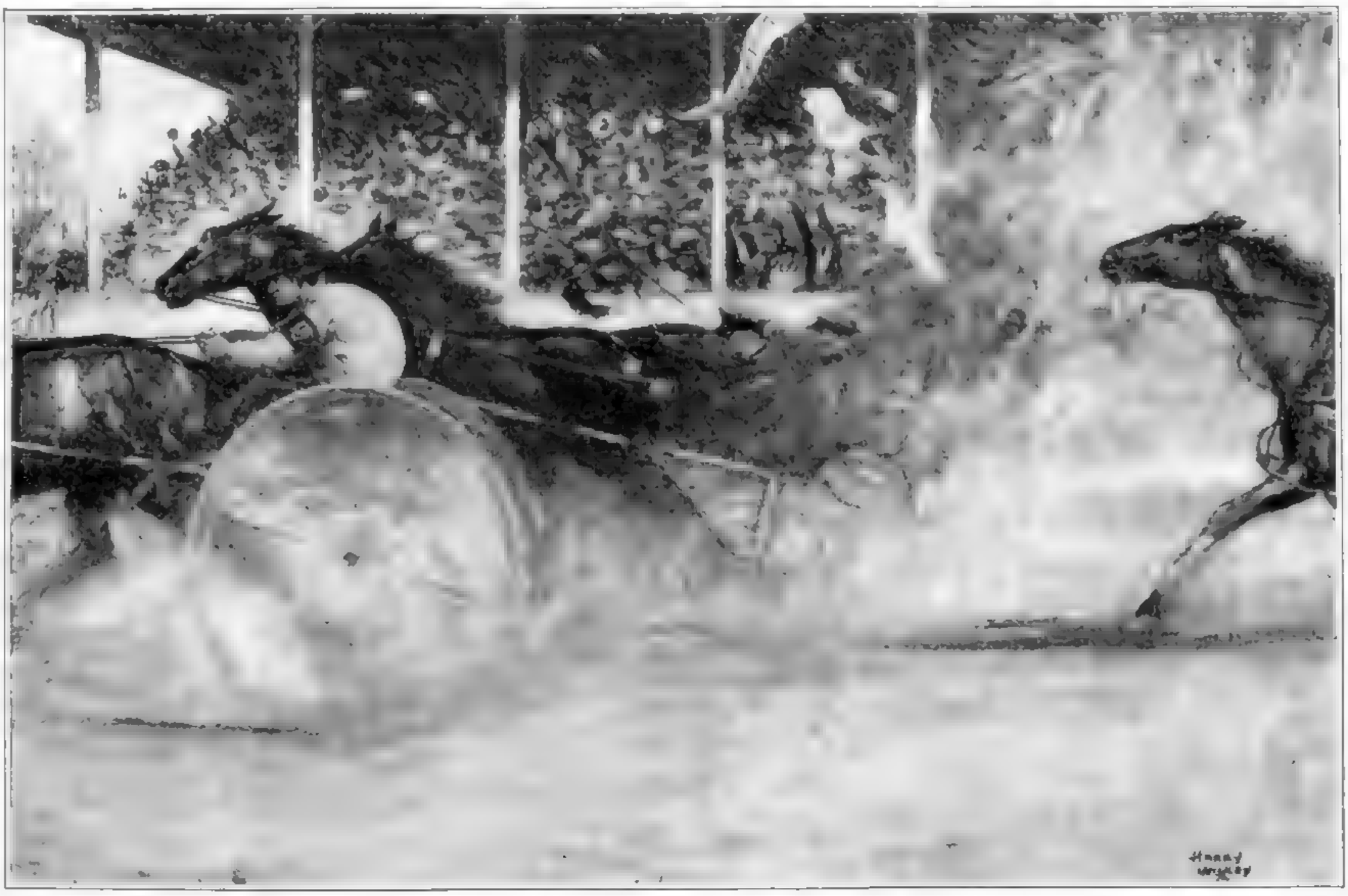
Mother went on making an apple pie of winter Porters, and withheld her retort. Technically she knew nothing about horses, though every horse they had owned or boarded for breaking would dog her skirts about the farm, follow her home to the door, paw at the threshold, and crane a sniffing nose into her kitchen.

"We'll come to and find 'em curled up alongside us in our beds one morning!" was all she permitted herself to say then.

She saved her retort for a year or two. Meantime the roan colt grew to such a noble young stallion as the fairy stories tell about. At dusk of an autumn evening, Mrs. Tom spoke out her mind.

"Speed? Yes," she complained. "Speed enough to whisk us all Over the Hills to the Poor Farm. That animal's bedeviled you! I wisht poor Bales McCatherine had departed this life in his right senses, for he never made anybody a present while his mind stayed sound;

"Pretty Good-Looking Plug You Got There," Said a Man Who Came Strolling Over From the Crowd of Other Horses Near By



Buildings and Crowd Drew Toward Him With a Speckled Blackness and a Roar; a Shrill Voice Called: "Give It to 'em, Dad!" And the Half Mile Had Swept

then maybe you wouldn't let the farm and the wheelwrightin' go to pot, while Sonny and you tear up and down the ro'd every night, hyka-in' like a couple o' stootchits. You're as bad as Lord Lumps Larrabee, that traded away store and goodwill for the white-luther harness and the colored surcingle!"

Tom, laughing, wrapped his arm round his Old Girl's waist.

"We promised to bring ye a bunch o' blue ribbons," he sang, "to tie up your bonny brown hair. It's the prettiest hair ever grew, Susan. Now never you try to scold, for you don't know how; but let us Grele family men go off happy to the fair. It's our first and only fair, Sweetheart."

She gave ground in her debate, knowing when remonstrance would not serve.

"Tom dear," she said, "don't you go mortgage the place to bet money on horseflesh. I've seen so much harm come of this racing. These meetin's ——"

Tom grew serious.

"Shan't bet no money, mother," he answered. "It ain't money we're after, but only to show 'em how this colt can trot. He'd ought to go forth into the world and win him a race, to please Bales if nothing more. Everybody poked so much fun at the old feller when alive."

Mother made no reply. She thought how poor the family was, how ill they could afford these junketings and fairings; she thought how Tom had better stay at home and work off their debts; but, as a wise woman whose children had cause daily to call her blessed, she held her peace and let the argument go.

IV

THE daytime was hot, the cool of the night best for roading; so, late of an autumn afternoon, the Grele family men left for their fair. Saxby Gale, harnessed to a light sulky made at home, whisked them away like one who sniffed delight of battle with his peers afar off, and longed to arrive there.

A proud horse, with high action and a lofty head, he skimmed along the valley road and took every hill at a scramble, so that Tom, Junior, driving, had to be reminded there was no hurry.

"Slower, Sonny," counseled his father. "Don't want him to git there pumped. Mind ye, he's goin' to race day after to-morrow."

Sonny held the stallion in, accordingly, till his young wrists ached. He was a sunburnt urchin, plump like his mother but with his father's glittering gray eyes.

"Yes, sir," he cried; "and goin' to win, you bet! W'oa, boy; w'oa!"

Goldenrod and bluish asters bordered the roadside with patches of dusty color; among dark alders and darker firs climbed the white floss of clematis; and in clear Indian summer air, drowsily splendid with sunset, floated thistledown and many ghostly filaments of cobweb. The Mambrino's roan haunches glistened in the warm light, curving themselves into humps and hollows of muscle, while under his shoes the stones flew and rang. The few travelers he met forgot to exchange "Good day!" admiring him, then turning to look, with a smile. Perhaps they smiled to see this noble worldly creature drawing such a poor little sulky, with food bag, bucket, blanket roll and lantern lashed under the axle, and two such rustic figures as the Grele father and son.

Tom also thought of this while they drove on; for suddenly a new idea came home, which was that the Mambrino colt shone too handsome, too well petted and glossy, in comparison with his driver. He wore excellent harness. Sonny wore an old striped seersucker blouse, the crown of a straw hat with no brim, and a pair of worn trousers—all cast-off paternal things; and his little boots, propped manfully on the iron foot rest while he clung to his reins, were much the worse for wear. Mother, doing what she could, had blacked them with stove polish.

"Judah's Priest!" growled Tom in a burst of repentance.

"What's the matter?" said Sonny. "Ain't I doing right?"

Tom growled again.

"Doin' grand!" he answered. "Yes; you are doin' all right. Better than your old man. Jest thought of somethin' I'd forgotten; but it don't matter now."

Mother had never forgotten, he considered, and had spoken true. Why, she had even stitched, round the edge of the boy's hat-bowl, a piece of old braid and tried to make it smooth. Here went a horse like a rich man's horse, and a boy like a poor man's son.

"That ain't a good thing," he reflected. "Have to git away from home to see yourself proper. Pamperin' a blood hoss and neglectin' your own flesh and blood ain't square. You're a selfish old fool of a man, Tom Grele, that better git back to your trade!"

He almost turned about for home then; but it would never do; it was too late; it would have broken the boy's heart to give up this wonderful expedition to the fair. They were now so far stepped in toward their adventure that they must go through.

"Got to bring mother home the purse," he said aloud. "We can't afford to lose."

His son looked up at him, laughing, in confidence and joy.

"They never can beat this old he-colt!" cried Thomas, Junior. "And we know it. His better don't step on grass, dad."

He spoke like a young demigod driving some winged horse to the stars. Tom made no reply, but, with a new and painful contrition, recognized this echo of his own bragging. Like father, like son; they were both bedeviled truly, according to her word; and would come boasting in among where they had no call to be, a couple of farmers, a couple of sheep for the wolves.

"No fool to an old fool!" thought Grele. "Once we get home, darned if I ever bring Sonny up this way again."

Yet as the black-roan carried them along the river road, then inland through the woods, where night overtook them, Tom found his good resolves fading away. Cheerfulness would creep into his philosophy, no matter what conscience told him. Overhead the autumn stars burned clear, with a pinkish tremor of Northern Lights playing above Maxwell's Mountain; whenever the sulky rattled down into a darker hollow he breathed warm air sweet with brookside smells and the dry perfume of late flowers; on high ground the night felt sharp and frosty. Tom found himself enjoying it, after all.

"I'll drive this feller day after to-morrow the best I know how," he told Sonny.

The boy did not answer; and his silence came like a rebuke, declaring that such matters were taken for granted.

Before midnight they had reached the stable at the fair and begun to sleep in a blanket laid on hay, close behind the heels of their Mambrino. Late comers, loud-mouthed men who should have been in bed, went talking smut

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THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

What of Its Future?—By John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

NOT many weeks or months had elapsed after this world war began before there was presented to our vision a picture so horrible it hardly seemed that it could be true. It appeared that hell had broken loose and that millions of evil spirits had become incarnate in human form and were going about the earth committing atrocities and acts of cruelty beyond belief. In the face of this awful picture we heard it said on every hand: Christianity has failed!

The war has been going on for one year, two years, three years, and now it is in the fourth year—and another picture is presented before our eyes. In it we see millions of men and women, who are exemplifying in their daily lives, in the most commonplace fashion, characteristics and qualities that command the admiration of the world.

First of all, there is a spirit of self-sacrifice and unselfishness. Whether it be on the battlefield or behind the lines, in the pestilence-ridden district or among the starving villagers, the thought is never of self, but always of the other man or woman. We see charity exhibited, brotherly love, as it has never been manifested before. Whenever and wherever human need appears, the last crust is cheerfully shared, the last garment is gladly given to a more needy one.

And we see beautiful and countless examples of humility. Who will forget the story of the titled Belgian women! The man in charge of a food-distribution depot in a certain Belgian city needed a number of women to work in the depot, scrubbing the floors, washing the dishes and serving the food. He could find none to perform these menial tasks. He was directed to the house of a noble Belgian woman, but it seemed useless to apply there. However, he was told to do so, and as he entered he found gathered a group of titled women, working diligently, industriously for their fellow countrymen. He was asked to state his errand. And from that group there volunteered the necessary number of women to go to the food depot daily, scrub floors, wash dishes, and do the other menial work required.

This same quality is exhibited as we see the son of the nobleman bivouacking with the son of the peasant, and each finding that under the coat of the other beats an honest and manly heart. The real gentleman or gentlewoman in this great host is he or she who serves best and who serves most. And again, the characteristic of generosity is manifested to a marvelous degree. Many people of means have long since been giving their entire incomes and, in addition, cutting deep into their principal. Those having moderate possessions are making great sacrifices to meet the demands made upon them. And the poor, always most generous, are giving their all.

The Religion of the Inarticulate

SO, AS we look at this picture, we say: "These people are leading the Christ life, their inspiration comes from God." Yes, it is true, but many of them do not know it. We ask: "Of what church are they?" But the very thought gives them pause, for they regard the church as the abode of the "Better-than-thou's," an organization in which men and women are gathered who profess one thing, and from which they go out to live another. It is, from their viewpoint, an institution that has little sympathy with them or understanding of their problems.

Donald Hankey speaks of these people as followers of the "Religion of the Inarticulate." Their religion is expressed in life, not in words. With renewed faith we turn from the picture and say, with confidence: "Christianity has not failed; the church may have failed, but not Christianity; for never in the history of the world was Christianity a more vital force in human life than it is to-day."

In the presence of this great host of the followers of the Religion of the Inarticulate, who, broadly speaking, did not come forth from the church, although directly or indirectly all have been more or less influenced by it, many of whom have faced death, have lived a life far worse than death, have sacrificed their all, we ask: What of the future of the Christian Church? Will these people, freed from the restraint of military discipline, which numbers of them have been under for years, released from the high tension of life, find in the church as it exists to-day the leadership, the guidance and the anchorage which they need and have a right to expect? Regretfully we answer: "No." For the church does not speak their language; it does not understand their needs; it does not sympathize as it should and must with their problems.

If this be true, one of three things is inevitable:

First, this unorganized spiritual force, which is silently dominating millions of lives, will not be conserved, but will die. Such a thing is unthinkable; it cannot be; it must not be. For so mighty a force, born of bloodshed and suffering, if it can be preserved, if it can be nurtured, will more than repay the world in the days to come for the sacrifice and loss of these awful years.

Second, the Religion of the Inarticulate will develop its own church, which will be the church of the future, finding its leaders among the laity; and if this happens, as is not impossible, it will be conclusive proof that the church of to-day has failed.

Third, the church must have a new birth and be reorganized to meet this marvelous opportunity and great human need. This last alternative is the right, logical and natural solution of the problem. It must be realized, and the responsibility therefor rests upon each member of the Christian Church.

Let us picture for a moment what this reborn church would be. It would be called the Church of the Living God. Its terms of admission would be love for God, as He is revealed in Christ and His living Spirit, and the vital translation of this love into a Christlike life. Its atmosphere would be one of warmth, freedom and joy, so sympathetically and distinctly manifest as to attract and win into its fellowship the followers of the Religion of the Inarticulate. It would pronounce ordinances, ritual, creed, all nonessential for admission into the Kingdom of God or His Church. A life, not a creed, would be its test; what a man does, not what he professes; what he is, not what he has. Its object would be to promote applied religion, not theoretical religion. This would involve its sympathetic interest in all the great problems of human life; in social and moral problems; those of industry and business; the civic and educational problems; in all such as touch the life of man.

As its first concern it would encourage Christian living seven days a week, fifty-two weeks in the year, rather than speculation about the hereafter. It would be the church of all the people, of everyone who is fighting sin and trying to establish righteousness; the church of the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, the high and the low—a true democracy.

Its ministers would be trained not only in the seminary, but quite as much in life, with the supreme emphasis on life. For it would be an important part of the preparation of each that he should spend months, years possibly, working with his hands in the fields or the shop, doing business in the store or the office, so that he might not have merely a laboratory acquaintance with the problems of human life, but the practical knowledge which comes alone from actual experience and contact with them. Yes, the ministry of this church would live in vital touch with humanity; it would understand and sympathize with human difficulties, and would exert its influence as much in living as in preaching.

Would that I had the power to bring to your minds the vision as it unfolds before me! I see all denominational emphasis set aside; I see coöperation, not competition. In the large cities I see great religious centers, wisely located, adequately equipped, strongly supported, and inspiring their members to participation in all community matters. In smaller places, instead of half a dozen dying churches, competing with each other, I see one or two strong churches, uniting the Christian life of the town; great economy in plant, in money, in service, in leadership; money enough saved in this way to support adequately home and foreign missions. I see the church molding the thought of the world as it has never done before; leading in all great movements, as it should; I see it literally establishing the Kingdom of God on earth.

Shall this vision be realized? The future of the Christian Church depends on the answer Christian men and women give to that question.

We have been considering the demand for a united Christian Church from the point of view of the world's need for Christian leadership. There is another motive, not less compelling, urging the churches on toward that end. In the Germans and the Allies we may find an analogy that makes this necessity clear. Whatever we may think of the motive that actuates Germany in this great war, there is one fact in the German situation which commands our admiration—that is the perfect coöperation in which the whole nation is working, every individual interest and desire being subordinated to the one great object for which the nation is fighting.

The Solidarity of Evil Forces

THE Allies, on the other hand, because of the unavoidable lack, at the outset, of close coöperation and subordination of the interests of each to the common interests of all, have in consequence sacrificed hundreds of thousands of lives and billions of dollars which otherwise might have been saved.

Do we not find a close parallel here to the eternal warfare that is being waged between the forces of evil and the many branches of the Christian Church? The former, like the Germans, always stand in a solid, unbroken phalanx, ever ready for any onslaught; while the latter, like the Allies, though headed toward a common goal, are often so preoccupied with their individual interests and petty differences that their attack upon the common foe is not united, is less effective and more extravagant in its use of the sinews of war.

The Allies are rapidly coming to realize that national interests must be forgotten or at least subordinated and every ounce of strength and nerve thrown into the common cause, if the victory is to be won. So Christian men must come to see that only by the fullest coöperation and the withdrawal of emphasis from all nonessentials can the many branches of the Christian Church, standing together on the common ground of Christianity, hope for victory in this great warfare against sin.

When Christ came into the world He found the church loaded down with ritual and formalism. Every minutest detail of daily life was regulated by religious enactment. In the eyes of the church the most religious man was not he who gave to the poor, who helped the unfortunate, who was unselfish, meek and lowly; but he who kept most punctiliously every jot and tittle of the law. The spirit of worship had been displaced by empty form. To establish spiritual righteousness in the world, to build up an internal rather than an external religion, to emphasize the responsibility of the individual to his Maker—that was Christ's mission on earth.

Few and simple were the forms He set up or sanctioned, such as baptism and the Lord's Supper, but they were wonderfully beautiful and filled with sacred inspiration. Baptism, typifying the washing away of sin by the baptismal waters and a rebirth into newness of life in Christ,

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THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE

By Marion Polk Angellotti

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

XX

THE words of Franz von Blenheim seemed to fill the hall and reëcho from the walls and arches, deafening me, leaving me stunned as if by an earthquake or by a flash of lightning from clear skies. Yet I never thought of doubting them. Comatose as my state was, slowly as my brain was working, I recognized vaguely how many features of the mystery, both past and present, they explained.

It was odd, but never once had it occurred to me that Van Blarcom might be a German. He himself, I began to realize, had taken care of that. With considerable acumen he had filled every one of our brief interviews with vigorous denunciations of somebody else, dark hints as to intrigues that surrounded me and might enmesh me, and solemn warnings and prudent counsels which had brilliantly served his turn. He had kept me so busy suspecting Miss Falconer—at the thought I could have beaten my head against the wall in token of my abject shame—that my doubts had never glanced in his direction; a humiliating confession, since I couldn't deny that circumstances had afforded me every opportunity to guess the truth.

There was no time, however, for dwelling on my deficiencies. The next half hour would be an uncommonly lively one, I felt quite sure. I might call the thing bizarre, fantastic; I might dub it an extravaganza; the fact remained that I was shut up in this lonely spot with four entirely able-bodied Germans, to match wits with them over some affair that must be of international consequence—for if it had been a tuppenny business, Herr von Blenheim, the star agent of the Kaiser, would never have thought it worth his pains!

With all my fighting spirit rising to meet the odds against us I cast a speculative eye over the Teutons, who had now dissolved their group. Van Blarcom himself—Von Blenheim, rather—descended in a leisurely fashion, while one of his friends, remaining on the staircase, fixed me with a look of intentness almost ominous and the other two placed themselves as if casually before the door. They were stalwart, well-set-up men, I acknowledged as I surveyed them. Though not bad at what our French friends call *la boxe*, I was outnumbered. It was obviously a case for strategy—but of what sort?

A much-defaced table flanked with a few battered chairs stood near me, and with a premonition that I should want two hands presently I set my candle there. Then I drew a chair forward and turned to the girl with outward coolness.

"Please sit down, Miss Falconer," I invited. I wanted time.

She inclined her head and obeyed me very quietly. She was not afraid; I saw it with a rush of pride. As she sat erect, her head thrown back, one gloved hand resting on the table, she was a picture of spirit and steadiness and courage. If I had needed strength I should have found it in the fact that her eyes—oddly darkened, as always when her errand was threatened—did not rest on our captors but turned toward me!

"We'll all sit down," Franz von Blenheim agreed most amiably. It amused him evidently to retain the late Mr. van Blarcom's dialect and air. "We can fix this business up in no time, so why not be sociable?" He strolled to a chair and sank into it and motioned me to do the same.

"Thanks!" I returned, not complying. "If you don't mind I'd like first to untie that woman. I confess to a queer sort of prejudice against seeing women bound and gagged; in fact, I feel so strongly on the subject that it might spoil our whole conference for me"—and I took a step toward the shadowy figure of Marie-Jeanne.

Von Blenheim did not move but his eyes seemed to narrow and darken.

"Just leave her alone for the present. She is too fond of shrieking—might interrupt our argument," he declared. "And see here, Mr. Bayne," he added, warned by my manner, "I want to call your attention to the gentleman on the stairs—my friend Schwartzmann. He's a crack shot—none better—and he has got you covered. Hadn't you better sit down and have a friendly chat?"

Though the stairs were dim I could see something glittering in the hand of the person mentioned, who was impersonating for the evening a dashing young captain of the General Staff. My fingers strayed toward my pocket and my own revolver. Then I pried them away—temporarily—and took a provisional seat.

"That's sensible," Franz von Blenheim observed blandly. "Now, Miss Falconer, you know what I'm here for, isn't that so? Just hand me those papers and you'll be as free as the air. I'll take myself off; you'll never see me again probably. That's a fair bargain, isn't it? What do you say?"

I was sitting close to the girl, so close that her soft furs brushed me, and I could feel the flutter of her breath against my cheek. At Von Blenheim's proposition I glanced at her. She was measuring him steadily. Then she looked at me, and her eyes seemed to hold some message that I couldn't read.

"Perhaps, Miss Falconer," I interposed, "you have not quite grasped the situation." I was sparring for time; she wanted to convey something to me, I was sure. "It is rather complicated. This—gentleman has turned out to be a well-known agent of the Kaiser. He was traveling on the Ré d'Italia, I gather, on a forged passport, and had helped himself to my baggage as the most convenient way of smuggling some papers to the other side ——"

He grinned assentingly. "You owe me one for that," he owned. "You see, it was my second trip on that line and I thought they might have me spotted; I had a lot of things to carry home—reports, information, confidential letters and I concluded they would be safer with a nice, innocent young man like you! It didn't work, as things went. It was just a little too clever. But if you hadn't mixed yourself up with this young lady and tossed packages overboard for her under the noses of the stewards, and got yourself suspected and your baggage searched, I should have turned the trick!"

His share in the tangled episode on board the steamer was unfolding. I understood now why he had sprung to my rescue in the salon when I was accused. Naturally he had not wanted my traps searched, considering what was in them!

"As you say, you were a little too clever," I agreed.

His eyes glinted viciously. "Well, it's no use crying over spilled milk," he countered; "and besides, the papers you are going to hand me to-night will even up the score! It was a piece of luck, my running across Miss Falconer on the liner. Of course the minute I heard her name I knew what she was crossing for." The dickens he did! "All I had to do was to follow her—and by the time we reached Bleau I had guessed enough to come ahead of her. But I'll admit, Mr. Bayne, now it's all over, it made me nervous to have you popping up at every turn! I began to think that you suspected me—that you were trailing me. If you had, you know, I shouldn't have stood a chance on earth. You could have said a word to the first gendarme you met, and had me laid by the heels, and ended it. That was why I kept warning you off. But I needn't have worried—you drank in everything I told you, as innocent as a babe!"

If he wanted revenge for my last remark he had it. I looked at the girl beside me, so watchfully composed and fearless, then at the fixed, terrified glare of the motionless Marie-Jeanne. With a little rudimentary intelligence on my part this situation would have been spared us.

"Yes," I acknowledged bitterly; "I did."

Soon After Dawn Marie-Jeanne Found a Man Lying Outside the Gate and Babbling Deliriously

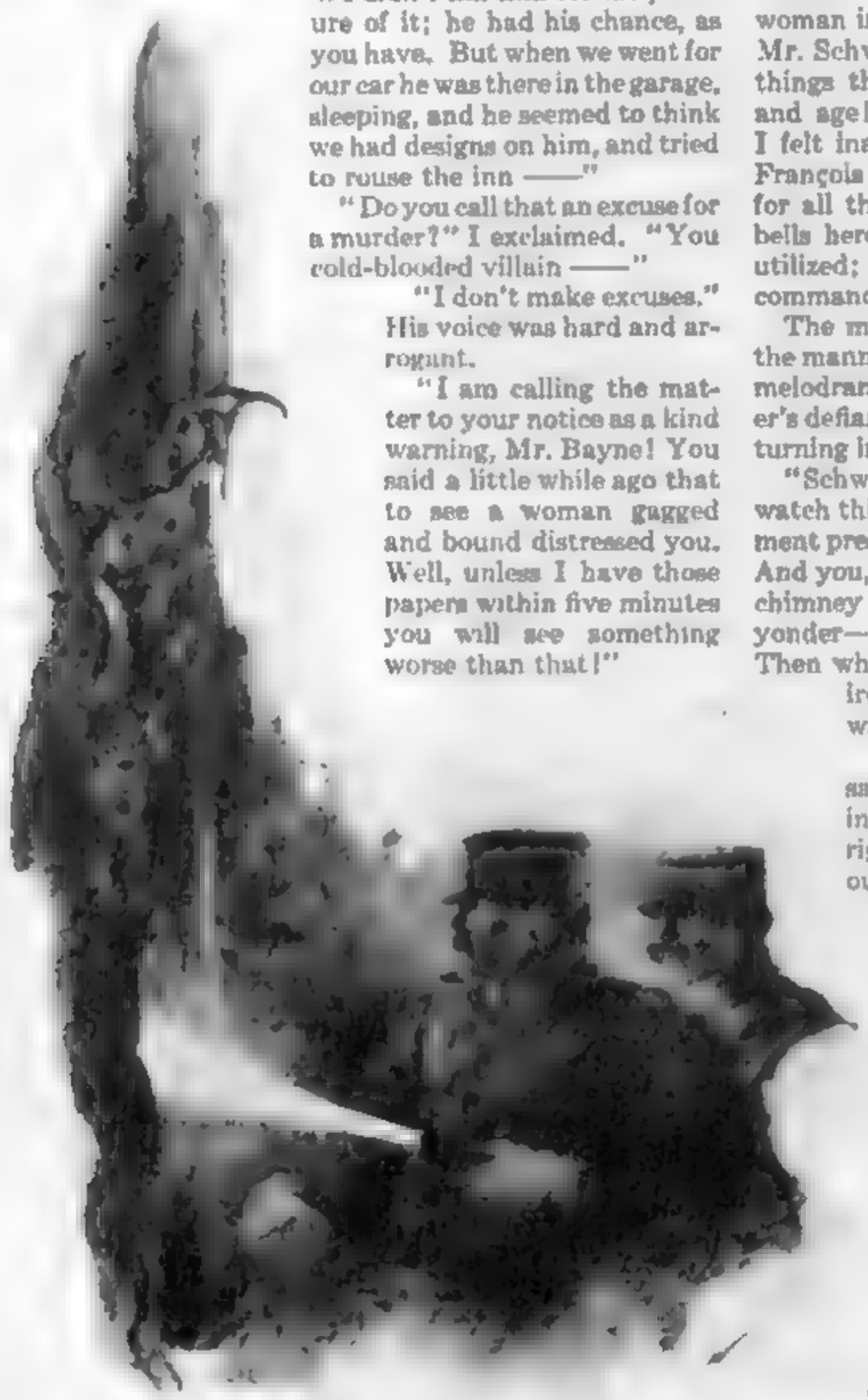
"Except for that," he grinned, "it went like clockwork. There wasn't even enough danger in the thing to give it spice. Do you know, there isn't a capital in Europe where I can't get disguises, money, passports—within twelve hours if I want them. Oh, you have a lot to learn about us, you people on the other side! I've crossed the ocean four times since the war started; I've been in London, Rome, Paris, Petrograd—pretty much everywhere. I'm getting homesick, though. The *laisser-passer* I've picked up—or forged, no matter which—takes me straight through to the Front; and I've got friends even in the trenches. Before the Frenchies know it I'll be across No Man's Land and inside the German lines!"

For a moment, as I listened, I was dangerously near admiring him. He was exaggerating certainly, but it couldn't all be brag. The life of this spy of the first water, of international fame, must be rather marvelous. To defy one's enemies with success, to journey calmly through their capitals, to stroll undetected among their agents of justice, were not things any fool could do! He carried his life in his hand, this Franz von Blenheim. He had courage; he even had genius along his special lines. Why, his impersonation on the liner, shrewd, slangy, coarse-grained, patronizing, had been a triumph! Then suddenly I remembered a murdered boy beside whom I had knelt that morning, and my brief flicker of homage died.

"You think I can't do it, eh?" He had misinterpreted my expression. "Well, let me tell you I did, just a year ago, and without a scratch! To get across No Man's Land you have to play dead, as you Yankees put it; you lie flat on the ground, and pull yourself forward a foot at a time, and keep your eyes open for star-shells, so that when they light up No Man's Land you can stop moving and lie on your face like a corpse until they burn out. It's not pleasant, of course; but in this game we take our chances. And now I think I'll be claiming my winnings if you please."

I straightened in my chair, recognizing a crisis. With his last phrase he had shed the bearing of Mr. John van Blarcom, and from the disguise all in an instant there emerged the Prussian—insolent, overbearing, fixing us with a look of challenge and addressing us with crisp command. No; the Kaiser's agent was not a figure of romance or of adventure. He was a force as able, as ruthless, as cruel as the master he served.

"Miss Falconer," he demanded briefly, "where are those papers? I am not to be played with, I assure you. If you think I am, just recall this morning and your chauffeur! We didn't kill him for the pleasure of it; he had his chance, as you have. But when we went for our car he was there in the garage, sleeping, and he seemed to think we had designs on him, and tried to rouse the inn ——"



Von Blenheim, Much Battered as to Countenance, Seemed on the Point of Springing

"Do you call that an excuse for a murder?" I exclaimed. "You cold-blooded villain ——"

"I don't make excuses." His voice was hard and arrogant.

"I am calling the matter to your notice as a kind warning, Mr. Bayne! You said a little while ago that to see a woman gagged and bound distressed you. Well, unless I have those papers within five minutes you will see something worse than that!"

At present what I saw was red. There was something beating in my throat, choking me; I knew neither myself nor the primitive impulses I felt. "If you lay a finger on Miss Falconer," I heard myself saying slowly, "I swear I'll kill you." Then through the crimson mist that enveloped me I saw Von Blenheim laugh.

"Come, Mr. Bayne," he taunted me, "remember our friend Schwartzmann! This is your business, Miss Falconer, I take it. What are you going to do?"

The girl flung her head back and her eyes blazed as she answered him.

"You can torture me," she said scornfully. "You can kill me. But I will never give you the papers; you may be sure of that!"

XXI

I THOUGHT of a number of things in the ensuing thirty seconds, but they all narrowed down swiftly to a mere thankfulness that I had been born. Suppose I hadn't; or suppose I had not happened to stop at the St. Ives Hotel and sail on the Ré d'Italia; or that I had remained in Rome with Jack Herriott instead of hurrying on to Paris; or had let my quest of the girl end in the Rue St. Dominique, instead of trailing her to Bleau! If one of these links had been omitted the chain of circumstance would have been broken; and Miss Falconer would have sat here confronting those four men—alone!

It was extremely hard for me to believe that the scene was genuine. The dark hall, the one wavering, flickering candle lighting only the immediate area of our conference, the bound woman in the chair, the watchful attitude of our captors, Mr. Schwartzmann's ready weapon—all were the sort of things that don't happen to people in our prosaic day and age! It was like an old-time romantic drama; and I felt inadequate, cast for the hero. I might have been François Villon, or some such Sothernlike incarnation, for all the civilized resources that I could summon. No bells here to be rung for servants; no telephones to be utilized; no police station round the corner from which to commandeer prompt aid!

The most alarming feature of the affair, however, was the manner of Franz von Blenheim, which was not so much melodramatic as businesslike and hard. At Miss Falconer's defiance he looked her up and down quite coolly. Then turning in his seat he began giving orders to his men.

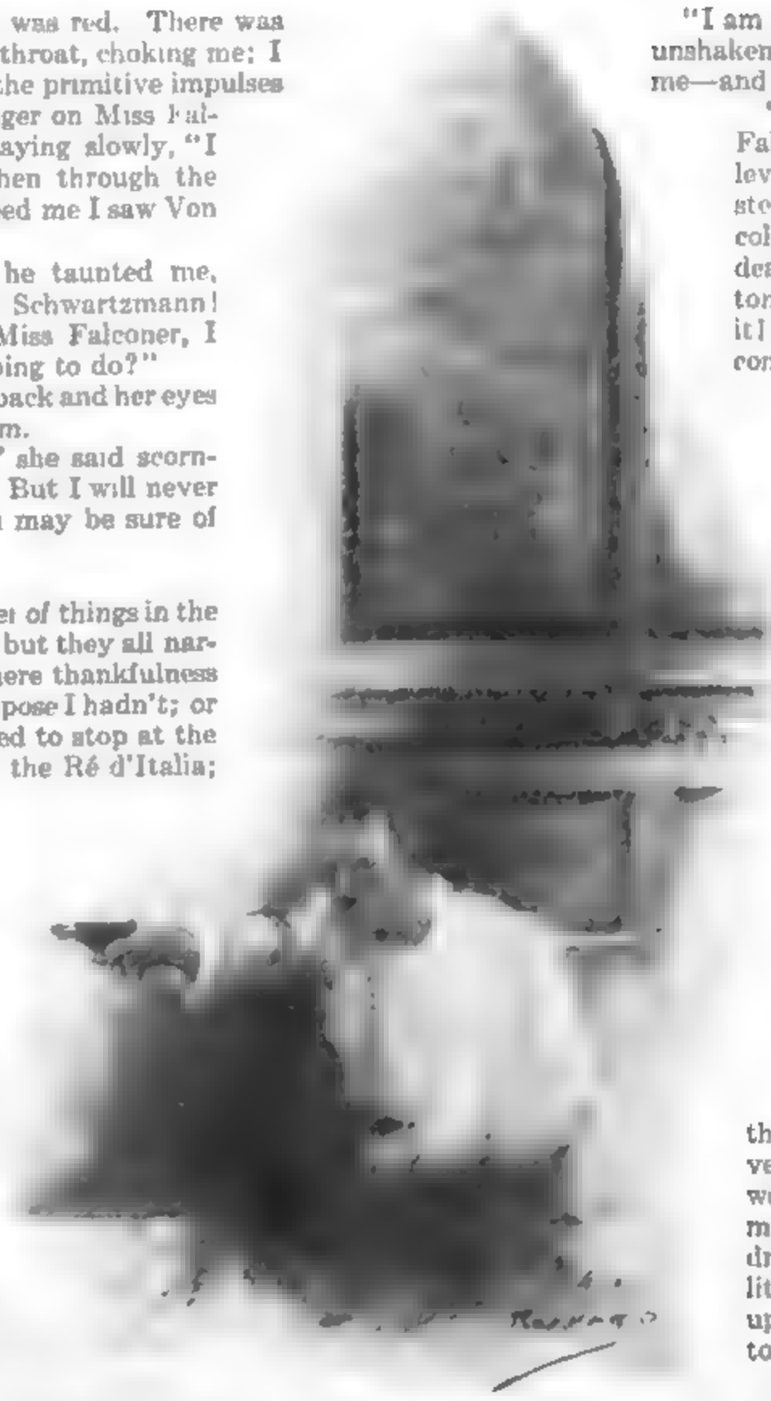
"Schwartzmann," ran the first of these, "I want you to watch this gentleman. He will probably make some movement presently; if he does you are to fire—and not to miss. And you," to the men by the door, "pile some wood in the chimney place and light it. There are some sticks over yonder—but if you don't find enough break up a chair. Then when you get a good blaze heat me one of the fire irons. Heat it red hot. And be quick—we are wasting time!"

The color was leaving the girl's cheeks but she sat even straighter, prouder. As for me, for one instant I experienced a blessed relief. I had been right; it was all impossible. One didn't talk seriously of red-hot irons.

"You must think you are King John," I laughed. "But you're overplaying! Don't worry, Miss Falconer; he won't touch you. There are things that men don't do."

He looked at me, not angrily, not in resentment, but in pure contempt; and I remembered. There were people, hundreds of them, in the burning villages of Belgium, in the ravaged lands of Northern France, who had once felt the same assurance that certain things couldn't be done—and had learned that they could. I glanced at the men who were piling wood on the hearth, at their sullen blue eyes, their air of rather stupid arrogance. I had walked, it seemed, into a nightmare—but, then, so had the world!

"This isn't a tea party, Mr. Bayne," said Franz von Blenheim. "It is war. Those papers belong to my government—and they are going back. I shall stop at nothing to get them, so if you have any influence with this lady you had better use it now!"



In His Right Hand There Glittered a Revolver Which Was Pointed Straight at My Heart!

"I am not afraid." The girl's voice was unshaken, bless her! "I said you could kill me—and I meant it. But I shall not tell!"

"And I shall not kill you, Miss Falconer." The German's tones were level, and his eyes, as they dwelt steadily on her, were as hard and cold as steel. "I don't want you dead; I want you living, with a tongue, and using it; and you will use it! You talk bravely but you have no conception—how should you have?—of physical pain. When that iron is red hot, if you have not spoken I shall hold it to your arm, and press it ——"

"Damn you!" The cry was wrenched out of me. "Not while I am here!"

"You will be here, Mr. Bayne, just so long as it suits me." A sort of cold ferocity was growing in Von Blenheim's tones. "And you have yourself to thank for your position, let me remind you; you would thrust yourself in. I don't know what you are doing in the business—a ridiculous mountebank in a leather cap and coat! It's a way you Yankees have, meddling in things that don't concern you. You seem to think that you have special rights under Providence—that you own everything in the universe, even to the high seas! Well, we'll settle with your country for its munitions and its notes and its driveling talk about atrocities a little later, when we have finished up the Allies. And I'll deal with you to-night, if you dare to lift a hand!"

There seemed only one answer possible, and my muscles were stiffening for it, when suddenly Miss Falconer's handkerchief, a mere wisp of linen which she had been clenching between her fingers, dropped to the floor. With a purely automatic movement I bent to recover it for her; she leaned down to receive it. Her pale face and lovely dilated eyes were close to me for a fleeting second, and though her lips did not move I seemed to catch the merest breath, the faintest gossamer whisper, which said: "The stairs!"

Von Blenheim's gaze, full of suspicion, was upon us as we straightened, but he could not possibly have heard anything; I had barely heard myself. I racked my brains. The stairs! But the man Schwartzmann was guarding them with his revolver! I couldn't imagine what she meant—and then suddenly I knew.

Throughout the entire scene, whenever I had glanced at her, I had noticed the steady way in which her look met mine and then turned aside. It had seemed almost like a signal or a message she was trying to give me. And which way had her eyes always gone? Why, down the hall!

I looked in that direction, and felt my heart leap up exultantly. Perhaps twenty feet from us, just where the radius of the candlelight merged off into the darkness, I glimpsed what seemed the merest ghost of a circular stone staircase, carved and sculptured cunningly, like lacy foam. Up into the dusk it wound, to the gallery, and to a door. Behold our objective! I wasted no precious time in pondering the whys and the wherefores. At any rate once inside with the bolts shot we could count on a breathing space.

I cast a final glance at Von Blenheim where he lolled across the table, and at the shadowy menacing figure of the armed sentinel on the stairs. The men at the hearth had piled their wood and were bending forward to light it.

"Be ready, please!" I said to the girl aloud.

As I spoke I bent forward, seized the table by its legs and raised it, and concentrated all the wrath, resentment and detestation that had boiled in me for half an hour into the force with which I dashed it forward against Von Blenheim's face. He grunted profoundly as it struck him. Toppling over with a crash he rolled upon the floor. The candle, falling, extinguished itself promptly, and we were left standing in a hall as black as ink.

Simultaneously with the blow I had struck there came a spit of flame from the staircase, a sharp crack, and as I ducked hastily a bullet sang past me, within three inches of my head. Miss Falconer was beside me. Together we retreated, while a second shot—which this time went wide—struck the wall beyond us and proved that Schwartzmann, though handicapped, was not giving up the fight.

So far things had gone better than I had dared to think was possible. Now, however, they took a sudden and

most unwelcome turn. One of the men by the chimney place must have wasted no time in leaping for me; for at this instant quite without warning he catapulted on me through the darkness with the force of a battering-ram.

The table, which I still held clutched with a view to emergencies, broke the force of his onslaught. He reeled, stumbled and collapsed forthwith on his knees. However, he was lacking neither in Teutonic efficiency nor in resource. Putting out a prompt hand he seized my ankle and jerked my foot from under me; the table dropped from my grasp with a splintering uproar, and I fell.

Before I could recover myself my enemy had rolled on top of me and I felt his fingers at my throat as he clamored in German for a light. He was a heavy man; his bulk was paralyzing; but I stiffened every muscle. With a mighty heave I turned half over, rose on my elbow and delivered a blow at what I fondly hoped might prove the point of his chin.

Dark as it was I had made no miscalculation. He dropped on me once again, but this time as an inert mass. Burrowing out from under him I sprang to my feet aglow with triumph—and found myself in the clutch of the second gentleman from the chimney place, who apparently had come hotfoot to his comrade's aid.

I was fairly caught. His arms went round me like steel cables, pinioning mine to my sides before I knew what he was about. In sheer desperation I summoned all the strength I possessed, and a little more. Ah! I had wrenched my right arm loose; now we should see! I raised it and managed, in spite of the close quarters at which we were contending, to plant a series of crashing blows on my adversary's face.

The fellow, I must say, bore up pluckily beneath the punishment. He hung on. There would be a light in a moment, he was doubtless thinking, and when once that came to pass it would be all over with me. But at my fifth blow he wavered groggily; and at my sixth endurance failed him. He groaned softly. Then his grasp relaxed and he collapsed quietly on the floor.

Throughout the swift march of these events we had heard nothing of Herr von Blenheim, a fact from which I deduced with thankfulness that he was temporarily stunned. Unluckily he now recovered. As I stood victorious but breathless, with my cap lost in the scuffle and my coat torn, I heard him stirring, and an instant later he pulled himself to his feet and flashed on an electric torch.

By its weird beam I saw that Miss Falconer was close beside me. Good heavens! Why, I wondered in anguish, waan't she already upstairs? But I knew only too well; she wouldn't desert her champion! And it was probably too late now. Von Blenheim, much battered as to countenance, seemed on the point of springing; his battered aids were struggling up in menacing if unsteady fashion; and Mr. Schwartzmann, at length provided with the light he wanted, was aiming at me with ominous deliberation from his coign of vantage above.

However, we were at the circular staircase. Again I caught up the table, and held it before us as a shield while we climbed upward side by side. In the distance my friend Schwartzmann was hopefully potting at us. A bullet, with a sharp ping, embedded itself in the thick wood in harmless fashion; another struck the shaft beside me, splintering its stone. We were at the last turn—but our pursuers were climbing also. I bent forward and let them have the table, hurling it with all possible force.

As it catapulted down upon them it knocked Von Blenheim off his balance and he, in his unforeseen descent, swept the others from their feet. A swearing, groaning mass, a conglomeration of helplessly waving arms and legs, they rolled downward. Victory! I was about to join Miss Falconer in the doorway when there came a final flash from the opposite staircase, and I felt a stinging sensation across my forehead and a spurt of blood into my eyes.

The pain of the slight wound promptly altered my intentions. Instead of leaving the gallery I sprang forward to the balustrade. Whipping my revolver out at last I aimed deliberately and fired; whereupon I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Schwartzmann rock, struggle, apparently regain his equilibrium, and then suddenly crumple up and pitch headlong down the stairs.

Below, Von Blenheim and his friends were extricating themselves from that blessed table. I passed through the doorway and slammed the door shut and shot the bolts. We were safe for the present. I could not see Miss Falconer, nor did she speak to me; but her hand groped for my arm and rested there, and I covered it with one of mine.

Then as we stood contentedly drawing breath we heard steps mounting the staircase. Someone struck a vicious blow against the heavy door. Von Blenheim's voice, hoarse and muffled, reached us through the panels.

"Can you hear me there?" it asked.

If tones could kill ——!

I summoned breath enough to answer with cheerful coolness.

"Every syllable," I responded. "What did you wish to say?"

"Just this." He was panting, either with exhaustion or fury, and there were slow, labored pauses between his words. "I will give you half an hour, exactly, to come out—with the papers. After that we will break the door down. And then you can say your prayers!"

Miss Falconer Came Forward to Light Me and We Went in Silence Into the Room of the Guards

XXII

THE sanctuary into which we had stumbled was as black as Erebus save for one dimly grayish patch, which meant a window, I surmised. When those heavy feet had clumped down the staircase silence enveloped us again—beatific silence. Instantly I banished the late Mr. van Blarcom from my consciousness. With a good stout door between us, what importance had his threats?

The truth was my blood was singing through my veins and my spirits were soaring. I would gladly have stood there forever, triumphant in the dark, with Miss Falconer's soft, warm fingers trembling a little, but lying in contented, almost cozy fashion under mine. Had there ever been such a girl, at once so sweet and so daring? To think how she had waited for me, all through that battle below!

A little breathless murmur came to me through the darkness. "Oh, Mr. Bayne! You were so wonderful! How am I ever going to thank you?" was what it said.

"You needn't. Let me thank you for letting me in on it!" I exulted happily. "I give you my word, I haven't enjoyed anything so much in years! It was all an hallucination, of course; but it was jolly while it lasted! I was only worried, every instant, for fear the hall and the men would vanish, like an Arabian Nights' palace, or the Great Horn Spoon, or Aladdin's jinn!"

Very gently she withdrew her fingers—and my mood toppled ludicrously. Why had I been rejoicing? We were in the deuce of a mess! So far I had simply won a half hour's respite, to be followed by the deluge; for if Von Blenheim had been ruthless before, what were his probable intentions now?

"We have lost our candle in the fracas," I muttered lamely.

"It doesn't matter. I have another," she answered in a soft, unsteady voice.

As she coaxed the light into being I made a rapid survey. We were in a room of gray stone, of no great size, and quite bare of furnishing save for a few stone benches built into alcoves in the wall. The bareness of the scene emphasized our lack of resources. As a sole ray of hope I perceived a possible line of retreat if things should grow too warm for us—a door facing the one by which we had come in.

What with all the excitement I had forgotten Mr. Schwartzmann's bullet; which had left me a gory spectacle, I have no doubt. At any rate I frightened Miss Falconer when the candlelight revealed me. In an instant she was bending over me, forcing me gently down upon a particularly cold hard bench.

"They shot you!" she was exclaiming. Her voice was low, but it held an astonishing protective fierceness. "They—they dared to hurt you! Oh, why didn't you tell me? Is it very bad?"

"No, no!" I protested, dabbing futilely at my forehead. "It isn't of the least importance. I assure you it is only a scratch! In fact," I groaned, "nobody could hurt my head; it is too solid! It must be ivory! If I had had a vestige of intelligence, an iota of it, the palest glimmer, I should have known from the beginning exactly who these fellows were!"

She was sitting beside me now, bending forward, all consoling eagerness. "That is ridiculous!" she declared. "How could you guess?"

"Easily enough," I mourned. "I had all the clews at Gibraltar. Why, yesterday, on my way to your house in the Rue St. Dominique, I went over the whole case in the taxi, and still I didn't see! I let the fellow confide in me on the ship, and warn me on the train, and give me a final solemn ultimatum at the inn last night, and come on here to frighten you and threaten you—when just a word to the police would have settled him forever. By George, I can't believe it! I should take a prize at an idiot show!"

She laughed unsteadily. "I don't see that," she answered. "Why should you have suspected him when even the authorities didn't guess? You are not a detective. You are a—a very brave, generous gentleman, who trusted a girl against all the evidence, and helped her, and protected her, and risked your life for her! Isn't that enough? And about their frightening me downstairs—they didn't. You see, Mr. Bayne—you were there!"

A wisp of red-brown hair had come loose across her forehead. Her face, flushed and royally grateful, was smiling into mine. Till that moment I had never dreamed that eyes could be so dazzling. I thrust my hands deep into my pockets; I felt they were safer so.

"What is it?" she faltered, a little startled, as I rose.

"Nothing—now," I replied firmly. "I'll tell you later; to-morrow, maybe, when we have seen this thing through! And in the meantime, whatever happens, I don't want

(Continued on Page 81)

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 9, 1918

Issues Squarely Joined

IN THE fall of 1862 it seemed that Lincoln's emancipation proclamation had accomplished nothing. McClellan had been beaten in the Peninsula; Pope had been overwhelmed at Bull Run; Lee had invaded Maryland and had been indecisively checked, with difficulty, at Antietam. In such circumstances writing on a piece of paper that, after January 1, 1863, all Southern slaves should be "thenceforth and forever free" appeared to change nothing.

Later on, it became clear that the proclamation had definitely aligned liberal opinion in Europe on the side of the North. "It is clear that the current is now setting very strongly with us among the body of the people," Adams wrote from London in January. Napoleon's intrigue to secure European recognition of the independence of the Confederacy was blocked, because the proclamation had definitely drawn the issue between slavery and freedom, and opinion in England would not tolerate alliance with slavery. The proclamation was a decisive moral defeat for the slave power. Loyal Northerners who hated slavery had been depressed by the ambiguous position in which that question stood. After the proclamation their whole conscience went into the Union cause.

The statements of war aims by President Wilson and Lloyd George play the rôle in this war that the emancipation proclamation played in the Civil War. The air is cleared. The issues are squarely joined. After those statements no American whose heart is loyal to his country can have any misgiving about prosecuting the war to the end, however long that may take or whatever it may cost.

The statements put the Teutons decisively and unavoidably on the defensive morally. No verbal jugglery on their part can answer now. They are offered in unequivocal terms a peace that leaves them free, independent and with an open field in which to win every peaceful advantage of which their genius is capable. It requires nothing of them except submission to the public law which they flouted, and conclusive renunciation of conquest.

Out of no little uncertainty and confusion these statements raise a clear-cut issue, on which the United States will fight as many years as may be necessary. The statements are a moral victory of the first importance.

Not a Tea Party

WASHINGTON has taken this business of war with too much the air of a lawn fête. Of course everyone wishes to appear patriotic. Newspapers shun the reproach of encouraging the enemy by lifting the voice of dissension at home. There is an idea that it is necessary to keep the public heartened by telling it only flattering things, or putting the most flattering interpretation on untoward things—as though the public were a child or a fool who could not face facts!

Once in a while somebody stands up and says something out loud—usually in a more or less apologetic manner. The other day, for example, a volunteer body of well-known and reputable men rose and remarked that an investigation of the situation led them to believe we should get no six million tons of shipping in 1918, as the official program suggested; but we might get, in new construction, about a third of that.

That is a point of tremendous importance. Circumstantially challenging the official suggestion—challenging it at the top of one's lungs or in the largest scare heads in the shop—is not encouraging the enemy or retarding the war. Having at least some facts to go on, the challenge is a useful prod.

The tea-party attitude was never less serviceable than now. Put away the macaroons and pass the brickbats. They are great little accelerators.

The Long, Steady Pull

THE United States is not so far advanced in war work as everybody hoped it would be at this time. Much excelling any other nation in available raw materials, manufacturing capacity and labor supply, it seemed that by the end of a year we might begin to make our weight felt in more formidable fashion. But after ten months we discover that shifting over from peace production to war production has been accomplished only in a gradual way.

We supremely needed ships. Everything else hinged on them. After ships we could expect to give most effectual aid in the air. We had the steel for ship plates, but it was necessary to buy sites for shipyards, clear the ground, erect shops, lay the ways on which ships are built. That has been done. We now find that dwellings must be provided for the workmen who are to do the shipbuilding. Sites must be bought; houses built.

An airplane is mostly engine. We made three or four times as many gasoline engines as all the rest of the world. A hundred thousand airplanes in a year sounded feasible. But France and England have discovered that every airplane in service requires from forty to fifty men—not only several aviators but mechanics in the repair shops, and so on. On that basis a hundred thousand American airplanes in European service would mean four or five million flyers and mechanics. A standardized motor may reduce that requirement by a third, or even a half. Even so, a hundred thousand airplanes in service must be a good way off.

Even if we get the best men on the job and with everybody, from top to bottom, doing his best, it still takes time; patience; the long, steady pull. Impatience must keep that in mind. Flash-in-the pan energy, explosions of enthusiasm, dust storms of wrath, will not answer. It must be the long, strong, unflagging pull that looks to no end save an acceptable peace, whenever that may come. Slapdash disorganizing at home and making the adjustments to war with an ax are not serviceable, either. But no considerations of party, politics or prejudice must be allowed to interfere with our getting the best men on the job and giving them a free hand.

Political Bait

OF COURSE you have forgotten it; but the Democratic Platform adopted in 1916 contained this pledge:

> We demand careful economy in all expenditures for the support of the Government, and to that end favor a return by the House of Representatives to its former practice of initiating and preparing all appropriation bills through a single committee chosen from its membership, in order that responsibility may be centered, expenditure standardized and made uniform, and waste and duplication in the public service as much as possible avoided. We favor this as a practicable first step toward a budget system.

That was formally adopted over a year and a half ago. Not the least attempt has been made to carry it into effect. The men who made the pledge had no intention of trying to redeem it. They put it out callously as bait to catch votes. In his message of last December President Wilson reminded Congress that "it will be impossible to deal in any but a very wasteful and extravagant fashion with the enormous appropriations of public money"—unless this pledge of handling all appropriation bills through a single committee was fulfilled.

Of course Congress knows that is true. It knows the present completely decentralized system is inevitably wasting millions. But it has never shown the slightest inclination to take any real steps toward the budget system, for which both parties have spoken when they wanted votes.

That is a scandalous fact when you consider what depends upon winning this war and what sacrifices the nation outside of Congress is making to win. But it is a fact.

We Need a War Board!

TAKE up a newspaper file and look over one week's dispatches from Washington. You get an impression of a large number of important bodies, all revolving rapidly in different orbits and in various directions. Try to visualize it and you get a slightly dizzy sensation, as when you watch an expert juggler keeping a set of dinner dishes, with their appropriate table instruments, in the air.

Every now and then you read that some important point which one of these many bodies has been considering will be referred to the President, or has just been decided by the President. Now and then you read that some additional body has been added to the aggregation and is whirling off in its orbit. Now and then you read that two or three bodies have collided.

What the country needs is a president and board of directors—composed of not more than four or five men—to run the war. It seems, from all accounts, that two persons, named Ludendorff and Hindenburg, are running the war in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey—and finding time to run politics more or less too. In England it has about settled down to a small war board. Even more important than the size of the board is the quality of the men who compose it. The members must be men of brains, sense and business training. There are too many amateur messiahs on the job now.

No doubt all the bodies at Washington are useful. There must be fifteen or twenty of them, first and last. But the outlines of a systematized executive scheme do not appear; and the closer you get to it, the less centralization of authority you find. The President, of course, is the sun round which this firmament revolves; but the planetary system is not a good model to follow in the case of a country at war. Essentially war-making is a business job; and business requires a compact, definite, everflowing fountainhead of authority—a president and board of directors or executive committee.

You cannot find anything in Washington that really corresponds with that. Theoretically there is the cabinet; but a very little investigation will show that the theoretic resemblance is not founded on fact. There are some very good cooks and some very poor ones; but there is no small, supreme committee to say definitely just what the menu shall be a week ahead. We need men who are accustomed to dealing with conditions, not theories.

The Stay-at-Homes' Duty

ENGLAND and France have put more than twelve per cent of their total population under arms—a feat which, considering their industrial necessities, would have been considered impossible before this war. Rather less than one and a half per cent of our population is with the colors. This spring our Allies will be sending more than ten men to our one—relatively to population—against the Kaiser.

We cannot help that; but there are things we can do. The first of these things, for every man, is to pay the war taxes for which he is liable.

Ten million subscribers contributed to the Liberty Loans—an impressive demonstration that the people are backing their Government in this world fight for liberty and lasting peace. But lending the Government money at four per cent on the best security in the world is a less conclusive test than paying what you owe it in taxes.

Every married man with an income of two thousand a year, and every single man with an income of one thousand, is required to make a report. This year that means a million farmers, hundreds of thousands of skilled workmen, a great proportion of retail merchants, the rank and file of professional men. Do not wait for an agent of the Government to look you up. Go immediately or drop a post card to the office of the collector of internal revenue for your district, or find out when an agent from his office will be in your town. Make your report. Do it cheerfully, gladly.

From a house next door to you, if not from your own house, a boy is going over to the Western Front. He is going to offer his life for the future security of your house. Maybe he is going to die to keep this German curse of predatory war away from your children. The first thing you can do to demonstrate that you're worth fighting for is to pay the income tax for which you are liable. If you dodge it you are letting that boy go to fight for a coward! Pay it gladly.

Be a Stamp Collector

DO NOT let peace talk for a moment divert your attention from the war-savings certificates. Everybody hopes for peace. Everybody capable of looking facts in the face knows that, as yet, no definite sign of peace is in sight. One thing is certain: The least slackening of America's war preparations would be worth a signal victory in the field to the Kaiser. It would strengthen him at home as hardly anything else could at this time. It is certain, too, that the more strenuously America prepares and fights, the sooner peace will come. Every American should key up his 1918 program decidedly higher than his 1917 performance.

The war-savings stamps and certificates should be going faster than they are. They constitute the best scheme of war financing, for they mean outright saving and no borrowing. They mean continuous day-to-day saving. They mean that saving in small things which forms a good habit.

The more determined America is, the sooner peace will come. Start your collection of war stamps now. Make your income-tax return. Every individual motion in that direction counts.

THE EARTHQUAKE

VII

I KINGS XIX: 11-19

"And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice."

The Future—By Arthur Train

IT IS a strange thing to come back to New York after an absence of nearly a year to find aeroplanes buzzing overhead, a captured U-boat in Central Park, service flags covered with stars on every other building, and to bump into one's family doctor on the street corner in the uniform of a full-fledged major. It is even queerer to have one's wife going afoot to market every morning with a knitting bag on her arm—camouflaging the pot roast and chuck steak—and one's daughter hurrying off to a business college to juggle all day with dots, dashes and pothooks. These things for a returned Wall Street bondbroker are strange indeed; but strangest of all is the new inward and spiritual grace of which they seem to be the outward and visible signs.

The other day I was riding uptown in the local Subway, where for several years I have had an opportunity to study contemporary manners. Up to the time when I left the city, ten months ago, the male travelers had consisted of two classes—those who frankly refused to surrender their seats to a woman, and those who strove to hide their incivility by pretending not to see her. I shall not state to which class I belonged. At Canal Street a middle-aged woman, carrying a bundle, entered the car. She obviously did not expect to be offered a seat, and had quite naturally annexed a strap when a young second lieutenant in uniform rose at the other end of the car and tendered her his place. Before, in her embarrassment, she could either accept or decline it, no less than half a dozen passengers nearer her had risen and offered her their seats. From that moment until the train reached the Grand Central Station there was a contest in politeness going on in that car which rivaled the etiquette of King René at his Court of Love. So much has the war done for the Subway.

There is a new spirit about, to which everybody, from the sandwich man to the railroad president, responds—a spirit of cheerful coöperation. People are more friendly; they are politer, generally more decent. Respect for the uniform has jacked us all up several pegs. It has acted as a moral tonic for the whole country, just as it has for the men who wear it.

We of the cities, at any rate, had become ashamed of the old-fashioned virtues and callous to the outward observances of gentility. It was fashionable to be cynical. The passion for money-getting in the men, which had numbed our spiritual fiber, had permeated the whole nation, and had engendered widespread industrial discontent and jealousy. As I have said, we were drunk with prosperity. Our materialism was a byword among nations—themselves hardly less material. There had never been so much money anywhere in the world before. To-day skilled labor is still weltering in it. A couple of weeks ago in Miami, Arizona, I counted forty-three automobiles standing in a row, belonging to workmen, outside the crusher of a mine.

Girls who could not buy jewelry and take trips to New York out of their own savings often did so out of the earnings of men. Their ambition was to become movie actresses at fabulous salaries. The Vamp was their ideal. Debauchery, eugenics and degeneracy became common subjects for the screen, the stage and periodical literature. There was a flood of frankly erotic magazines, most of the readers of which were young girls. I saw it myself in my business trips and heard about it from my correspondents and employees. This was the reaction of the laboring class to the same conditions that plunged the rich into a riot of extravagance and dissipation.

Wealth had had the same effect upon Imperial Rome. As William Winwood Reade says, referring to the decline of Egypt, in The Martyrdom of Man: "The vast wealth and soft luxury of the new empire undermined its strength. . . To the same cause may be traced the ruin and the fall, not only of Egypt, but of all the Powers of the ancient world—of Nineveh and Babylon and Persia; of the Macedonian Kingdom and the Western Empire. As soon as those nations became rich they began to decay."

I believe that material prosperity, like that of England and America before the war, tends to render nations enervated and corrupt, depriving them of energy and vigor, and making them susceptible to anarchy or other forms of social disease. Indeed, it seems to me that when the sufferings of the war shall be over and men can look back calmly at the events and conditions that preceded it, it will be seen that not its least dramatic aspect was the sudden ending of the madness which had taken possession of society the world over.

Shane Leslie, treating of social conditions in England just before the war, says:

"The English fleet has been aptly compared to the Roman legions cut off from a decadent capital to guard the world from the barbarians. Whether English society was suffering from decay or development, symptoms made their appearance not far different from those that historians tell of the last phase of Roman history. The Colosseum once contained the same crowds of pallid unfit that watched the muddy arenas of English football. A similar indolent and half-educated bourgeoisie loafed in the imperial baths as attended English cricket. In the higher stage of society there was the same revulsion from the old-fashioned virtues and an expressed contempt for whatever belonged to the Augustan—or, in the latter case, Victorian—Age, in writing or morals.

"London churches were deserted for week-end parties, exactly as the temples were scorned by the jaded pleasure seekers of Rome. . . . Nobody in England took the sovereign's defensorship of the faith more seriously than the Romans took the deification of their emperors. The state religion in London had a less hold on many than the charlatan, the theosophist and the necromancer; just as Capitoline Jove and the matronly Juno were deserted for the more exciting deities of the East. Socially, women in London exchanged family lockets for immodest charms. . . . The signs were present, even if the decay was not so deep as German sociologists wished to believe. War instantly restored the old stoical and patriotic virtues."

So, also, in America, the year 1914 saw the maximum of demoralization in social life. Periodical literature, often pandering to vice under the guise of teaching morality, reflected the eroticism that in most American cities and in many country towns accompanied the effort to enjoy the sensations of sin while ostensibly lingering inside the pink palings of virtue. All this near vice and flirtation with immorality were but the echo of what was going on in Europe, where the tide of degeneracy had reached its flood.

In London, in Paris, in St. Petersburg, and—I speak without venom—especially in Berlin, the wearied seekers after pleasure, fatigued with the pursuit of Aphrodite, were resorting to exotic pleasures that rivaled those of the pagan civilizations. Not only had the demimondaine been made the pattern of fashion, not only did social intercourse savor largely of sexual intrigue, but the ennui of society showed itself in a fever of gambling

The Food Hound, or Ten Nights in a Lunch Room

at cards that rivaled the days of Charles James Fox; and, worst of all, the spread of the drug habit bade fair to undermine what moral stamina still remained.

All the world was dancing—if dancing it could be called—to the barbaric clash of cymbals and the crash of crockery; and the convolutions of the tango lizard, to which the young and temporarily innocent were shamelessly abandoned, would have brought a blush of shame to the bronzed cheek of any self-respecting nautch girl or voodoo dancer. The search for something new resulted in the taking up of all kinds of strange and occult religions.

In New York their prophets were pursued by foolish women, much as the children of Hamelin town followed after the Pied Piper—some to their lasting degradation; and, as Leslie says: "The smart ladies of London crowded the parlors of the clairvoyants and fortune tellers, and covered themselves with charms and amulets."

Many New York hotels were jammed, from four o'clock on, with turkey trotters and fox trotters, where the tired business man could secure partners without formality, and presumably respectable wives and mothers contested the supremacy of the floor with painted ladies from the shabby sections adjacent to Times Square. Introductions were superfluous. The *thé dansant* of the Broadway hotel was, in fact, as great a menace to domestic virtue as the Haymarket or the Turkish Village of other days, or the Ladies' Parlor of the East Side saloon.

At the swagger restaurants and private balls the semi-nudity of the dancers vied with the suggestiveness of the music; and the pantomime of the dance was accentuated by the crashing of the cymbals, the breaking of glass, the pounding of tom-toms assisted by whistles, catcalls and yells from the orchestra. Any Congo chieftain who inadvertently wandered in would have felt entirely at home. And at the very climax of this crescendo of degeneracy came the distant rumble of war. The fox trotters paused in their gyrations; the card players glanced up apprehensively from the green tables; the *fille de joie* set down, with a pale face, the glass she had half raised to her red lips.

An exaggerated picture! you may exclaim. Pardon me! Of course I am not describing Hohokus, New Jersey. I am picturing as faithfully as I know how the sort of atmosphere any New York débutante might easily have breathed, willingly or unwillingly, only a year or so ago—and perhaps might even to-day. If it had not been for the war my Margery might and probably would involuntarily have found herself in this atmosphere at some time or other during the coming season. And why? Simply because, in their feverish search for entertainment, for something new of interest to their sons and daughters and their friends, some witless woman or foolish father might have chosen to take a party of young people there.

I do not mean to suggest that vice has been rampant among the men and women I know along upper Fifth Avenue. It hasn't. For the most part, they are rich and dull—nothing if not respectable. But the license of Broadway and the Tenderloin has been reflected in the entertainment provided for the young and in the extravagance of their elders. We have gorged ourselves with luxury, for we have lacked intellectual and spiritual aspirations.

It is trite, but nevertheless true, that materialism had eaten into our natures, attacking and destroying the sturdier qualities inherited from our fathers. Often the more respectable people were the most lavish and self-indulgent, for the reason that they had no real vices upon which to spend their money.

The eating of elaborate dinners, like the smoking of cigars in the case of many of us men, became the chief object of existence. From the first of January to the end of March, without intermission, adult men and women went out night after night, from one house to another, to a succession of costly entertainments, where they sat, ate and talked about little but their amusements from eight o'clock until eleven or twelve.

To prepare themselves for the physical strain of these gastronomical events the women, at any rate, lay in bed until ten or eleven o'clock in the morning and occupied themselves with trivialities, light literature, motoring and card playing throughout the day. Had anyone suggested that they were leading lives closely akin to barbarism, they would have been politely amused.

I have often speculated upon the origin of this peculiar custom of dinner giving. If one pursued his researches far enough back into the prehistoric past I suppose he would reach an era where our hairy ancestors had no other occupation save to kill their food and eat it; they hunted, like the beasts, in packs; and, like the beasts, in packs they ate. That may be the germ of the dinner-giving instinct.

But if we confine ourselves to recorded history we shall probably conclude that this now curious form of entertainment had its rise in that comparatively recent period when our forebears were quite as apt to be hungry as replete; and when the natural and obvious method of giving a friend a good time was—vulgar thought!—to fill his stomach. Do you suppose that our friend, Mrs. Highbilt, would ever be able to bring herself to go out to dinner again if she realized that the reason she was invited was because only three generations ago her progenitors never got a really hearty meal, except on Sundays, Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July?

But it was the fact; and it is still the fact in a geographically large proportion of the civilized world. It is one of those social and economic paradoxes that, until the war changed it all, the people who had no need or desire for food—being fed up like Christmas geese in their own homes three times each day—were the very ones who, when they went out to dinner, were expected to gorge themselves further. They had, and to them was given!

One of the bitter ironies of dinner giving was that though, on the one hand, convention still required the host to overload the table with food, fashion, upon the other, dictated that the ladies should eat little or nothing. The grand dame upon the right of the host toyed with a single oyster, swallowed but a spoonful of soup, passed the fish, merely fussed with the entrée, and made her dinner off the salad—even though she enjoyed robust health and an abundant appetite. Mayhap she ate heavily in secret on her return home; but in public—never!

The result was that only half of those expensive dinners was ever consumed. The men continued to drink cocktails and eat heavily. But course after course was refused by practically every woman at the table. Imagine serving ten canvasback ducks and having four or five of them left for the kitchen-maids to devour cold the next day! And think of the waste of hothouse fruit and candy involved in every banquet! No doubt somebody ate what was left; but it needn't have been bought. There was a good deal to be said in favor of the basket of stone fruit that used to form part of the table decoration in many households.

Among the hundreds of hostesses in New York City there is one in particular whose entertainments used to be conspicuous for their lavishness. Her dinner service was of engraved gold, her wine glasses of rock crystal, her table ornaments princely *objets d'art* intermingled with rose trees and peach trees in full bloom. She is a simple-minded, open-hearted old lady, with a kindly, hospitable nature, who has always devoted herself and her fortune to deeds of generosity and the widest charity. She ate off gold plates because she supposed that was what people who had a certain income ought to do; she imagined that people who didn't have such incomes liked to be asked to eat off gold plates.

She offered her guests—often plain people whom she invited simply because she liked them—gold and crystal, and rose trees, for the same reason she gave them terrapin, African peaches, pheasants, pâté de foie gras and champagne. She supposed that to eat this kind of food was a grand and glorious end in itself, and that, as she had the money and the position, it was up to her to give it to her friends. I confess that her invitations and her dinners were always gobbled up quickly by everyone who had a chance at them; and while the twelve courses and their attendant vintages were being served her parties went very well.

I remember one—a Thanksgiving dinner—she gave at her country house on Long Island about three years ago. Her chef had had nothing to do in particular since they had returned from Newport, and he cut himself loose. There were a marvelous hors d'œuvre; an imitation carp, made of a mousse of salmon, including prawns, shrimps and lobsters; a huge wild turkey, containing in its stomach a duck, which, in turn, concealed a quail—roasted whole all together; and, to make a long dinner short, a final trophy of culinary art consisting of a little pig, roasted and served whole in its beautiful transparent brown skin and holding between its dainty ivory tusks a tiny crab apple.

What a din attended the gastronomic demise of that pig, the turkey, the duck and the quail! What ancient jokes were bandied about with the almost as ancient wines! What ecstatic hubbub as each course was borne in to be placed before the appreciative guests!

Well, when the war came this good lady, who had given us little pigs because she thought she ought to, concluded that, instead of having twelve courses at her dinners, she ought to have only three. But her hospitable nature would not permit her to refrain from asking everybody she knew to her house and board, as usual. So she went on giving her formal dinners just the same. She still had the gold plate and the rock crystal and the *objets d'art*—only the rose trees and peach trees and nine of the twelve courses were gone.

I went to one the other day, along with twenty-two others of her old friends. We marched in to dinner at eight-fifteen, were served with soup, lamb, salad—salad is not supposed to count—and ice cream, and rose from the table at eight-forty-five. We were all just as glad to be there and just as fond of our hostess as ever; but something was lacking. She felt it herself—poor dear! A blight seemed to have fallen upon the conversation; and, work as hard as she could, the evening was a failure as a social event.

I stayed after the other guests had gone and was astounded at her unsuspected perspicacity. Looking moodily at me, she said:

"They didn't have a good time, John. Don't tell me they did! I know better! But they always enjoyed themselves before."

It was quite true, and I had nothing to say in reply. Suddenly she added rather sadly:

"I know what the trouble is, and probably so do you—only you would be too polite to tell me. I've really had nothing to offer them except food; and, now that the food is gone, there's absolutely nothing left!"

Now the first and most obvious reform the war has occasioned—and it was to be expected that where the conditions were the worst there the cure would be most pronounced—is the annihilation of class distinction and of the reverence for wealth. It has come so swiftly and so easily, the transition is so complete and effectual, that it seems as if all the snobbery that went before must have been a sort of game, which we played for the amusement of a few old ladies, with our tongues in our cheeks. Wealth has ceased—except when engaging seats at after-theater cabarets—to have any social significance. In a word, the great god Mammon has fallen flat, face downward, in the dead ashes of his own altar.

The old-fashioned fiction of a select circle—Society with a capital S, the old Four Hundred—already shattered before the war began, has now been blown to atoms, to the universal satisfaction. The conventional dinner, with its overloaded table and many guests, is no longer smart or even correct. Heretofore a few bedizened dowagers have been struggling heroically against the rising tide of common sense to keep aloft the standard of exclusiveness. Reënforced by the moral effect of a few scattering alliances with the genuine European nobility, they have in the past been able to maintain a fictitious social hierarchy. There was a time when some people felt aggrieved if they were not invited to Mrs. Astor's annual ball. To-day nobody is aggrieved at not being invited to anything—partly, to be sure, because they know there isn't anything to which to be invited.

They have also suddenly realized that there really isn't anybody in New York or elsewhere who is entitled or qualified to pass on the social status of anybody else in America, where, of all places in the world, only what a man is, not what he has, should count. But the old régime has died hard. A scant half dozen bearded female grenadiers still refuse to surrender, even to the covert laughter of their grandchildren. They are the last surviving members of Society. But they will not survive the war. After it is over there will never be any Society of that sort again.

What social life the débutante of 1918 gets will be in the companionship of service. The dancing men will dance no more. The pet cats and parlor snakes will all have slunk and wriggled out of sight. The aristocratic families will be those whose men and women have done most for their country, not those whose ancestors rose from rags to riches.

There will be a new order of nobility; and our boys, instead of becoming coal barons, steel kings or knights of industry, will be knighted upon the battlefield, with the accolade of valor and self-sacrifice.

The day of the gold plate, rock crystal and duck-and-champagne dinner is over for a long time to come. We are entering upon an era of social sanity, where display and extravagance will be viewed with disapproval.

The thought of the lavishness of only a year or two ago now fills one with disgust; and even to write of terrapin and champagne when the dead bodies of one's fellow beings are rotting in the mud in front of German trenches in Flanders seems trivial and heartless. But it has taken the horror of this frightful carnage to bring people to their senses. Perhaps nothing less would have jarred the self-complacent and comfortable rich into seeing things in their true light. If it has done nothing else it has brought about a world-wide readjustment of values.

Socialism might have accomplished eventually the same result; but it would have achieved it only after a bitter struggle between classes. We might have had another French Revolution. Now people are doing voluntarily what only the equivalent of the guillotine or the terror of the mob might have forced upon them. Strange, that only the red-foamed mares of war, blindness, pestilence and death could induce people to live as their own mental and physical well-being require that they should. For it has not been common sense or economics that has led people to shorten their dinners—it has been the horror of the trenches, the suffering of the wounded in the hospitals and the cries of the famished children of Belgium.

Whatever the reason, let us hope that after the war there shall be, simply for their own sakes, no reversion on the part of the wealthy to their former wastefulness. Let us hope that what the horror of the conflict has led them to abandon they may discard permanently because of the realization that it is a better way to live.

A striking change has taken place in the entire outlook of those who have been heretofore referred to as society women. Hundreds of those who, up to our entry into the war, played bridge morning, afternoon and night, seemingly with an utter disregard for the responsibilities of life, or spent their time in lunching, going to the theater and opera, or at their milliners' and jewelers', have stopped short in their mad race for gayety and excitement, and

(Continued on Page 24)

Truly Inviting!

Creamy, fragrant, extremely palatable—this delicate Campbell "kind" is as satisfying as it is inviting.

It is just the added touch of pleasure and distinction you want for that cozy little dinner or that dainty luncheon you are planning. Just the thing for meatless days and quiet Lenten occasions. And it makes a pleasant change for the children's evening meal.

Any time, in fact, when you aim for a tempting and unusual variation from the regular menu you will find exactly what you want in

Campbell's Celery Soup

It has all the excellent qualities—due to choice materials and extreme care in preparation—which you have learned to expect in every *Campbell* Soup.

We put it up in the season when celery is at its best. We use only crisp, tender stalks in fresh and perfect condition. And by means of the Campbell method we retain completely their sweet natural flavor and enticing fragrance.

We blend the soup with fresh milk and creamery butter, a suggestion of delicate herbs and sufficient seasoning to give it "character."

Served as a cream of celery simply by adding milk or cream instead of water, according to the richness desired, it is particularly delicious.

You could hardly imagine a soup more attractive and delightful.

Order these wholesome *Campbell's Soups* by the dozen or the case. And with your next order be sure to include this delicious *Celery Soup*.

21 kinds 12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

to-day roll bandages at the same tables where yesterday they played double dummy.

The money they threw away in gambling at cards they now give to the Red Cross. At the summer resort of Bar Harbor four hundred thousand dressings were turned out in the three months of July, August and September, 1917. At the very moment when the city-bred American woman seemed at the lowest ebb of extravagance, idleness and self-indulgence, when metropolitan life seemed rotten with the gangrene of materialism and luxury, the shudder of the guns along the Western Front ran down their spines and roused them to the consciousness that it was up to them to do something. And they have done it; done it as faithfully and perseveringly as their less wealthy sisters. Where they seemed quite mad before, they have now become quite sane; and they have taken off their gloves and set to work with a will.

Instead of the foolish chatter one has been compelled to listen to in the past, one begins to hear something at least resembling intelligent conversation. They are acutely interested in what is going on in Rome, London, Paris and Saloniki. Women who used to vie with one another in the display of dress and jewels have put their pearls in the safe. But, most remarkable of all, where they have idled before, they now, with one accord, pass busy days working with their hands. I believe that the tremendous change in morale observable at the present time in the fashionable woman followed her reassumption of physical effort. Life had become so easy for her that, just as she no longer had to use her body, she no longer used her mind. She had almost lost the creative instinct.

Now that she has begun to use her hands, she has begun to use her mind again. She has rediscovered the joy of doing, the thrill of physical achievement. She no longer feels obliged to ring for her maid to perform the trifling service she can just as well perform herself. And, apart from the mere pleasure to be obtained from physical occupation, she has learned anew—if indeed she had ever learned them before—the joy of service and the joy of sharing with others.

"It is a very wholesome and regenerating change," said President Wilson, "which a man undergoes when he comes to himself. It is not only after periods of recklessness or infatuation, when he has played the spendthrift or the fool, that man comes to himself. He comes to himself after experiences of which he alone may be aware; when he has left off being wholly preoccupied with his own powers and interests, and with every petty plan that centers in himself; when he has cleared his eyes to see the world as it is, and his own true place and function in it."

It has seemed to me, since my return to America after my long absence of nearly a year, that the President's words are as apt when applied to a nation as to a man; and that, at a time when his concern was with individuals rather than with peoples, he may have unconsciously been prophesying the change that was later to take place in the nation of which he was to become the head.

That there has been such a change—a startling and radical one—in the American people is indubitable, and it is no less certain that the war has brought this change about. What one bondbroker has observed of this alteration in the life about him, for what it may be worth of encouragement or of warning to his fellow Americans, it has been my purpose—the purpose of John Stanton, of New York City—to record. What is there, in fact, on the credit side of our spiritual balance sheet? In the old phrase: Let us take a brief account of stock.

It sounds banal now to talk about the national conscience. Yet at the time of the sinking of the Lusitania I frankly believe we had ceased to have any. Our grandiose conception of America was of a country too large in territory and enterprise to have any unity in its opinions or policies. That was how the Kaiser thought of us—unless, indeed, he regarded our public opinion as potentially German; which—shade of Doctor Dernburg!—is possible.

We were rather complacently accustomed to point out, of course, there were so many different types of nationalities constituting the American people that we had no strictly national aims or ambitions except to be let alone; no principles except the particular form of liberty we enjoyed; no doctrines to uphold except the moribund Monroe Doctrine. Indeed, some people went so far, only four or five years ago, as to prophesy more or less publicly that a nation which had so many local interests and prejudices could not permanently remain intact; that the West feared and distrusted Wall Street; and that the Mississippi formed a natural line of division between what might easily become two separate nations—the Western States of North America, and the Eastern.

Nobody took this sort of talk seriously; but it reflected something behind it. The West did distrust Wall Street. Nobody blamed it, either. The trouble was that the West thought Wall Street filled a good deal bigger part of the cosmos than it does. But it was enough, if Wall Street wanted something, for a large part of the country to be opposed to it. Public opinion was local and divided. As a people we had lost the capacity for moral indignation. This was equally true of most of our large cities—with the notable exceptions of Boston and Baltimore.

This was the situation that confronted President Wilson But now apathy has given place to patriotism; the West and the East are genuinely one. The son of the New York banker is bunking with the apple-grower's boy from Oregon. You do not hear people talking about the West and the East any longer; it is all "we" and "us." We have a national consciousness if not a national conscience.

That is looking at it from the longitudinal point of view; but there is another that is really more interesting—the vertical, so to speak. Imagine the novelist's confusion after the war when he tries to write his sociological romance! The aristocracy of wealth and position has been utterly swept away and an aristocracy of ability and service substituted.

For illustration, a young man of good parts entered a certain Eastern university, and, though he was an excellent fellow, a certain group of his classmates took occasion to make him feel that his social qualifications were not such as to warrant his inclusion in their charmed circle. The war broke out and all enlisted in the same service. In the training camp these men still pursued their wretched policy of exclusiveness.

At the end of a month the object of their contempt had shown such conspicuous qualifications for leadership that he had been put in command of the section to which they were assigned and was giving them orders. Two weeks later he was given a commission as a captain and sent to France. Another month and he had been cited in the order of the day for distinguished bravery and coolness, while the youths who had thought themselves too good for him were still marching in columns of fours. This is not fiction, but fact.

To-day the millionaire who isn't giving himself, and at least part of his wealth, to the service of the nation is not cordially received. He can no longer buy immunity and retain his position in the community. His millions do not count in the scales of sacrifice against the life of the negro bell hop from the Planters' Hotel. In the final test it may be that no one of us can keep both his life and his self-respect. If the supreme test of being a gentleman is his willingness to lay down his life for a cause, hereafter, whatever form socialism may take, there shall always be at least a million gentlemen in the United States.

The millionaires are seizing the opportunity to try to justify their existence in this war. Most of them have made good. They read, also, the signs of the times. Many are becoming frankly socialistic, loud subscribers to the doctrine that nobody should get more than a reasonable profit out of any enterprise. The day of the multimillion fortune is about over. To-day its possessor is busily engaged in making excuses for having it. In many cases if he is too old to volunteer, he has gone into the government service.

It is a somewhat quaint experience to sit in a club window with a plutocrat who has spent most of his life in cursing the Government and complaining of congressional interference with his business affairs, and to hear him talk about what we—that is, the Government, of which he now forms a part—are going to do. It was equally refreshing to hear a railroad president bewailing the hesitation of the Government in taking over control of the railroads. We shall have no more huge fortunes; no more moneyed aristocrats rising out of the artificial soil of special privilege. Hereafter there will be an "upper class" composed exclusively of those who have earned the right to be there.

The war has called a variety of things to our attention. It has taught us the relative value-in-use of the different professions. The sawbones has acquired a new dignity. We perceive that the lawyer and the politician, like the broker, are often parasites. We begin to grasp the importance of the actual producer, the fellow who breeds the cattle and hogs, who plants and harvests the crops, and digs the copper and iron out of the earth. The laborer looms large on the horizon. We wonder at the reason for such a myriad of small shopkeepers.

We observe with satisfaction that our form of government is sufficiently elastic to enable us not only to carry on a great war without breaking down—legal sharps and political croakers to the contrary notwithstanding—but to make the world safe for democracy by an exhibition of autocracy that might well have astonished Thomas Jefferson. Socialists, republicans, liberals, conservatives, populists and reactionaries are all gratified equally.

We have discovered that in some of our legislation we have been trying to bite off the national nose in order to please the political face. We have come to regard as easily mutable institutions that two years ago seemed as firm as the pyramids. Not only do we not rebel at revolutionary income taxes, but we seem to be glad of the chance to pay them. The wealthy face the probability of a change in their condition with a good deal of equanimity. It is almost as if they feel that they have had more than enough; and, so long as everybody is treated alike, they won't mind having less.

But, of course, the chief effect of the war has been its moral stimulant. It has keyed us up to a new interest in everything, from life to death, and the best way of living and dying. We had all accepted the comfortable hypothesis that our old world had at last settled down pretty definitely into shape. We believed that international and commercial relationships had become so complex that war was an impossibility—a great illusion, indeed! We had worked down deeper and deeper into our social and spiritual ruts. We were exceedingly comfortable and becoming more so all the time. We argued from fixed premises, based on universal experience since the Franco-Prussian War. The most revolutionary things that we could envisage were new plays, new religions and new art movements—cubist painting, spiritualism and Bernard Shaw.

Then, though the sky was still blue and the sunlight was bright in our eyes, the ground shook and we were sent sprawling like tenpins! The earthquake toppled over our ancient attitudes and processes of thought and set our spiritual bones to rattling. We were like a lot of moribund clocks, all set ticking again. Some ticked faster than others, to be sure; but they all ticked—even those that had never ticked before. A lot of people discovered for the first time that they had real emotions, were really alive; people whose mental and moral works had become so rusty that they had stopped thinking entirely years ago.

The old set phrase about life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, which they had been taught in childhood and now and again had repeated mechanically, suddenly glowed with a divine fire. Life and liberty became precious possessions—not vague abstractions.

We have had shock after shock. The earthquake has roused our interest, not only in war but in everything else—in geography, hygiene, physics, philosophy, religion, sociology, politics. It has knocked the cobwebs out of our drowsy brains. It has made possible ideas viewed before as almost Utopian and fantastic—woman suffrage, prohibition, the conquest of the depths of the sea and of the highest reaches of the air, and governmental control of both. It has made Jules Verne, Kipling and H. G. Wells look like very ordinary folk.

We speak quite naturally of a Caproni Limited—Rome-Fayal-New York in thirty-six hours—as soon as the war is over. It has made us realize that the world isn't so very large after all; and that India and China, Siberia and East Africa, New Zealand and Morocco, Armenia, Arabia and Egypt exist not merely on lantern slides or as colored patches on the plates of atlases, but are concrete and easily reached places.

The earthquake has given us new thought for our physical well-being. The health of the nation has improved. It has given us a sense of the adventure of life and the greater adventure of death. We have the feeling of exhilaration which comes from the realization that we are still living on the frontier of the Unknown. It has sobered the young and inoculated the old with youth. It has started a new search for religion and evoked a new faith. We dimly perceive the relation of the individual to the cosmos and the trifling value of human life as compared with the way it should be lived.

It has given a new lease of life to the man who was tired of it because he seemed to be simply marking time; to the ne'er-do-well and to the failure, who now have an opportunity to retrieve themselves. It has brought out the inherited good qualities in the rich man's son, which otherwise would have lain dormant through indolence or complacence. It has given the successful business man or professional man his opportunity to become a national figure instead of merely to go on adding to his investments, and has taught him that loving favor is better than silver and gold; that true success lies not in what we have but in what we are.

Yes; a multitude of things the war has done for all of us. For many it has done vastly more. Some, indeed, have been spiritually reborn. And some have died heroically with the Allied armies in the bloody sloughs of France and Belgium, or in the smoke-filled air above them. Of these chivalric men and of those belonging to them I do not speak; for though the nation has come to itself, though its regeneration has been begun, that regeneration is far from being accomplished.

In gross, the national response to the call to arms has been magnificent—even astonishing. We have already contributed six billion dollars; enlisted 700,000 volunteer soldiers in the Regular Army and the National Guard; constructed thirty-two marvelous cities for our armies in training; outlined and begun the building of ships aggregating over ten million dead tonnage; drafted 700,000 men into service; sent an effective fleet of torpedo-boat destroyers to England; raised a hundred million dollars for the Red Cross and thirty millions for the Y. M. C. A.; put into operation a complicated system of food administration and conservation; and started a military and naval program that in two years may rival what it has taken Germany fifty years to perfect. That is tremendous!

The world has never seen anything more heroic than the splendid fashion in which mothers and wives all over the land, with smiles on their faces and songs on their lips, are sending their boys and their young husbands to the Front.

(Concluded on Page 26)

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(Concluded from Page 24)

We sing no songs of hate on this side of the water—as yet. Let us hope that we never shall; and that we can fight out this war in the same spirit with which we went into it—to maintain the ideals of humanity and keep the world a decent and pleasant place in which to live.

We can afford to be proud of our volunteers; of our American women; of our buyers of Liberty Bonds; of the clerks, artisans, servants and trained nurses who have contributed toward the Red Cross; of our rich men and our poor men who are working together with undivided purpose; of all we have already accomplished and all we are going to do. Yet we must not forget that, so far, it has been done almost without losing a life, going without a meal, or giving up anything that was really necessary to our comfort.

We have a right to be confident of the sincerity of our patriotism, our generosity and our courage. But, so far, what we have accomplished individually has been done to the waving of flags, and to bands playing Over There—Over There—Over There!

The enthusiasm with which we have thrown ourselves into the struggle must not be allowed to beget an undue assurance. We, as a people, are prone to think we can do anything. We have unbounded confidence in the inexhaustible nature of the material resources of our country and its wealth; in the smartness of our business men, the cleverness of our inventors, and the bravery of our youth. We boast that once let our boys get at them, it will be all over with the boches!

Our enthusiasm is quite American. There is a good deal in Hindenburg's remark that ours is the land that produced Barnum. There is something of the Whoop-la! about it. We are entirely too confident. We have little realization of Germany's tremendous power and malignity.

Our enthusiasm is commendable, so long as we are not deceived by our own uproar. As our grandmothers used to warn us, "What's violent isn't lasting." This has got to last. We have been enthusiastic before. We like it. We enjoy the sensation. We were enthusiastic—very—over Admiral Dewey; and we have been enthusiastic over others, also, who, in the end, also wondered why. Enthusiasm is our specialty, like advertising. It is advertising!

The slicker uniform is unpleasantly ubiquitous. Some of our wives and daughters are less genuinely self-sacrificing than they are enamored of sitting in costume and becoming veils in Red Cross booths, or rushing round in flag-bedecked motors on Liberty Loan drives—the driving often being only motor driving; of all the little conspicuousnesses that were never permitted them before. Particularly do many of them enjoy being allowed to address the other sex on equal terms without imputation of boldness. For some of the older ones, with whom possible romance is not involved, there is the grateful sense of being one in a great movement; of being busy—even if only moderately—where before they were entirely idle; of being somewhat unselfish and of doing a little something for others.

It is surprising how much satisfaction of this sort can be extracted from knitting one pair of socks or going without *filet mignon* on odd Thursdays. This dilettante patriotism is a bad thing, for the reason that it comes out like a rash and then frequently goes away. The girl who ought to be boning from five to eight hours a day at shorthand, in a business school, for ten months, gets more praise and more attention by looking attractive and pretty for a single evening at a Red Cross bazaar.

The bazaar business—the parade of service—the halo grabber—must go. In their place has got to come the realization that the war cannot and will not be won to the braying of brass bands, but by going without; not by donning becoming clothes, but by saving coal and studying household economies; not by doing something we rather enjoy, but by giving up something.

I say it advisedly: There are women in every large city of the United States who could more easily bid good-by to their husbands or their sons, and see them march away in uniform to the sound of the bugle and the cheers of the crowd, than they could give up the luxuries incident to their accustomed way of living; they could better bear a comfortable grief than an uncomfortable household, though the family circle remained intact. But, if the war is to be won, both the hearth and the larder may be nearly empty.

We must not forget that there are thousands of Americans—unworthy, to be sure, of the name—who, having profited by the war, secretly would not be averse to seeing it continue. There are hundreds of thousands whose lives the war has not touched at all. The industrial world is humming and a golden harvest is being reaped by workers and owners, in spite of war taxes and the Priority Board. The laborer has never known greater prosperity.

In the cities many of the big hotels have recovered from their first spasm of profit patriotism and crowd their menus with the same multitude of elaborate dishes, at advanced prices. The waiter serves the officer in uniform with whisky, charged as sarsaparilla. I know of a New York man who within a week has bought for his wife a necklace of matched pearls at the price of five hundred thousand dollars. Private owners are still running acres of greenhouses while the country shivers and our transports are harbor-bound for want of coal. Detectives hunt for storehouses in which are cached hoards of fuel, sugar and flour, while war millionaires dine their friends in unabated lavishness.

Optimism is prone to confuse what the war has already done with what, if it continues, it may be destined to do. To claim that America's regeneration has been accomplished is to confuse individuals with the nation at large. That is my only criticism of Mr. John Jay Chapman's inspiring article, The Bright Side of the War, in the January Atlantic Monthly, where he says:

"It is the great pain, which we have passed through and are still in the midst of, which has opened our eyes and sharpened our ears till we understand many things which were formerly thought to be paradox. Nothing else except pain ever revealed these things to mankind. The world's religious literature has been the fruit and outcome of suffering. Therefore it is that the meaning of psalm, poem and tragedy blossoms in the hearts of persons who are passing through any great anguish. . . .

"To-day. . . . is an era of prophecy and the prophet, and things are valued in terms of the spirit. Life and death are viewed as parts of a single scheme. The inordinate value set on life during periods of prosperity vanished when the hostilities began. The deepest moral mystery of the world—the mystery of sacrifice—was recognized, understood and acted upon by everyone as a matter of course; and a wholesome glow came over humanity in consequence. The average soul was turned right side out for the first time in its experience; and all the forms of conversion with which philosophy has wrestled for centuries were found beside the hearth and in the market place."

That is finely put. It is doubtless true of France and England. It is true of those of us who have, in fact, suffered; but it is not true of the nation as a whole. The United States has not suffered—yet.

Rather, we have only declared in clarion tones our willingness to suffer. A wholesome glow is ours in consequence; but as a nation of over one hundred millions we are far from having been turned right side out. That will come when we have suffered as a people, as the other peoples have suffered; it will come after our purification by fire. It would be more just to say that as a nation we had come to ourselves—to that realization of our true estate which is the first and essential step in regeneration.

My halting and disconnected record of what the great war has so far done to and for my family, my friends and myself is finished. The first phase of our experience—the first shock of the earthquake—is over. For the moment America pauses, holding her breath, waiting to see whether peace may come, or whether the armies of the West will once more hurl themselves against one another with unabated determination and ferocity. So I, too, pause and lay down my pen; for what is to come no man may know.

Already the war has taken toll of millions of lives. Its material cost is beyond the hazard of the economist. Hereafter history will date not only from the Christian Era but also from the crucifixion of Belgium.

For three years the youth of the world has poured out its blood, dying that humanity—that we—might be saved. Were we worth saving? Are we worth saving? If we were not, if we are not, may their sacrifice not make us so—in spite of ourselves?

My mind, in these cataclysmic days, often reverts to that Sunday after the sinking of the Lusitania when I voiced a hope for war to a group of friends, and heard no echo. "War would be an inconceivable disaster," said one.

"But if it came it might not prove an unmitigated evil," I had answered. "And," I added, a little embarrassed at my own didacticism, "it might prove the moral regeneration of America."

Perhaps it did not lie in my mouth to suggest that America needed to be regenerated. I admit that my opinion on that subject did not require to be taken very seriously. At any rate, my remark fell flat and the talk drifted elsewhere. The men I was with had little use and less time for philosophical heroics. Yet, now that war has come, I have no reason to change that half-cocked, sophomorically expressed idea; for I now believe that the regeneration of the world began with the defense of Belgium, and that in this coming regeneration America is included.

On the borders of that little country Might and Right—Paganism and Christianity—faced each other. Humanity, Liberty and Democracy hung in the balance. The Hun, with his sword at her throat, offered her life in return for honor. Calmly, with full knowledge of the consequences, the choice was made, and Belgium was crucified upon the Calvary of Self-Sacrifice. She could save others; herself she could not save!

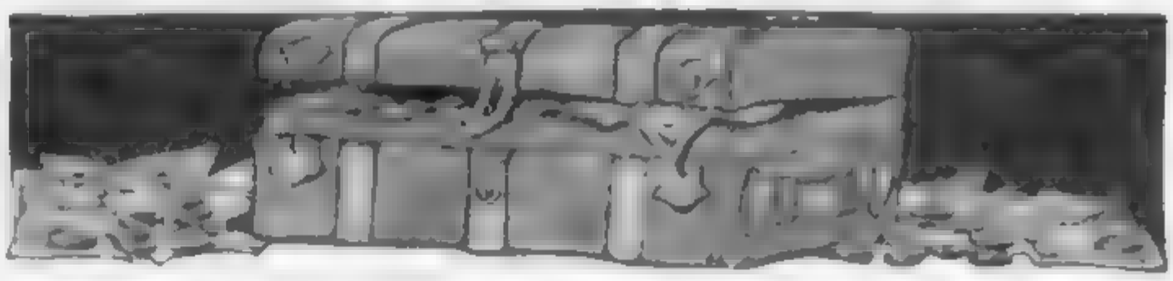
We must be ready to do no less than little Belgium. I am confident that we are prepared to do it; yet I fear we do not realize what we may be called upon to undergo. We do not, as a people, understand the infamy of Germany's treacherous tongue and brutal sword. We do not grasp the significance of President Wilson's declaration that we cannot treat with the military descendant of the Teutonic knights. For this is a struggle for existence between the gospel of terror and that of humanity; between barbarism and civilization; between tyranny and liberty; between a cruel and merciless paganism and the teachings of Jesus Christ. It is a struggle that can know no compromise.

"So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty. For he shall have judgment without mercy that hath showed no mercy; and mercy rejoiceth against judgment." Should we falter in our duty and, for the sake of our lives or of our comfort, enter into an inconclusive peace, we should condone murder, betray our Allies, and abandon those who have died fighting for that liberty whose torch America still proudly holds aloft for the world to see. We shall not fail; but we shall be sorely tried.

"And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake: but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice. . . . And the Lord said, . . . And it shall come to pass, that him that escapeth the sword of Hazael shall Jehu slay: and him that escapeth from the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay. Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him."

We must suffer as Belgium, France and England, as Serbia, Russia and Italy have suffered. We must be purged with the fire of self-sacrifice. Not until then shall our regeneration be achieved. Not until then shall we hear the message of God.

(THE END)



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WITH THE RED CROSS IN ITALY

(Continued from Page 7)

in Italy at the time, reënforced those feelings and then turned them to Germany's account. That was the general background of the situation—a certain disaffection and longing for peace, not prominent or exposed, but hidden down at the core of things, and active, like a ferment.

Then, either by accident or by an artfulness that might well pass for accident, a certain pro-Austrian brigade of the Second Italian Army and a certain pro-Italian brigade of the Austrian Army found themselves juxtaposed, face to face, on the opposing lines. Now whether this peculiarly weak point in the Italian line was deliberately chosen after careful spy work further to augment its weakness by placing opposite a sympathizing portion of the Austrians, it would be difficult to determine exactly. But as treachery has been Germany's basic method of procedure throughout this war, it is safe to say that she knew precisely what she was up to when she made this particular Austrian brigade her cat's-paw. Anyhow, the two brigades fraternized. They became honestly and sincerely attached to each other. They exchanged views. The Italians discovered that it was indeed true, as the leaflets had said, that the Austrians wanted peace and that they had no quarrel with Italy.

Peace! Peace! It was a word in every mouth among those two friendly brigades. It was whispered in the trenches, discussed in undertones throughout the long night watches, breathed into their ears by their wives and sweethearts and voiced openly by the Pope. It was in the air all roundabout them, persistent, ceaseless, like the murmur of many dark waters, advising their hearts. Little wonder if they began to believe, this one small brigade, composed in the main of Italian peasants, simple, fervent, credulous souls, that what was happening in their midst was also happening throughout the whole length and breadth of the Italian Front. At any rate, they did so believe. And they also believed—or they were led to believe—that should they and the opposing friendly brigade make the first move the entire Austrian and Italian armies would follow suit—that they would come forward and meet, brothers, and cast down their arms. And the soldiers, the people themselves, the great commonwealth of earth, would consummate a lasting peace!

Well, it was a kind of mad and noble dream, a mirage based upon illusion, the kind of wistful dream that simple souls have, that Jeanne d'Arc followed, that mothers have when they see their sons go marching forth to war; it was, in short, the old immortal dream of common brotherhood. And it is barely possible it might have got somewhere had there not been a Wilhelmstrasse nigger in the woodpile. There usually is.

Open Treachery

In addition to the fraternizing it is said that at the final moment there was some open treachery. Cavour, the great Italian statesman, wrote more than fifty years ago, when Piedmont was in danger of invasion from Austria: "There can be but one voice to blast the infamy of those who traffic the independence of their country." That statement is as true of the situation to-day as when Cavour uttered it. But before there can be any blasting it is necessary to discover just how much trafficking took place. And in this instance it is probable that if the inner truth were known there was extremely little, and that little of minor importance.

The Italian brigade and the sympathetic Austrian brigade set a day. The day arrived. The Italians marched forward as per schedule to meet their friendly foes and seal the pact of peace. And it was right here at this particular point, with the clock set for pacifism and the troops actually on the march, that the program of the day was suddenly and violently ruptured. For in the night the Austrian brigade at this point had been withdrawn and Prussians stationed there. Thus, as the Italians advanced they were met, not with joyous hurrahs but with a murderous machine fire. And as their line wavered in horrible consternation a flying wedge of Mackensen's troops was upon them, among them, behind them, driving them like frightened sheep in a narrow way, battering them down; their own superiors were screaming and striking at them with their swords; and German officers disguised in Italian uniforms ran among them shouting "Go home! The war is over! Peace! Peace!"

Well, honorable peace was what they wanted, these peasants; it was what they had wanted right along, next to serving faithfully their country. So when they heard this announcement from the lips of those they supposed were their commanders, they quietly extricated themselves from the general bedlam and started back to their villages.

Rounded up later and reproached for running away, they replied with simple candor, "Why, don't you know? Peace is declared. The war is over. We're going home."

Advised of their error, that they had been betrayed and that Italy was being lost, they turned in their tracks to a man and rushed back to fight for their country!

Cadorna's Retreat

This one small episode, just a single point of light in a vast scene of indescribable horror and crazy panic which engaged millions of men, shows with unmistakable clearness that it was not the spirit or the loyalty of the individual Italian soldier that was at fault. The Italian in battle is ardent, patriotic, and brave to the point of recklessness. The Alpini and Bersaglieri, those swift, hardy, alert sharpshooters, are among the most brilliant and resourceful fighters in the world. But in this particular instance the general morale had been weakened by a treacherous propaganda that had invaded their very homes.

Undoubtedly Germany hoped by the suddenness of the coup to put Italy *hors de combat*. This, owing to the stamina of the Italian forces, did not occur. After the first terrific shock of surprise was over, after the first two days' flight, when even to the most sanguine all hope seemed lost, the Italian Army took a fresh grip and arrested the invaders. And it arrested them not with the frenzied energy born of desperation, but with the cold decision and methodical resistance of an army whose morale is intact, retreating to the precise point where General Cadorna had chosen to make a stand.

And this in itself was a magnificent feat of arms. To stop an army in rout is a difficult proposition; it is like stopping the stampede of ten thousand head of cattle mad with fear. To stop it, moreover, in full flight, and against a well-nigh irresistible pressure from behind a strong, triumphant foe—that is an act requiring supreme spiritual force. And that is what the Italians have done. The rout became a march; the march became a halt; the halt became a stand; and now the stand has become an offensive!

Nevertheless, the Germans had captured a slice of territory. And the civilian population of that invaded slip began to swarm out from their habitations like ants from the mother hill. Thousands of people left their homes at a moment's notice, left their washing on the line, their bread baking in the oven, their dinners on the table, and caught up their children in their arms and fled before the terror of the Prussians; and this despite the fact that almost instantly, as if by magic, there appeared stuck up everywhere proclamations in Italian urging the inhabitants of Friuli to remain quietly at home and till their lands, for the invaders were their friends. It was another version of the wolf and Little Red Riding Hood: "But, Grandmamma, how large your teeth are!" "The better to eat you with, my dear!" The Italians, however, with the fate of the Belgians, the French and the Serbians before them, refused to assist at the banquet as the *pièce de résistance*, and they poured down from their native slopes with the swiftness and the force of a mountain freshet.

If the onrush of the Germans was spectacular, not less so was the instantaneous reaction of the Italian people in getting out of the way of those brutal trampling feet. Inside of two weeks more than seventy per cent of the inhabitants of the invaded districts had been drained off the land. Now that is an astonishingly high proportion, higher than was the case in France or in Serbia, and it shows two things: First, that the reputation of the Prussians has not abated one whit since the days of slaughter and loot in Belgium; and second, that these Northern Italians are a fiercely loyal people. They preferred to lose their homes and lands and their precious little stores of possessions and become dependents—and remain Italians. The following fragments of personal letters, written by refugees from the Friuli district, show their state of mind.

One writes: "Believe me, I have nothing left, nothing, absolutely nothing. I have lost everything except faith in the destiny of my country." Another says: "In mad haste I left my home under a heavy cannonade, and on the road became separated from my wife and my twenty-year-old daughter. Afflicted at having to abandon my home, I am not, however, cast down. On the contrary, I hold firm to my faith that our beautiful beloved country will soon be freed. Our brave army for thirty months went forward, surmounting intrenchments, bridgeheads and strongholds considered impregnable by the enemy."

Italian Faith and Courage

"What has happened? What has been the cause of our disaster? As soon as I have found my wife and daughter, though no longer young I shall leave and do what I can for my country." And still another, in a personal letter, says: "Yes, we must take courage and instill it into others. In this solemn moment let private misfortunes be forgotten; let our thoughts be fixed only on our country and upon those ideal riches which we must save, even in the worst hypothesis. Above all, should Fate be contrary, let us fall with honor." And these sentiments, taken at random from piles of private correspondence, are not exceptional in their note of faith. They are representative of the common spirit which sustained those exiles, whose courage during those first bitter chaotic hours of abandonment and defeat was high beyond all praise.

It was in the unexpectedness of the blow that the chief cruelty lay. Nobody knew exactly what had happened, or how, or why. An Italian, a member of the military police who guard the Front and countersign the orders of movement of the troops, related to me his experience. Often during the narration tears stood in his eyes. And others with whom I have talked—Americans, war correspondents, who were in the great rout from Udine to Venice—cannot speak of the horrors of that time without starting tears.

The Exodus of Noncombatants

"I was in the big retreat," he said. "Not as a soldier, you understand, for I belong to the police. It was dreadful—dreadful beyond description. I cannot tell some of the things that occurred those first mad two days. Some of the women had walked thirty kilometers with babies in their arms. Other children were hanging to their skirts. Some of them had rushed away under the terror of the guns without even stopping to dress. They had rushed off in their chemise and a skirt, with perhaps a shawl over their bare shoulders. Some I saw had walked so far that their legs were swollen to their knees and their feet were bleeding. They could not have got into shoes if they had tried. Some had started out with sacks full of their possessions, but in their haste or fatigue they soon flung them aside. Also, there was no food. Some of them had not tasted a morsel for thirty-six hours. And the children cried. In the confusion some of the little ones had lost their parents, and they ran screaming along the road, or fell down; and there was no one to comfort them.

"And there were premature childbirths, with no doctor, no help, and not even a rag of linen. They wrapped the naked little new babies in a newspaper. And there was no milk for the mothers, whose breasts had dried under the terrible forced march. I saw them trudging forward, those brave mothers, pressing their moaning babes in their arms while tears of pure anguish rolled down their pale cheeks.

"Let me tell you something. In all those terrible first days not one single complaint did I hear! But I have not finished the story. The road, you understand, was congested not only by the *profughi*, a flood which hourly augmented, but also by the passage of our troops. In addition, there were ambulances and wounded, and guns, and cavalry, constantly on the go. And that created a very maelstrom of confusion. For the refugees upon the road would cry out anxiously to the soldiers: 'What has happened? Why are you here?' And some of the soldiers said 'Defeat!' and some said the war was over, and a few shouted savagely that traitors had sold us to Austria—Italy was lost! And how were we to know who was right?

"Arrived at the railway station their plight was not at first much better. For you can divine that even in normal conditions trains cannot handle all at once, without warning, a sudden influx of thousands upon thousands of people. Moreover, there were formidable numbers of troops to be moved, and moved without delay. So the best that could be done was to provide food, such clothes as could be immediately found, blankets, mattresses or straw, and let the weary, homeless thousands bed down where they would until the government could arrange transportation.

"Because you see we had to pass the flood of *profughi* along swiftly, not let it back up at any point, but get it at all costs out of the war zone, and then spread it over the southern country. For behind these thousands we knew were still other thousands, and behind them still more and more, wave upon wave, and only God knew those first awful days whether all Northern Italy was not on the move! We did not know, and so we had to prepare for the worst. You can conceive what news went flashing down to Rome and back again! What hurried conferences! What big decisions, made in a second, so to speak! And Italians are not given to swift decisions. But we made them this time. And you know—all the world knows by now—how magnificently all Italy rose in that black hour.

(Continued on Page 31)

French Guns and Materials Arriving at Decenzano

"Say it with Flowers"

On St. Valentine's Day

FEBRUARY 14th, and every other day, give flowers to your nearest and dearest. In their beauty, life and fragrance, flowers are the perfect, the most charming tokens of your sentiments. On St. Valentine's Day, "Say it with Flowers." One important thing to consider about Flower-Valentines is their arrangement, and in this particular, there is great scope for individual preference.

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(Continued from Page 29)

"After the first outcry of indignation everyone, rich and poor, old and young, set feverishly to work. From every town money and help poured in. The municipal governments, the various relief organizations, the Italian Red Cross—all combined with the state to get the situation under control. And now," he finished with a smile, "the American Red Cross has come to our aid."

In the matter of food and transportation of the *profughi* the Italian Government acted with remarkable efficiency and dispatch. It was a situation calling primarily for speed, and the Italian Government achieved speed; and they achieved it in circumstances of almost insuperable difficulties, if one conceives the gravity of the military situation.

The largest, most important railway center back of the war zone is Bologna, with its four grand-trunk lines raying out to all parts of Italy like the sticks of a fan. These big lines connect respectively with Venice on the northeast; Milan and Genoa on the west; Florence, Rome, Naples on the south; and Rimini on the Adriatic seaboard. Accordingly it was to Bologna that all the refugees were sent for further dispersal. But they were not permitted to linger there. It was too near the Front. Food was scarce, the nights were cold, and above all there must be no congestion of the flood so near its source. And so, fast as the mortally tired, tragic, grief-stunned trainloads arrived, they were hastily fed and shipped on. Usually they did not even descend from their places. They were herded together, forty or fifty in a single troop car, with scarcely room to stand; and sometimes they had to stand thus—men, women and children—for three days and nights without food or rest. Such was the iron necessity of the hour! And the patience, the courage of these poor exiles, who in a day had been reduced from comfort to destitution, were amazing to all who witnessed them.

Quick Work by the Red Cross

In Florence, which was one of the first of the large cities to offer a temporary refuge for the *profughi*, the townspeople collected more than six hundred thousand lire toward their assistance. At first they slept wherever quarters could be found—on the floor of the station, in churches and ancient monasteries, with nothing between their bodies and the bare stone flags save a thin screen of straw; and too often even that was lacking. The whole country was blocked off into districts, and each sizable town in the district received its quota—twenty-five thousand to Florence; twenty thousand to Naples; fifteen thousand apiece to Milan and Genoa; ten thousand to Turin. These figures are only suggestive, for the numbers flowing through altered from day to day, but they serve to show the magnitude of the transportation problem alone—to say nothing of food and shelter—which Italy had to face—and solve—in the course of a day.

This, in brief, was the situation in Italy the week following the big retreat. The flood of *profughi* was still streaming southward, but at the end of that time the government had it in hand. What was needed, and acutely needed, was not so much money as certain practical necessities that no money could buy. A letter from the mayor of Turin to the American consul of that city accurately describes their plight.

"There are families," he writes, "completely lacking in necessities, as they had to abandon all their properties to the invader, and were driven in a few hours from comfort to absolute misery. But what is most urgent is not money, but beds on which to rest, blankets to protect these unfortunates from the cold, and clothing. These things are missing; nor can they be found, notwithstanding our good will. And it is in this connection that the Government and population of the United States could assist us in a practical manner. Beds, mattresses, sheets, quilts, underwear of all kinds for both sexes of all ages, shoes, coats, kitchen utensils, condensed milk for children or as a substitute, flour and tapioca.

"This is a rough description of articles most required and which no money can purchase here in the necessary quantity. If the commission of the United States—the Red Cross—is in a position to assist us in this matter, which I repeat is one of extreme urgency, the great American nation is certain to receive the blessings of the many unfortunates who have suffered and will suffer all miseries in order not to stand even for a short time the presence of the invader."

When the storm broke in Italy the American Red Cross was not, as an organization, in operation there. The cause of this was a decision made in Washington. This decision was to the effect that Italy, instead of being under the same Red Cross directorate as that which controlled France, Belgium and England, should have its own separate commission, answerable to Washington. This action was based upon certain diplomatic reasons which it is not necessary here to disclose. The result was that a committee was dispatched to Italy to investigate and report back conditions. This it did. It came several thousand miles, saw, returned several thousand miles and reported.

Doubtless it was a good, true, sincere report of conditions as the committee had found them—before the flood, so to speak. But that kind of slow-coach action won't go—now. Omar's line, "The Moving Finger writes; and having writ, moves on," applies with peculiar aptness to the situation to-day. The finger of History is writing events so swiftly, and those events are chasing each other off the screen with such kaleidoscopic rapidity to give place to still bigger ones, that a report written two months ago might as well have been written in the age of the Ichthyosaurus so far as its availability as a basis for future action is concerned. For it is the precise business of war to wipe out, destroy, devastate and change former conditions. And to the actual war worker over here in Europe, close to these daily destructive miracles of obliteration and change, there is nothing which reveals so clearly that Washington has not yet gripped the atrocious reality of this business, or even glimpsed the sinister visage of war, as her slow, laborious and futile methods of procedure of sending over committees to report on conditions which become obsolete overnight. Such a course, whenever pursued, keeps America systematically three months behind the game. And at that rate of progress Germany, with her unified war council and her lightning strokes, could beat us and drag us triumphantly seventeen times round the walls of Troy before we really knew what had struck us or that we were corpses. Thus, so far as the Red Cross Commission to Italy is concerned, it would have been much better had it been permitted to settle down at once in Rome and get to work without loss of time. It was not, of course, the commission which was to blame, but the faulty mode of procedure.

There being then no actual Red Cross organization in Italy at the time of the disaster, and the emergency being one of the greatest of the war, there was only one thing for the commissioner of Europe to do if the American Red Cross was to go into action at all, and that was to withdraw some of his heads of departments from the Paris office and dispatch them posthaste to Italy to take command. And that is what was done. Major Taylor, as provisional administrative head; Major Hunt, in charge of the refugee situation; and Major Stanton, in care of the hospital supplies—hurried at once to Rome. The retreat from Udine occurred on October twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth; and inside of a week the American Red Cross was in the field and operating in a most direct and effective fashion.

It is interesting to note right here what even a small organization of trained men who know how to go at the game and are not hampered by red tape can achieve in the matter of speed. It is true that each one of these three men had a conspicuous record of ability behind him, and that the Italian situation, though poignantly tragic, was in its elements comparatively simple. On the morning that word reached Paris of the magnitude of the disaster one of these men, meeting another, remarked, "You know, I shouldn't be surprised if we had to help out down there!" Later the same day this man was ordered to pack his bag for Rome.

Meantime a telegram had arrived from our American Ambassador in Italy urging the immediate sending of food and clothes. This wire was received at Paris headquarters in the middle of the forenoon; action was at once taken upon it, and an order turned in to the purchasing department. Now there are at present in the purchasing department of the American Red Cross in Paris some rather big guns—Mr. Field, of the Marshall Field firm of Chicago, and Andrew Green, of Detroit, who owns and runs a factory of ten thousand men. These men went into the situation and they decided, as a beginning, upon twenty-four carloads of supplies—mattresses, blankets, sheets, men's, women's and children's clothing, and ether. By this time it was the noon hour, and ordinarily from twelve until two all Paris goes into retreat and even the shops are closed for the sacred business of eating. But the chief of the department called his workers together.

"Don't go home!" he ordered. "You can eat double to-morrow. We've got a rush order to fill—twenty-four cars of stuff to get off to the Italian refugees. They're in a bad fix. We've just received an S O S calling for aid, and we're bound to get those twenty-four carloads off by to-morrow night!"

Which they did! And only those who have attempted to go out in the Paris market in wartime and buy goods in quantity, and then get them delivered—the right goods, at the right spot, at the right time—can realize the prodigious amount of energy and pressure which was needed to accomplish that feat.

By the following evening the materials had been bought, assembled, inventoried and placed on the outgoing train. The first half of the battle was won. The last half was more difficult. It consisted merely in getting those carloads to their destination before all the refugees should die of old age. For it is one thing nowadays in the congested state of transportation to start off shipments, but it is quite another to deliver them safely to their goal. There are, it is said, regular bona fide Sargasso Seas of transportation in Europe, where derelict carloads of stuff go aimlessly shifting and shunting and sidetracking about the country for years! To prevent any mishap, therefore, a young American was put in charge of the shipment to conduct it to Rome personally. And he was ordered to guard that string of cars as if it were a fabulous string of precious pearls. Not for one moment was he to lose it out of his sight; under no conditions was he to let the cars get separated, switched or delayed. If it was necessary to kill engineers, brakemen, train starters or other obstructionists, he was given full discretionary powers—but to get that consignment to Rome! The famous Herculean Labor of climbing over the fence and stealing the golden apples of Hesperides was not a circumstance to this modern task!

A String of Lost Cars

On the first leg of the trip all went well. But the second morning the youthful pilot awoke to discover that half of his precious string had been uncoupled on him in the night. Where was it? The Madonna alone knew! And now the proposition reduced itself to two courses of action: To conduct the diminished train to Rome—and never show his face at the purchasing department again; or to sidetrack the present twelve while he rounded up the rest of the string. Being an American, this latter is what he did, and immediately got the wires busy along the way stations. Remember, he spoke no Italian! Nevertheless, inside of an hour he located his delinquents, and then he went back, yanked them off a sideswitch—still speaking no Italian—added his units together once more, came to Rome and reported the consignment to his superior. Despite his mishap he had got that train of twenty-four cars through in just one-fourth the ordinary time!

And it is this expedition, this swiftness in the delivery of goods acutely needed, which has marked the activities of the American Red Cross in Italy. One day, when the organization had been running less than a week, the Princess X—— came into the office and asked for some hospital supplies. The wounded men under her care were suffering from the lack of certain

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The Palace of the Doges and Other Buildings in Venice are Protected as Far as Possible From the German Shells

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FISK SILVERTOWN CORD

(Continued from Page 31)

necessities, and her appeals to other societies had been in vain. If the American Red Cross could see its way in the course of two or three weeks to furnish these things her Italian soldiers would be most grateful!

"Why, yes," replied Major Taylor, "we'll be glad to help! Thank you for giving us the opportunity." He made out an order and then dictated a letter to the lady, saying that the things were on their way. But before the letter returned to him for signature the princess called him on the telephone to express her delighted surprise. The goods had already arrived!

In order to assist the Italians most speedily and directly in the crisis the Red Cross pursued the following plan: First, it telegraphed to the various American consuls in the leading cities, east, west, north, south, where floods of *profughi* were arriving, empowering them to form committees and to give immediate assistance to the municipal authorities of money, food, canteens; and to wire back to headquarters an early report of conditions and needs. This was first-aid service of the finest kind and just as direct in its method as stopping an arterial hemorrhage with digital pressure.

Mr. Carroll's Report

One of these reports, from the American consul in Venice, Mr. Carroll, is worth quoting, both for its clear exposition of his particular problem and also because it throws some light on the fate of Venice. He writes:

"I believe that within the next three weeks over fifty thousand people from Venice and this immediate neighborhood will be transplanted at the rate of about two thousand persons per day if the present lines hold, and in far greater numbers if any retreat is made from the Piave.

"It is important to bear in mind that the moving of the civilian population from this city will doubtless take place quite independently of whether the line holds or not, for the following reasons:

"If the line holds the enemy will still be within fourteen or fifteen miles, which is so near that a *coup de main* might at any time bring the enemy troops dangerously closer. The shops are gradually closing and many are now boarded up. Manufacturing plants will not attempt to operate on so precarious a tenure. The source of food supply for the city, of which so much came from the upper Veneto, is now greatly restricted and may become much more so. Even in the districts adjacent to the invaded territory, many of which are under shell fire, agriculture and farm work will be made very difficult. The railroad that serves Venice runs for the whole length of the province parallel and very close to the line of battle, and a coup might cut the road, which in any case will be subject to constant aëroplane attacks. Its value for provisioning the city will be greatly impaired also by the fact that it is indispensable to use it for the army, which must be the first consideration. The city can with difficulty be fed from the sea because fishing is paralyzed and is prohibited and there is no merchant-vessel service for Venice. The civil population, if it remains, will detract from the powers of resistance and increase the economic problems. Practically everyone who can afford the railway fare has already gone, and to retain here a large number of nonproductive poor would be an obvious error.

"If the present line were drawn back it would not do to leave the people to fall into the hands of the Germans, who would exploit them economically against the Intesa, probably maltreat them, and in any case would not be able to supply them necessities or food. So in any case the civilian population, now largely reduced to the very poor, will have to be removed, gradually if possible but en masse if need be. To this orderly migration I have already given thirty thousand lire. . . ."

It was from reports like the above—thorough, accurate, thoughtful, from Americans who knew Italy—that the Red Cross got a grip on the main salients of the situation and learned how to act. Eighteen of the twenty-four carloads of stuff were at once reshipped to various points without even unloading. At the same time Paris was wired for further supplies, while purchasing agents right on the ground started to comb Italy for immediate materials. And to their surprise these agents discovered that there were still supplies to be found—if one knew how and where to look—sufficient, at least, to fill the breach. And so they picked up a consignment here and another there, and stored them in warehouses or shipped them direct to needy stations. When they could not find the finished product such as pyjamas and underwear, they bought cotton cloth and turned it over to the *ouvoirs* for the refugee women to make, thus using the money twice.

In this way the work was started. The country was parceled off into districts, and as soon as men arrived from Paris they were dispatched as inspectors to control the Red Cross activities in the field. The first thing I did on arriving in Rome was to consult Major Hunt, who was in charge of the refugees. And Major Hunt, with the perspective of his experience in Belgium with Hoover, struck a distinctly hopeful note.

"The story of the refugees," he said, "is the same story here in Italy that it has been in all other places, the same that it was in France, in Belgium and in Serbia. That's the thing one notices—it's the same old human flood, with extremely few variations. But when the people are agricultural, as we have them here, the situation is not so terrible as when they are urbans, for the land quickly absorbs them again. There is always food on the land. For example, in Serbia, after the entire country had felt the scourge of Germany, Hoover investigated the problem with the intention of sending down a commission to cover the starvation question. To his astonishment he found there was no starvation question. The land had reabsorbed the population.

"Also, thus far we have not had to grapple with the problem of urban peoples, with crowding, tuberculosis and other city diseases. These Italians are largely peasants, strong and healthy, with simple wants which are easily satisfied. In addition, this is now the season of planting, and labor is scarce; so the refugees can readily find employment. Thus the situation, bitter and tragic as it undoubtedly is, is not so intense or unyielding as it still remains in France to-day. And knowing that the people will be provided for upon the land, we may ignore that element and confine ourselves to their needs."

Italian Cordiality

It was to Major Murphy I went to discover what sort of treatment the Red Cross was receiving at the hands of the Italian Government; whether it was welcome, unwelcome, secretly disliked or merely tolerated on account of the exigency of the hour.

"The fine cordiality of the Italians in this affair," said Major Murphy, "has both surprised and touched me. They have simply put everything at our disposal. Offices and warehouses have been turned over to us free of charge; our carloads of supplies have been given precedence over other trains; and our suggestions to the War Ministry, in relation both to the military and to the refugee situation, have been received with enthusiasm. What we have been able to do in the brief time we have been here has been hailed with as much admiration as if we were shouldering the entire responsibility. And this instant response, this fine warmth of friendship, is not merely the formal manifestation of a polite official government. The Italian people themselves are glad to have us here! They have demonstrated that gladness in many direct and practical ways. So we know that America's hand, outstretched with sympathy to Italy in this supremely crucial hour, has been understood and estimated by her for exactly what it is worth—a gesture of the deepest sincerity and of political and human solidarity.

"Hitherto the position of America with regard to Italy has not been precisely clear, for the latter has been fighting an enemy with whom the United States was not at war. And Austrian propaganda has not hesitated to make unscrupulous use of this fact. They have exaggerated our distance and our indifference and our inability to aid—even if we so desired—in the matter of money and materials and men. Now all that is done away with. For this disaster has at least had this advantage, that it has shown Italy that we are unequivocally and aggressively on her side. And personally I am glad that the Red Cross was given the first opportunity—even before Congress declared war on Austria-Hungary—to express down here, in a simple human way, exactly what is the real heart of America in this whole affair. In other words, it is the

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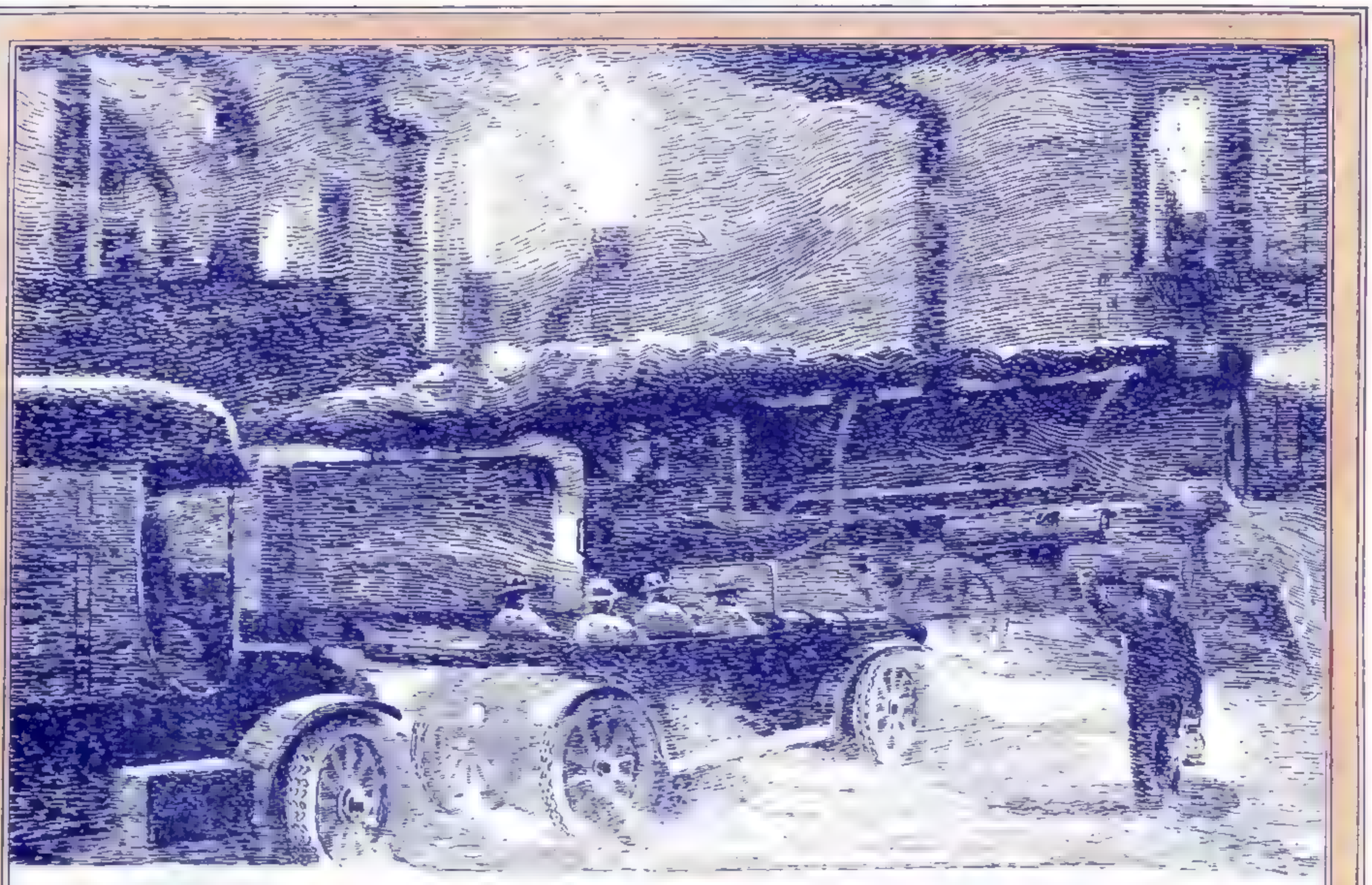

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Also Tires for Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aëroplanes

(Continued from Page 33)

spirit of our action and not the letter, it is the moral significance of our appearance here in their midst at this particular hour which constitutes its chief value, and which Italy has been so quick to seize and appreciate."

"What about hospital supplies?" I inquired. "The Italians, it is known, suffered heavy losses in that field when they abandoned Udine. Does the American Red Cross intend to help replace that deficit from its stock concentrated on the Western Front?"

Major Murphy shook an emphatic head. "The whole world can tumble over backward and then explode," he declared with force, "before I touch a single bandage of the stores reserved for our own men! Nevertheless, we intend to do work in that line down here, but without depleting our supplies. And to that end we have already placed an order in America to the amount of several million lire. In the meantime we're accumulating material as fast as possible from local sources and turning it over directly to the Italian Army through their Sanitare Militare. The Red Cross has already established a close relationship here, and one of our representatives is officially attached to their army staff for the purpose of inspecting hospitals and transmitting to us their needs."

A Dramatic Entrance

"In addition, we've expanded and enlarged the surgical-dressings committee already in existence in Rome, until it numbers two hundred paid workers, and by the fifteenth of January we expect to produce two million dressings. At the same time we are furnishing the hospitals with ether, mattresses, blankets, sheets, and so on, as fast as we can lay hold of those scarce articles. Last week we sent out thirty shipments of hospital supplies alone, one of them a consignment of a thousand blankets. And we've not really got going yet. But the first of the year will see us delivering the goods.

"Also, within the last week, acting through the medium of the Italian Red Cross, we have contributed a million and a half lire to pay for nine mobile tent hospitals operating at the Front, of fifty beds each, together with two service camions; and in addition we have supplied twelve camions to be attached to three Front base hospitals. Over all of these hospitals flies the American flag in conjunction with the Italian flag, and it is painted on every one of our camions. Already we have about sixty Red Cross ambulances with trained drivers operating on the Italian Front, and very soon that number will be increased to two hundred.

"As the emergency refugee situation wanes the military situation waxes stronger and stronger, and it is here that America can make herself immediately and powerfully felt. For it goes without saying that to encourage the Italian soldier, to sustain his morale and thus render him a better fighting machine, is just as effective as to place more men on the line. And moreover, it is what Italy wants! Nor is this assistance on our part charity. That fact should be clear as daylight to every American citizen. If by any conceivable mischance Italy should be overborne by a crushing superiority of the enemy coalition, America would have to pay the price in blood, man for man. The war would endure just so much longer. Thus the Red Cross in its activities both in the civil and in the military field is really the emergency branch of the United States Army. It is the advance guard, the light chasseurs, so to speak—the first to go into action!"

The first two sections of the American Red Cross ambulances to arrive in Italy achieved a special triumph of opportunism. They appeared in Milan—after trekking all the way down from Paris, via Marseilles—at a psychological moment, just after the United States had declared war on Austria-Hungary. And while this great news was still upon everybody's lips there appeared upon the streets of Milan, as if by magic, a hundred Americans in khaki driving their cars—a fine, sturdy, resolute little band. And Milan went wild with enthusiasm! American flags hung from every window and lusty shouts of "*Viva America! Viva America!*" followed the small procession as it drove through the principal streets.

In the large courtyard of a mellowed old palace, with the Allied pennants drooping from the balconies, a solemn ceremony took place. The machines were parked in the shape of a horseshoe; two Americans in front of each machine stood rigidly at attention; and thus they were reviewed by generals of the Italian, French and English armies, who spoke briefly of the work to be done. Nor was this first contingent composed of raw youngsters who had never been under fire. Every one was a picked and seasoned driver who had seen action on the French Front at Verdun, on the Aisne or the terrible Chemin des Dames. Many of them already wore a Croix de Guerre.

Later, in front of the cathedral, the *sindaco* addressed a few words of farewell and bade them an earnest godspeed. Then the small procession drove out through the city gates on the road which leads toward Austria. Thus America went into her first action upon the Italian Front!

In Rome one does not see much of the refugees, or indeed much at all of the war. Living here in these exciting, uncertain days, when to the north Italy is pouring out her best blood like water, is like living inside a hollow glass globe carefully insulated from all outside contacts. You can see through the glass and view the romantic scene—haughty, glittering, gold-helmeted giants stalking about, who resemble Cæsar's imperial bodyguard; slim, jaunty youths in uniforms of forester's green with gay, befeathered caps and graceful mantles slung Romeo-wise across the shoulder concealing the mouth—all ready to flirt if you so much as bat an eyelid; immemorial ruins that look like the back drop of a Shaksperian play staged by Joseph Urban; and all of it—the crowds, the colors, the antiques—seems somehow false, unreal, without force or emotional grip, as flat as if they were painted cardboard.

The refugees, the thinning stream of them, are no longer routed through the Eternal City; the censorship is rigid, and one must read the French and English papers, two or three days old, to discover what is going on. The news leaks through in fragments and whispers, and is usually distorted even then. Criticism, gossip and endless political backbiting are rife. The hard bright blue skies overhead seem sinister when one realizes that all Italy, with almost one breath, is praying for rain to flood the rivers and choke the mountain passes. It is not in Rome that one finds the heart of Italy.

Refugees in Florence

Accordingly, after a few days I took the train northward. In Florence I stopped off to see the refugees. Florence is doing a very good job with her twenty-five thousand *profughi* population. She has settled them in churches, convents and schools, with good food, and plenty of it, and as fast as her bureau finds employment for them they become self-supporting once more. With Commendatore Z——, an important Italian of Florence, I visited one of the largest of these concentration camps in the beautiful old monastery of Santa Maria Novella. This celebrated structure, built in the thirteenth century and still containing some of the most famous frescoes and works of art in the world, with its wonderful cloisters and twisted pillars of yellowed marble, is an ideal place to lodge a multitude; and here five thousand are daily housed. The monastery covers several acres in the shape of a hollow square, with a big central sunny court surrounded by columned arcades and gay frescoes in imperishable colors which have defied the ravages of the ages. I walked through miles of rooms, upstairs and down, and all were surprisingly clean, the paved floors swept, the cots with their blankets—fifty cents a pair—neatly arranged, and the big casements wide flung to the vivid Italian sunshine. In New York on the crowded East Side I have seen much more congestion and filth than I found in that old monastery filled like a swarming beehive from top to bottom with Italian refugees.

"Well, what do you think of it all?" asked the Commendatore as we paused at the end of a long stone-paved gallery and gazed down at the scene below. In the court children were playing games; mothers were washing and slim girls were spreading the garments to dry on the shrubs; boys were roasting chestnuts over a few blazing sticks; fruit venders were crying their wares; men were gathered in gesticulating groups or strolling about examining the frescoes.

"It's sad, eh, to see all these poor people suddenly torn up by the roots? Wait! I am going to call some of them over and talk with them. What do you wish to ask?"

(Concluded on Page 37)

The Familiar Green Shade That's Kind To Your Eyes
The National Aid to Night Workers
Under the Emeralite, night work can be accomplished without eye-strain. The emerald green glass shade rests the eyes naturally, while a clear, even light is directed right over your work. Don't jeopardize your eyesight—place an Emeralite on your desk now. It means vision-comfort in years to come.
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Back of that wondrous spectacle of Montezuma's kingdom, with its barbarian grandeur tinged with civilization; or that famous winsome heroine in the homely drama of our own day; or that laughter compelling comedy that brings life's lighter side to the fore; or that virile genius with his seemingly inexhaustible store of energy and spirit and optimism to make us heroes while we watch him—behind those great stars and fine plays and supreme direction there stands the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to make them possible.

Unstinting, even lavish in its insistence on only the best; great in magnitude; national in its resources; able in personnel—this organization gives to the millions of American photo-play lovers the better motion pictures.

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There is a motion picture theatre near you that shows Paramount and Artcraft pictures. See them. When you do, multiply what you have discovered by fifteen million and you will have at least part of the answer why Paramount and Artcraft pictures are better pictures—the motion pictures of the American family.

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TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

(Concluded from Page 35)

"Ask them," I said, "what they think of the Austrian invasion."

"Good!" he replied.

He beckoned with a wave of his arm, and the people came clustering about us. The Commendatore stood among them like a father among his family—big, affectionate, benign—and began to ask questions.

"They say," he explained, turning presently to me, "that they earnestly desire but two things: To drive back the Austrians and then return to their homes and begin all over again."

The talk flowed on, a torrent of personal experience, everybody testifying at once. The women wept, and I, without exactly understanding, wept with them, and even the Commendatore's eyes glistened.

"What's the matter with that little girl?" I inquired.

She sat upon the balcony, leaning listlessly against the wall, a haggard, grief-stricken little ghost. She had cried until the crying apparatus inside of her had run down from sheer exhaustion, and only an occasional hiccuping sob showed that the anguish of her soul was still unappeased.

"She has probably lost both her parents!" I said. "You see she is quite alone."

The Commendatore approached and addressed her.

Silently she lifted a small pallid face while the tears began to stream afresh. Evidently she was past speech. He lifted her tenderly in his arms and whispered in her ear, but she buried her face on his shoulder and refused to be comforted. Finally in broken monosyllables the truth came out. The Commendatore explained.

"She has lost her doll," he said. "It was a beautiful doll with a ravishing pink silk dress, and she is afraid it has fallen into the hands of the Prussians!"

I fished in my purse. "Do you suppose that five lire would provide an adequate substitute?"

"Let's see!" suggested the Commendatore. He presented the bill with an explanatory whisper. The little girl raised her head, listened with breathless attention, then seizing the gift wriggled from his arms like an eel and streaked round the corner. I hope she got her doll!

In Bologna, that fine austere old university town, I found the flow of refugees had practically ceased. Instead of the early thousands, only a couple of hundred filtered through daily—poor, timid, bewildered waifs, lost in that big station in the busy transfer of thousands of shifting troops.

Later in the day I had a conference with an Italian officer under the Duke of Aosta, of the Fourth Army, and he expressed to me his enthusiasm for America and the work of the Red Cross.

"But I thought Italy did not want us," I said, taking the bull boldly by the horns. "I thought she wanted to play this game herself!"

"That is not true," he denied warmly. "Italy admires America; she admires her force, her energy, her tremendous driving power. We want those things in Italy, not only now but also after the war. Do not mistake me. So far as this present crisis is concerned Italy intends to rehabilitate herself. Nobody else can do that for her. It is not, therefore, America's money, it is not her men that we first of all desire; it is her friendship and her good will. At heart all Italians are poets. If we had to choose between a material gift and a kind word we would invariably choose the kind word. So I say to the Americans working here: Make your gifts directly to the Italian people. Wear your uniforms. Display your flag. Talk with our people. Let them know that you are here. And remember, what counts with the Italians, high or low, is not money. It's the good word. *C'est le bon mot!*"

With its entrance into the Italian situation the American Red Cross in Europe has passed a definite milestone and entered the second phase of its development. With its primary function to help win the war unchanged, it has now become something much greater than merely a vast humanitarian enterprise. It is still that, but it is in addition something even more important. The Red Cross as it stands before Europe to-day has achieved another function: It has become the ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of the American people direct to the people of the Allies world. Its special mission is to explain and manifest America as she is to-day, to express her ideals in business, in science, in democracy.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

(Concluded from Page 16)

is an ordinance of profound symbolic meaning and one of great helpfulness to many people. Christ Himself was baptized; He preached baptism; He commanded His disciples to baptize; He regarded baptism as an expression of affection between the soul and the Saviour. He did not, however, make it a condition of church membership, as is commonly assumed, or look upon it as an act relating the believer to the church; nor did His disciples. Baptism was made the door of the church by man, such action being based on inferences from the words of Christ and His disciples.

The Lord's Supper, typifying our assimilating Christ's very body and blood, that we may be more like Him, is also an ordinance rich in symbolic beauty. Far be it from any true follower of Christ to minimize the spiritual value of these symbols. In this day of materialism they should be preserved and guarded with increasing jealousy, for they foster the idealism of our religion.

In the face of the great problems of sin and evil with which the world is confronted to-day, can we imagine that were Christ to come to the earth again He would regard the observance or nonobservance of these and other ordinances and individual beliefs, or the manner in which they are observed, as of sufficient importance to justify the separation into rival factions of good men, all members of His spiritual kingdom, and controversy among them about doctrines? Can we fancy Him giving His approval to such a course, which results too often in relaxing the warfare against the common enemy, sin, to oppose which Christ came to earth, and in causing men to forget their common responsibility, the needy brother, to help whom Christ gave Himself so constantly?

Let ordinance, creed, ritual, form, Biblical interpretation, theology, all be used to enrich worship, or to bring the believer into a fuller understanding of Him whom we worship, as each individual or separate church may find them helpful toward that end. But God forbid that they should ever—any of them—divert attention from or be regarded as a substitute for that personal spiritual relation between the soul and its God which is the essence of true religion! God forbid that they should ever—any of them—be allowed to cause divisions among the followers of Christ or be set up as barriers at the door of any branch of the Church of the Living God!

What the world craves to-day is a more spiritual and less formal religion. To the man or woman facing death, great conflict, the big problems of human life, the forms of religion are a hollow mockery; the spirit an impregnable fortress. I plead not for a modification of form, but for its subordination to the spirit; not for the abolishing of ordinances, but for their voluntary rather than obligatory observance; not that these solemn rites should be set aside, but that they should be entered into as a sacred privilege, an act of loving consecration, rather than submitted to as an enforceable law. So, and so only, will their real beauty and meaning be understood and their true purpose realized.

As we face, then, the world's need of great spiritual leadership, that humanity may be brought into daily vital relations with a Living God, and that all the forces of righteousness may be united in an eternal warfare against the forces of evil, we ask again the question: What of the future of the Christian Church? This is the answer I give you:

If the various divisions of the church as it is organized to-day catch the vision, have the breadth, the tolerance, the courage, and, setting aside all nonessentials, all barriers, will stand upon the bed-rock principles of God's love and Christ's living spirit, "not satisfied until the church is the church of all good men and women, until all good thoughts and deeds are laid at the feet of the Lord of all good life," the Church of the Living God will come into being, ushering in a new era of Christian unity.

What an opportunity! What a privilege! What a duty! In God's name I ask: Does anyone dare to let it pass?

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"PERMANENTLY repairs any puncture or blowout up to 17 inches in length—" that's Wood's Everloc. Just press a patch of it over the puncture on your tube and you have a complete, lasting repair. It requires no heat, tools or experience to apply and makes an immediate bond. The heat of the road vulcanizes it into a part of the tube. It is guaranteed never to leak or creep.

Wood's Everloc is made of genuine U. S. Khaki and Pure Para Rubber. It is taking the place of heat vulcanizing. Try it.

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The **Gem Damaskeene Blade** edge is unmatched for keenness, smoothness, durability! In sealed, waxed-paper wrapped package—moisture, dust and rust proof—**seven blades for 35c.** 50c in Canada.

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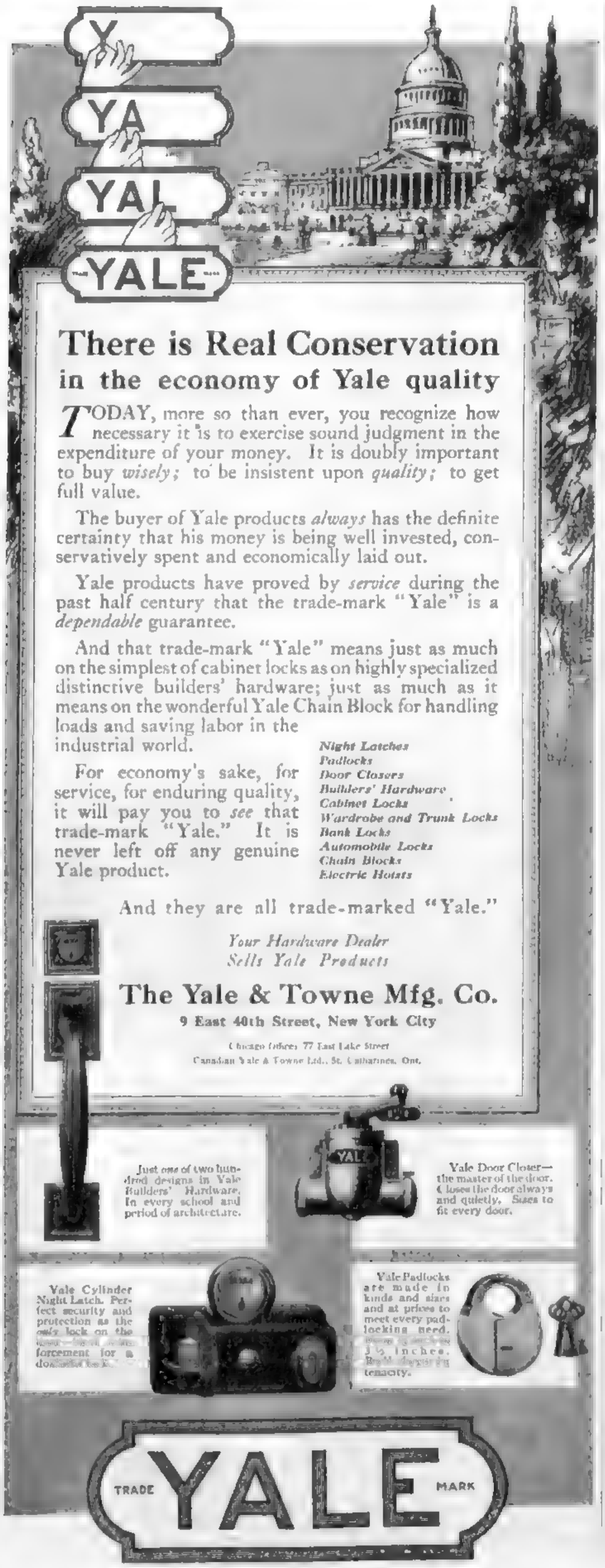

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Yale Padlocks are made in kinds and sizes and at prices to meet every padlocking need. [illegible] 1½ inches. Real dependability tenacity.

TRADE YALE MARK

THE THUNDERS OF SILENCE

(Continued from Page 5)

On a Monday morning Congressman Jason Mallard's name was in every paper; his picture was in many of them. On the day following—— But I am getting ahead of my story. Monday evening comes before Tuesday morning, and first I should tell what befell on Monday evening down on the Lower West Side.

That Monday afternoon Mallard came up from Washington; only his secretary came with him. Three men—the owner of a publication lately suppressed by the Post Office Department for seditious utterances, a former clergyman whose attitude in the present crisis had cost him his pulpit, and a former college professor of avowedly anarchistic tendencies—met him at the Pennsylvania Station. Of the three only the clergyman had a name which bespoke Anglo-Saxon ancestry. These three men accompanied him to the home of the editor, where they dined together; and when the dinner was ended an automobile bore the party through a heavy snowstorm to the hall where Mallard was to speak.

That is to say, it bore the party to within a block and a half of the hall. It could get no nearer than that by reason of the fact that the narrow street from house line on one side to house line on the other was jammed with men and women, thousands of them, who, coming too late to secure admission to the hall—the hall was crowded as early as seven o'clock—had stayed on, outside, content to see their champion and to cheer him since they might not hear him. They were half frozen. The snow in which they stood had soaked their shoes and chilled their feet; there were holes in the shoes which some of them wore. The snow stuck to their hats and clung on their shoulders, making streaks there like fleecy epaulets done in the color of peace, which also is the color of cowardice and surrender. There was a cold wind which made them all shiver and set the teeth of many of them to chattering; but they had waited.

A squad of twenty-odd policemen, aligned in a triangular formation about Mallard and his sponsors and, with Captain Bull Hargis of the Traffic Squad as its massive apex, this human plowshare literally slugged a path through the mob to the side entrance of the hall. By sheer force the living wedge made a furrow in the multitude—a furrow that instantly closed in behind it as it pressed forward. Undoubtedly the policemen saved Congressman Mallard from being crushed and buffeted down under the caressing hands of those who strove with his bodyguard to touch him, to embrace him, to clasp his hand. Foreign-born women, whose sons were in the draft, sought to kiss the hem of his garments when he passed them by, and as they stooped they were bowled over by the uniformed burlies and some of them were trampled. Disregarding the buffeting blows of the policemen's gloved fists, men, old, young and middle-aged, flung themselves against the escorts, crying out greetings. Above the hysterical yelling rose shrill cries of pain, curses, shrieks. Guttural sounds of cheering in snatchy fragments were mingled with terms of approval and of endearment and of affection uttered in English, in German, in Russian, in Yiddish and in Finnish.

Afterward Captain Bull Hargis said that never in his recollection of New York crowds had there been a crowd so hard to contend against or one so difficult to penetrate; he said this between gasps for breath while nursing a badly sprained thumb. The men under him agreed with him. The thing overpassed anything in their professional experiences. Several of them were veterans of the force too.

It was a dramatic entrance which Congressman Mallard made before his audience within the hall, packed as the hall was, with its air all hot and sticky with the animal heat of thousands of closely bestowed human bodies. Hardly could it have been a more dramatic entrance. From somewhere in the back he suddenly came out upon the stage. He was bareheaded and bare-throated. Outside in that living whirlpool his soft black hat had been plucked from his head and was gone. His collar, tie and all, had been torn from about his neck, and the same rudely affectionate hand that wrested the collar away had ripped his linen shirt open so that the white flesh of his chest showed through the gap of the tear. His great disorderly mop of bright red hair stood erect on his scalp like an oriflamme. His overcoat was half on and half off his back.

At sight of him the place rose at him, howling out its devotion. He flung off his overcoat, letting it fall upon the floor, and he strode forward almost to the trough of the footlights; and then for a space he stood there on the rounded apron of the platform, staring out into the troubled, tossing pool of contorted faces and tossing arms below him and about him. Demagogue he may have been; demigod he looked in that, his moment of supreme triumph, biding his time to play upon the passions and the prejudices of this multitude as a master organist would play upon the pipes of an organ. Here was clay, plastic to his supple fingers—here in this seething conglomerate of half-baked intellectuals, of emotional rebels against constituted authority, of alien enemies, of malcontents and malingerers, of parlor anarchists from the studios of Bohemianism and authentic anarchists from the slums.

Ten blaring, exultant minutes passed before the ex-clergyman, who acted as chairman, could secure a measure of comparative quiet. At length there came a lull in the panting tumult. Then the chair made an announcement which brought forth in fuller volume than ever a responsive roar of approval. He announced that on the following night and on the night after, Congressman Mallard would speak at Madison Square Garden, under the largest roof on Manhattan Island. The committee in charge had been emboldened by the size of this present outpouring to engage the garden; the money to pay the rent for those two nights had already been subscribed; admission would be free; all would be welcome to come and—quoting the chairman—"to hear the truth about the war into which the Government, at the bidding of the capitalistic classes, had plunged the people of the nation." Then in ten words he introduced the speaker, and as the speaker raised his arms above his head invoking quiet, there fell, magically, a quick, deep, breathless hush upon the palpitant gathering.

"And this"—he began without preamble in that great resonant voice of his, that was like a blast of a trumpet—"and this, my countrymen, is the answer which the plain people of this great city make to the corrupted and misguided press that would crucify any man who dares defy it."

He spoke for more than an hour, and when he was done his hearers were as madmen and madwomen. And yet so skillfully had he phrased his utterances, so craftily had he injected the hot poison, so deftly had he avoided counseling outright disobedience to the law, that sundry secret-service men who had been detailed to attend the meeting and to arrest the speaker, United States representative though he be, in case he preached a single sentence of what might be interpreted as open treason, were completely circumvented.

It is said that on this night Congressman Mallard made the best speech he ever made in his whole life. But as to that we cannot be sure, and for this reason:

On Monday morning, as has twice been stated in this account, Congressman Mallard's name was in every paper, nearly, in America. On Tuesday morning not a line concerning him or concerning his speech or the remarkable demonstration of the night before—not a line of news, not a line of editorial comment, not a paragraph—appeared in any newspaper printed in the English language on this continent. The silent war had started.

Tuesday evening at eight-fifteen Congressman Mallard came to Madison Square Garden, accompanied by the honor guard of his sponsors. The police department, taking warning by what had happened on Monday night down on the West Side, had sent the police reserves of four precincts—six hundred uniformed men, under an inspector and three captains—to handle the expected congestion inside and outside the building. These six hundred men had little to do after they formed their lines and lanes except to twiddle their night sticks and to stamp their chilled feet.

For a strange thing befell. Thousands had participated in the affair of the night before. By word of mouth these thousands most surely must have spread the word among many times their own number of sympathetic individuals. And yet—this

(Continued on Page 41)

MUNGER "Always Tight" Piston Rings

See the wonderful "Always Tight" Expansion Joint!
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By a patent process of peening Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings are made to fit the walls of the cylinder, and the Expansion Joint holds them to their perfect fit so that they remain gas-tight until completely worn out.

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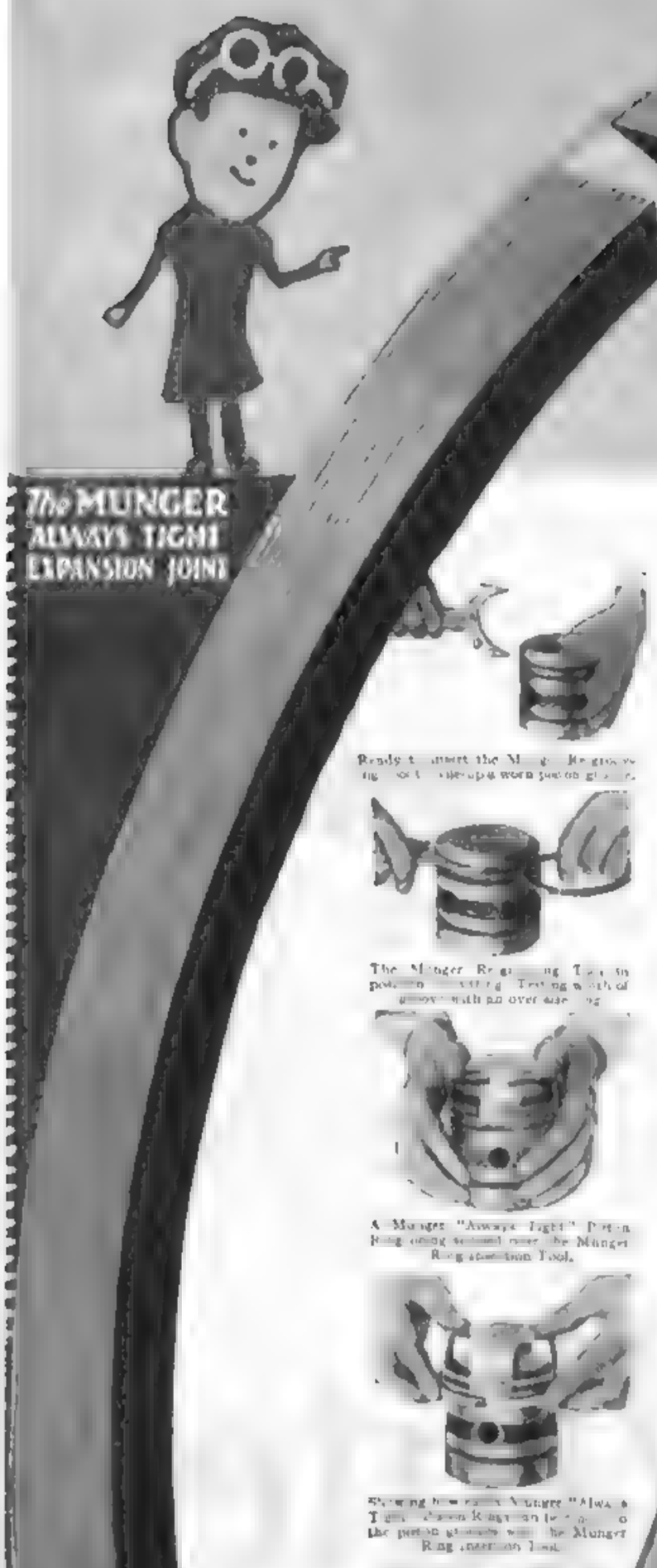

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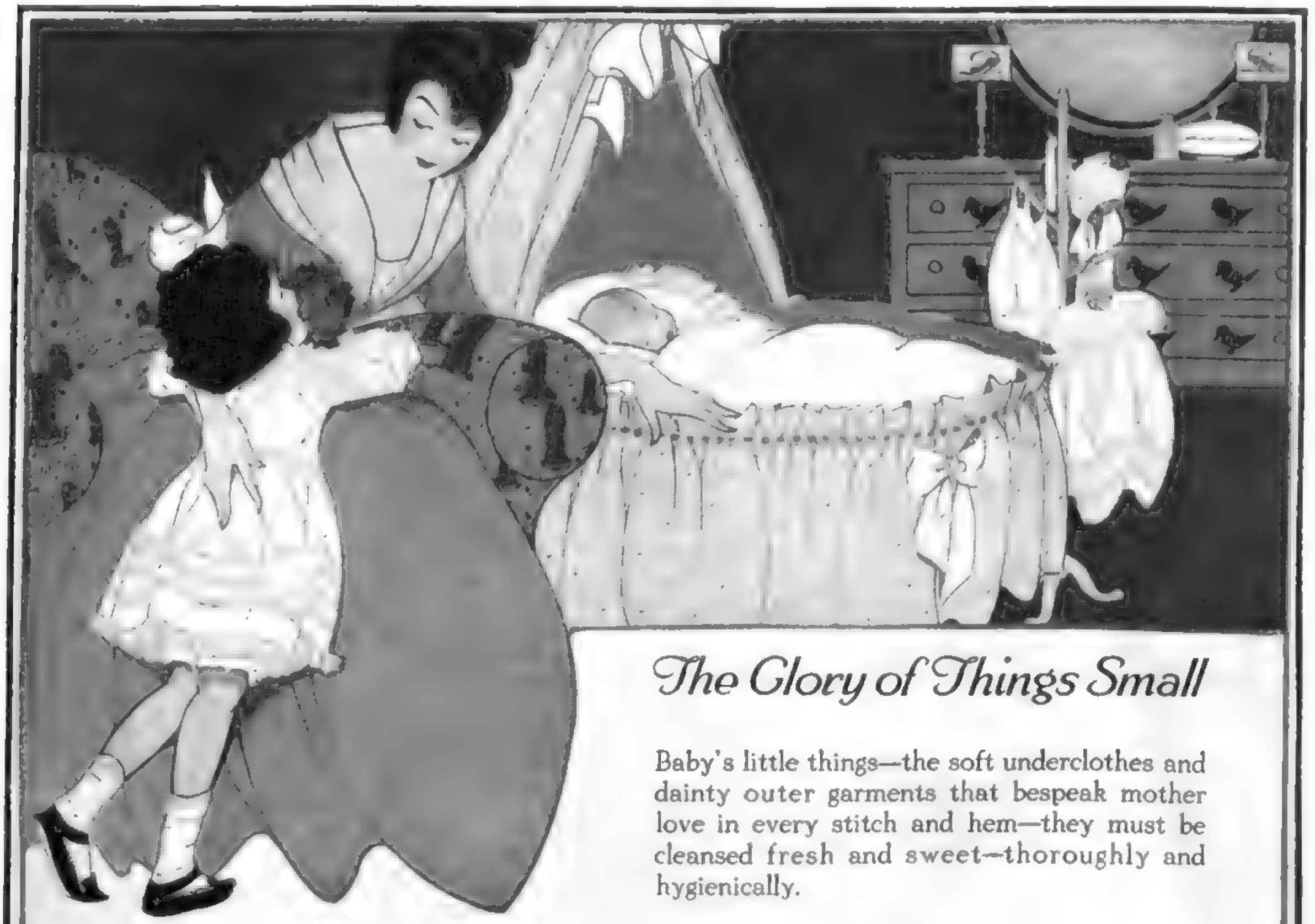
List price for all sizes up to 3 in. diameter, $1.25 per ring.

With each complete set of rings a *Munger Piston Re-grooving Tool* and a *Munger Ring Insertion Tool* are supplied without extra charge.



The Glory of Things Small

Baby's little things—the soft underclothes and dainty outer garments that bespeak mother love in every stitch and hem—they must be cleansed fresh and sweet—thoroughly and hygienically.

Peet's Crystal White

A pure white vegetable oil soap, entirely free of ingredients that should never touch the finer things. *Crystal White* will not injure the hands.

Mild enough for the softest and most delicate fabrics, yet unrivalled as the perfect family soap for every household use.

Millions of housewives insist on *Crystal White* for all work. They have no need for any other.

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.

KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 38)

was the strange part—by actual count less than fifteen hundred persons, exclusive of the policemen, who were there because their duty sent them there, attended Tuesday night's meeting. To be exact there were fourteen hundred and seventy-five of them. In the vast oval of the interior they made a ridiculously small clump set midway of the area, directly in front of the platform that had been put up. All about them were wide reaches of seating space—empty. The place was a huge vaulted cavern, cheerless as a cave, full of cold drafts and strange echoes. Congressman Mallard spoke less than an hour, and this time he did not make the speech of his life.

Wednesday night thirty policemen were on duty at Madison Square Garden, Acting Captain O'Hara of the West Thirtieth Street Station being in command. Over the telephone to headquarters O'Hara, at eight-thirty, reported that his tally accounted for two hundred and eighty-one persons present. Congressman Mallard, he stated, had not arrived yet, but was momentarily expected.

At eight-forty-five O'Hara telephoned again. Congressman Mallard had just sent word that he was ill and would not be able to speak. This message had been brought by Professor Rascovertus, the former college professor, who had come in a cab and had made the bare announcement to those on hand and then had driven away. The assembled two hundred and eighty-one had heard the statement in silence and forthwith had departed in a quiet and orderly manner. O'Hara asked permission to send his men back to the station house.

Congressman Mallard returned to Washington on the midnight train, his secretary accompanying him. Outwardly he did not bear himself like a sick man, but on his handsome face was a look which the secretary had never before seen on his employer's face. It was the look of a man who asks himself a question over and over again.

On Thursday, in conspicuous type, black faced and double-leaded, there appeared on the front page and again at the top of the editorial column of every daily paper, morning and evening, in the United States, and in every weekly and every monthly paper whose date of publication chanced to be Thursday, the following paragraph:

"There is a name which the press of America no longer prints. Let every true American, in public or in private, cease hereafter from uttering that name."

Invariably the caption over this paragraph was the one word:

SILENCE!

One week later, to the day, the wife of one of the richest men in America died of acute pneumonia at her home in Chicago. Practically all the daily papers in America carried notices of this lady's death; the wealth of her husband and her own prominence in social and philanthropic affairs justified this. At greater or at less length it was variously set forth that she was the niece of a former ambassador to the Court of St. James; that she was the national head of a great patriotic organization; that she was said to have dispensed upward of fifty thousand dollars a year in charities; that she was born in such and such a year at such and such a place; that she left, besides a husband, three children and one grandchild; and so forth and so on.

But not a single paper in the United States stated that she was the only sister of Congressman Jason Mallard.

The remainder of this account must necessarily be in the nature of a description of episodes occurring at intervals during a period of about six weeks; these episodes, though separated by lapses of time, are nevertheless related.

Three days after the burial of his sister Congressman Mallard took part in a debate on a matter of war-tax legislation upon the floor of the House. As usual he voiced the sentiments of a minority of one, his vote being the only vote cast in the negative on the passage of the measure. His speech was quite brief. To his colleagues, listening in dead silence without sign of dissent or approval, it seemed exceedingly brief, seeing that nearly always before Mallard, when he spoke at all upon any question, spoke at length. While he spoke the men in the press gallery took no notes, and when he had finished and was leaving the chamber it was noted that the venerable Congressman Boulder, a man of nearly eighty, drew himself well into his seat, as though he feared Mallard in passing along the aisle might brush against him.

The only publication in America that carried a transcript of Congressman Mallard's remarks on this occasion was the Congressional Record.

At the next day's session Congressman Mallard's seat was vacant; the next day likewise, and the next it was vacant. It was rumored that he had left Washington, his exact whereabouts being unknown. However, no one in Washington, so far as was known, in speaking of his disappearance, mentioned him by name. One man addressing another would merely say that he understood a certain person had left town or that he understood a certain person was still missing from town; the second man in all likelihood would merely nod understandingly and then by tacit agreement the subject would be changed.

Just outside one of the lunch rooms in the Union Station at St. Louis late one night in the latter part of January an altercation occurred between two men. One was a tall, distinguished-looking man of middle age. The other was a railroad employee—a sweeper and cleaner.

It seemed that the tall man, coming out of the lunch room, and carrying a traveling bag and a cane, stumbled over the broom which the sweeper was using on the floor just beyond the doorway. The traveler, who appeared to have but poor control over his temper, or rather no control at all over it, accused the station hand of carelessness and cursed him. The station hand made an indignant and impertinent denial. At that the other flung down his bag, swung aloft his heavy walking stick and struck the sweeper across the head with force sufficient to lay open the victim's scalp in a two-inch gush, which bled freely.

For once a policeman was on the spot when trouble occurred. This particular policeman was passing through the train shed and he saw the blow delivered. He ran up and, to be on the safe side, put both men under technical arrest. The sweeper, who had been bowled over by the clout he had got, made a charge of unprovoked assault against the stranger; the latter expressed a blasphemous regret that he had not succeeded in cracking the sweeper's skull. He appeared to be in a highly nervous, highly irritable state. At any rate such was the interpretation which the patrolman put upon his aggressive prisoner's behavior.

Walking between the pair to prevent further hostilities the policeman took both men into the station master's office, his intention being to telephone from there for a patrol wagon. The night station master accompanied them. Inside the room, while the station master was binding up the wound in the sweeper's forehead with a pocket handkerchief, it occurred to the policeman that in the flurry of excitement he had not found out the name of the tall and still excited belligerent. The sweeper he already knew. He asked the tall man for his name and business.

"My name," said the prisoner, "is Jason C. Mallard. I am a member of Congress."

The station master forgot to make the knot in the bandage he was tying about the sweeper's head. The sweeper forgot the pain of his new headache and the blood which trickled down his face and fell upon the front of his overalls. As though governed by the same set of wires these two swung about, and with the officer they stared at the stranger. And as they stared, recognition came into the eyes of all three, and they marveled that before now none of them had discerned the identity of the owner of that splendid tousled head of hair and those clean-cut features, now swollen and red with an unreasonable choler. The policeman was the first to get his shocked and jostled senses back, and the first to speak. He proved himself a quick-witted person that night, this policeman did; and perhaps this helps to explain why his superior, the head of the St. Louis police department, on the very next day promoted him to be a sergeant.

But when he spoke it was not to Mallard but to the sweeper.

"Look here, Mel Harris," he said; "you call yourself a purty good Amurican, don't you?"

"You bet your life I do!" was the answer. "Ain't I got a boy in camp soldierin'?"

"Well, I got two there myself," said the policeman; "but that ain't the question now. I see you've got a kind of a little

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Cleanses the Pores on the Suction Principle

THE soft, porous surgeons grade rubber composing the Miller Suction Sponge forms a vacuum on the skin and sucks out the accumulated dirt, grime or powder.

Delightful for toilet and bath.

It removes dead skin, smooths out wrinkles and restores the Nature's softness and beauty.

It is made by a secret process, under guard. There is no other like it. So insist on the Miller Surgeons Grade in the Miller dust-proof carton.

Men find this sponge the quickest, easiest, most comforting agent for removing lather after shaving. It soothes smarting skin and brings a bloom to cheeks.

Thousands of women massage with this sponge. Mothers praise it for infant bathing. A plunge in boiling water cleanses and sterilizes it.

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Miller Rubber Goods won their fame among the medical profession. Miller Surgeons Rubber Gloves have been recognized leaders for 27 years. And Miller Hot Water Bottles, Syringes, Ice Caps, Cushions, Nipples, etc., are used in thousands of hospitals and dispensaries.

High authorities have recommended Miller Rubber Goods until we have decided to open their sale to homes as well.

One good druggist in your neighborhood is authorized to supply you. He should have them in stock—but be sure to say Miller, and take no other.

Begin your acquaintance by getting the Miller Surgeons Grade Sponge. Toilet size—50c. Other Miller Sponges from 15c to $1.50 for office and household uses, as well as for toilet and bath.

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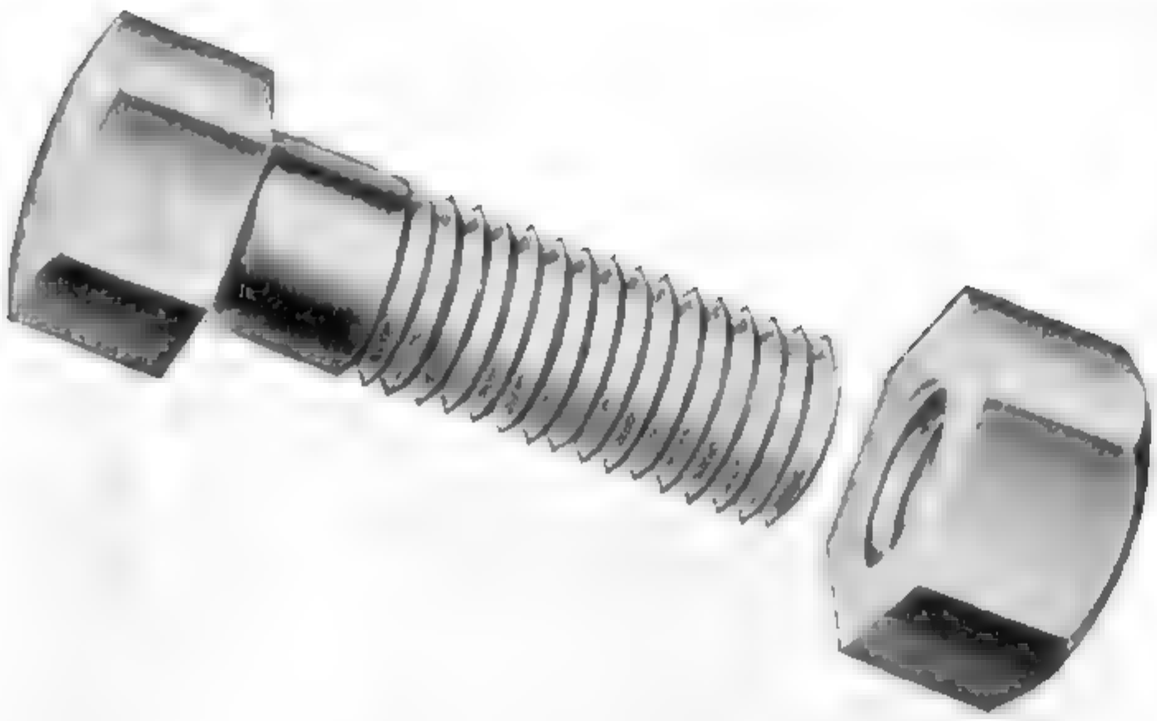
Druggists: Write for agency proposition on Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods.

Massage



will this bolt fit?

"YES," says the inspector, "and so will any one of that pile of nuts fit the bolt. They are absolutely interchangeable. Ship any lot of either piece to any of our assembling rooms, and our fellows will be *sure* of accuracy." The inspector *knew*. He didn't guess. He knew, because the pieces had been gaged with a GTD Limit Gage as they came off the machine.

If bolts and nuts are not gaged, there must be much *fitting* and *trying* when parts are being assembled. That means more workmen than are necessary. It contributes waste of *man power*. Think what this means *now* to our national shipbuilding operations, to our naval program. Precision—we *must* have it; for in these operations it is an inflexible quantity—and it can be assured only through the use of limit gages.

Thread Limit Snap Gage. The screw should pass between upper points and hang on the lower

A Limit Gage is nothing new. But the realization of its importance *is* new—since 1914. Manufacturers who used to "*guess it was all right*" have awakened to the fact that accuracy in machine parts means *full* profits—and that *interchangeability* of parts means minimum assembling *costs*.

The Limit Gage will play a giant part in meeting new conditions. It will help American producers to turn waste into gain. It will make them sure of accuracy and speed—so sure that they will never "*guess*" again. A box of bolts will have become a box of *accurate* bolts, that will *all* fit.

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Taps
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LIMIT GAGES

Accuracy—Standardization—Speed

bruised place there on your head. Now then, as a good Amurican tryin' to do your duty to your country at all times, I want you to tell me how you come by that there bruise. Did somebody mebbe hit you, or as a matter of fact ain't it the truth that you jest slipped on a piece of banana peelin' or something of that nature, and fell up against the door jamb of that lunch room out yonder?"

For a moment the sweeper stared at his interrogator, dazed. Then a grin of appreciation bisected his homely red-streaked face.

"Why, it was an accident, officer," he answered. "I slipped down and hit my own self a wallop, jest like you said. Anyway, it don't amount to nothin'."

"You seen what happened, didn't you?" went on the policeman, addressing the station master. "It was a pure accident, wasn't it?"

"That's what it was—a pure accident," stated the station master.

"Then, to your knowledge, there wasn't no row of any sort occurring round here tonight?" went on the policeman.

"Not that I heard of."

"Well, if there had a-been you'd a-heard of it, wouldn't you?"

"Sure I would!"

"That's good," said the policeman. He jabbed a gloved thumb toward the two witnesses. "Then, see here, Harris! Bein' as it was an accident pure and simple and your own fault besides, nobody—no outsider—couldn't a-had nothin' to do with your gettin' hurt, could he?"

"Not a thing in the world," replied Harris.

"Not a thing in the world," echoed the station master.

"And you ain't got any charge to make against anybody for what was due to your own personal awkwardness, have you?" suggested the blue-coated prompter.

"Certainly I ain't!" disclaimed Harris almost indignantly.

Mallard broke in: "You can't do this—you men," he declared hoarsely. "I struck that man and I'm glad I did strike him—damn him! I wish I'd killed him. I'm willing to take the consequences. I demand that you make a report of this case to your superior officer."

As though he had not heard him—as though he did not know a fourth person was present—the policeman, looking right past Mallard with a leveled, steady, contemptuous gaze, addressed the other two. His tone was quite casual, and yet somehow he managed to freight his words with a scorn too heavy to be expressed in mere words:

"Boys," he said, "it seems-like to me the air in this room is so kind of foul that it ain't fitten for good Amuricans to be breathin' it. So I'm goin' to open up this here door and see if it don't purify itself—of its own accord."

He stepped back and swung the door wide open; then stepped over and joined the station master and the sweeper. And there together they all three stood without a word from any one of them as the fourth man, with his face deadly white now where before it had been a passionate red, and his head lolling on his breast, though he strove to hold it rigidly erect, passed silently out of the little office. Through the opened door the trio with their eyes followed him while he crossed the concrete floor of the concourse and passed through a gate. They continued to watch until he had disappeared in the murk, going toward where a row of parked sleepers stood at the far end of the train shed.

Yet another policeman is to figure in this recital of events. This policeman's name is Caleb Waggoner and this Caleb Waggoner was and still is the night marshal in a small town in Iowa on the Missouri River. He is one-half the police force of the town, the other half being a constable who does duty in the daytime. Waggoner suffers from an affection which in a large community might prevent him from holding such a job as the one he does hold. He has an impediment of the speech which at all times causes him to stammer badly. When he is excited it is only by a tremendous mental and physical effort and after repeated endeavors that he can form the words at all. In other regards he is a first-rate officer, sober, trustworthy and kindly.

On the night of the eighteenth of February, at about half past eleven o'clock, Marshal Waggoner was completing his regular before-midnight round of the business district. The weather was nasty, with a raw wet wind blowing and half-melted slush underfoot. In his tour he had encountered not a single person. That dead dumb quiet which falls upon a sleeping town on a winter's night was all about him. But as he turned out of Main Street, which is the principal thoroughfare, into Sycamore Street, a short byway running down between scattered buildings and vacant lots to the river bank a short block away, he saw a man standing at the side door of the Eagle House, the town's second-best hotel. A gas lamp flaring raggedly above the doorway brought out the figure with distinctness. The man was not moving—he was just standing there, with the collar of a heavy overcoat turned up about his throat and a soft black hat with a wide brim drawn well down upon his head.

Drawing nearer, Waggoner, who by name or by sight knew every resident of the town, made up his mind that the loiterer was a stranger. Now a stranger abroad at such an hour and apparently with no business to mind would at once be mentally catalogued by the vigilant night marshal as a suspicious person. So when he had come close up to the other, padding noiselessly in his heavy rubber boots, the officer halted and from a distance of six feet or so stared steadfastly at the suspect. The suspect returned the look.

What Waggoner saw was a thin, haggard face covered to the upper bulge of the jawbones with a disfiguring growth of reddish whiskers and inclosed at the temples by shaggy, unkempt strands of red hair which protruded from beneath the black hat. Evidently the man had not been shaved for weeks; certainly his hair needed trimming and combing. But what at the moment impressed Waggoner more even than the general unkemptness of the stranger's aspect was the look out of his eyes. They were widespread eyes and bloodshot as though from lack of sleep, and they glared into Waggoner's with a peculiar, strained, hearkening expression. There was agony in them—misery unutterable.

Thrusting his head forward then, the stranger cried out, and his voice, which in his first words was deep and musical, suddenly, before he had uttered a full sentence, turned to a sharp, half-hysterical falsetto:

"Why don't you say something to me, man?" he cried at the startled Waggoner. "For God's sake, why don't you speak to me? Even if you do know me, why don't you speak? Why don't you call me by my name? I can't stand it—I can't stand it any longer, I tell you. You've got to speak."

Astounded, Waggoner strove to answer. But, because he was startled and a bit apprehensive as well, his throat locked down on his faulty vocal cords. His face moved and his lips twisted convulsively, but no sound issued from his mouth.

The stranger, glaring into Waggoner's face with those two goggling eyes of his, which were all eyeballs, threw up both arms at full length and gave a great gagging outcry.

"It's come!" he shrieked; "it's come! The silence has done it at last. It deafens me—I'm deaf! I can't hear you! I can't hear you!"

He turned and ran south—toward the river—and Waggoner, recovering himself, ran after him full bent. It was a strangely silent race these two ran through the empty little street, for in the half-melted snow their feet made no sounds at all. Waggoner, for obvious reasons, could utter no words; the other man did not.

A scant ten feet in the lead the fugitive reached the high clay bank of the river. Without a backward glance at his pursuer, without checking his speed, he went off and over the edge and down out of sight into the darkness. Even at the end of the twenty-foot plunge the body in striking made almost no sound at all, for, as Waggoner afterward figured, it must have struck against a mass of shore ice, then instantly to slide off, with scarcely a splash, into the roiled yellow waters beyond.

The policeman checked his own speed barely in time to save himself from following over the brink. He crouched on the verge of the frozen clay bluff, peering downward into the blackness and the quiet. He saw nothing and he heard nothing except his own labored breathing.

The body was never recovered. But at daylight a black soft hat was found on a half-rotted ice floe, where it had lodged close up against the bank. A name was stamped in the sweatband, and by this the identity of the suicide was established as that of Congressman Jason Mallard.

Motorists are facing this double problem: they need cars more than ever, and more than ever they must keep down cost. This is the chief reason for the increased demand for Firestone Tires this year.

Motorists are looking closely into the tire question, not only because the right choice saves tire money but because on the tire greatly depends the consumption of fuel and wear on the car.

Most Miles per Dollar sums up all the various kinds of saving so necessary now for the general as well as the individual good. The added cost of Firestone Cord Tires is more than offset by added mileage, and their rugged dependability means not only your personal comfort but that travel efficiency which answers a national need. See your dealer.

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It is braced against every possible strain by angle members crossing each other in every direction and forming Diamonds everywhere.

The plates in the Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery are built on the same Diamond plan. The angle members cross each other in every direction, forming Diamonds which brace and support the plate to withstand the most severe strain.

That is why Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery Plates do not buckle, do not short circuit, do not shed their active material.

Other conclusive reasons for selecting the Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery are: (1) patented, quarter-sawed, hard wood separators which actually last as long as the plates themselves and give perfect insulation without loss of conductivity, (2) filler caps removable with a quarter turn, (3) non-spill moulded covers, (4) doweled lock-corner wood cases, (5) unit-seal assembly, and (6) bolted handles.

At a thousand service stations and dealers you can have a Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery installed in your car. Every starting, lighting and ignition battery is

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The Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery has played an indispensable part in the development of the modern, high-powered, economical electric passenger car. That its merit is recognized is proven by the fact that it is standard equipment on 90% of all electric passenger automobiles.

In mine locomotive service the Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery is hauling coal in greater quantity and at lower cost than was ever believed possible.

And in practically every other storage battery field, in electric trucks, in industrial trucks, in farm lighting, in marine lighting, in the Army and Navy, and wherever a strong, reliable battery is needed, there you will find the Philadelphia Diamond Grid.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.

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HEROING IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 6)

manner. They've got a wholesome respect for the Britisher, because they've learned how he fights, but they seem firmly persuaded that we won't fight—that we haven't the guts. I suppose they've been taught that we're a nation of cheap money grubbers and loud talkers—that having been the carefully fostered conception of Americans for many years in most of Europe. Their leaders have made them think that our soldiers need not be taken seriously and we've let them get the crazy notion that they're better men—and now we've got to beat it out of them, since that's the only kind of argument they understand.

It's queer how the average green soldier thinks of an enemy until he goes up against him. To the untried recruit an enemy seems about what a burglar does to a peaceful householder—he isn't human at all. Neither ever stops to figure that the enemy, or the burglar, is subject to the same fears that he is; if he did take that into consideration he would lose a lot of his nervousness.

That's just the way it was with most of our boys when they first came to France. Everybody in this war looked like a Goliath to them. They felt pretty small potatoes. But a little closer inspection revealed that our seasoned Allies were of much the same clay as we are, only they had had experience. And the more they saw of them the more encouraged and confident they grew.

Yet the boche still loomed as something sinister. They hadn't had a chance of taking his measure and they had been fed with stories of his military prowess—stories, by the way, whose foundation rested on considerable bush-league stuff, such as walloping the Russians and Italians to tide his own people over the winter, when he couldn't make any real headway on the Western Front. In spite of the fact that the German prisoners working on the railroads looked pretty much like any other section gang, our fellows still saw ghosts when they thought of going up against the German Army.

Then the first battalions went into the trenches for training. The ghost illusions were immediately dissipated. They discovered that the boches were nothing but ordinary men directed by almost perfect organization, and that when it came to a show-down on anything like an even break the Americans had the bulge.

Just to show you how the tables were turned in a short time: When we went into the trenches some of the companies did considerable shooting. They'd bang away at imaginary enemies and send up flares at night. I guess Heinie chuckled over this, figuring that he had the Americans' wind up. But before we had been in more than a few days those symptoms disappeared. Hardly a shot was wasted. And after our fellows took to night patrolling it was the boches who sent up flares.

The Billets at Sorel

Pretty soon our boys were out hunting for Heinie in the dark of the moon. They chased his patrols whenever they smelled them. And long before they came out of the trenches they had his measure. Heinie is no longer a bogy to the first contingent; they're ready to take him on any time. It'll be the same with the other troops as soon as they've had a wallop at him; and you'll feel the same way when it comes your turn.

Next time we go in we'll control our own sector too. It won't be a company of Americans, then a company of French, then some more Americans, and so on. We'll have the say as to what shall be done by both the artillery and the infantry. It will be direct control, which is the only kind that gets results.

However, I started out to tell you what the American "camps" are like. It's just like me to stray off into editorial stuff; the boss used to tear his hair on account of that bee in my bonnet. Said I had the makings of a first-class reporter if I would only strangle my opinions and stick to straight writing; and then he'd take his old blue pencil and cut down a fine two-column story to a stick. That's what a man gets for using his brains instead of being a mirror for impressions.

Mother wrote last week, wanting to know all about the life in the "camps" too.

The bulk of the army don't live in camps, as we understand them in America, Ed. Take the "camp" they sent us to when we first arrived, for it is typical of the majority. Let's call it Sorel—because that isn't its name.

Sorel is nothing but a little country town seven miles from a railroad and a million from civilization as we know it. It lies in a valley and there's a river flowing near. Back home they'd call that river a creek, but it stacks up pretty well as a waterway over here.

A smooth hard road winds through the valley, and it's the main street of the town. The fields all round here are as pretty as a park and the ridges on both sides are clothed with trees. Now and again you'll see the turrets of a château sticking up above the trees, or the flat white face of one will stare at you from a hillside.

I got a look at this country from an aëroplane, and from two thousand feet it looked like a perfectly ordered garden. By the way, there's nothing scary about riding in an aëroplane. Do you remember how dizzy I always grew if I leaned over the top of a tall building to see the street below? It used to make me so sick I was afraid that some day I might fall off; so when the chance came to take a ride above the clouds I did some wondering. However, all that vanished the minute I climbed into the observer's seat. Had a feeling of absolute security—no more nervous than on starting out for an automobile trip. Riding in an aëroplane is a good deal like traveling in a railroad train at seventy miles an hour with all the windows open. The only time you feel queer is when the pilot tilts to make a turn and the earth seems to rise up to bump you. Also when he raises her nose and then drops. That gives you the same feeling as an express elevator when it shoots down from the twentieth story—you seem to have left your stomach up above.

Sociable Farmers

Well, Sorel has a population of about nine hundred. It straggles along both sides of the road, with short, crooked, narrow side streets leading off into the tall grass somewhere. Most of the houses are plain bare structures made of stone covered with plaster, and the roofs are all of tile. Only three houses in the place are built of brick.

Right in the middle of the road, where it forks before leaving the town, stands a church. A figure of the Virgin is inset in the face of it, and there are always wreaths of flowers at her feet. They have a statue of Jeanne d'Arc in the little plot in front, and of course that is decorated too.

The shops in these French towns are a revelation. I guess they think it's vulgar to advertise. Anyhow, you can walk right by them and not know they're there unless you belong to the place. They don't put up signs that reach out and grab you. I've wandered past shops and cafés scores of times without distinguishing them from the houses, because the signs above the doors were blurred and faint and you could hardly see the lettering on the windows.

The country round Sorel is entirely agricultural, but there are no farmhouses. They have hardly any fences either, Ed. Each owner of land knows where his boundary is and he works right up to it; the other fellow never crowds over into his furrow either. They have a few fenced fields where cattle graze, but those generally lie close to town or belong to some landed proprietor.

All the farmers live in town. They can do that because the places are so close together. This does away with waste of valuable land for separate homesteads and barns and other buildings, and it gives the farmers company. I guess the latter purpose is back of the system; the French are a mighty sociable people and they choose this community life in preference to lonely seclusion on their own places. Consequently they go out to work from the towns and villages every morning and come back at night. That hit our boys hard. Perhaps we'll come to that some day when the United States is more thickly settled—unless every farmer has a flivver and can run into town when he likes.

You can tell in two winks—or one whiff—that Sorel is agricultural. Cows wander up and down the street at certain hours of the day, and chickens and geese make it a happy hunting ground; also, they still have piles of fertilizer about. We carted away those that stood just outside the front doors; but removal was necessarily a matter of persuasion rather than coercion, and some of the citizens still have manure neatly piled in their yards.

In lots of places the houses and stables are built in one pile round a courtyard, and they use the courtyard for dumping refuse. The cow resides next door to the kitchen, and when Henriette wants to get the horse in the morning all she has to do is step out of her bedroom door and let him out of his stall, two doors removed. The whole family life and all the animal life, in fact, center on this courtyard. No wonder the country is so fertile! I slept in a house like that one night with my window open, and next morning my whiskers had grown an inch and a half.

We had round a thousand men in Sorel. Most of them lived in billets, after the French system. These billets were empty storehouses or haylofts or old residences. Some held forty men and some would take care of only half that number.

They were just solid, musty, damp stone buildings that were here before the hills were made. We cleaned them out and got them as dry as we could and made the roofs water-tight.

My platoon drew an old barn. It was built of stone with a concrete floor and had a loft. Some of the boys put their cots on the floor and the rest moved up into the loft. Gee, it was cold! We had a stove, but it wasn't enough to heat the place to the temperature we are used to in the United States, and of course all of them couldn't huddle over it. And fuel is mighty scarce. We simply can't obtain what we need, for the supply of wood is limited and they have put us on French standards. What do you know about that?

The landlady of the billet where our company officers hung out used to throw up her hands over our complaints about the cold.

"Oh, you Americans!" she would say. "You are big and strong, yet you are always cold! Just like women!"

A thousand men made too many for Sorel to accommodate with billets, so one company went into barracks on the edge of the town. These barracks were temporary frame structures and a good deal like those in the training camps in America, but smaller, and the bases were protected with a dirt embankment to keep off bomb splinters in case of an air raid. They held forty-four men comfortably, but I have seen more than fifty squeezed into some.

Quite a few in other camps weren't built solidly enough. In one place I happened to visit there were big fissures in the walls, and the roofs leaked like a sieve. They had only dirt floors, too, so that when it rained the floors were mud. I dropped in to see Jimmy Briggs, who used to be soda jerker in the Palace Drug Store and is now a corporal, and found him sitting on his cot with a poncho spread above like a tent, to keep the rain from leaking down on him.

French Chow

But I believe things like that are the fault of regimental or battalion commanders. Perhaps what they say is true, that they can't get them fixed up; but I notice that others do it. Some regiments, which were no better off at the start, went to work and padded the walls with old rags and papers, patched the roofs, and laid floors with odd bits of lumber they managed to rustle. I saw a battalion of marines who were fixed for the winter in fine shape, and they had done it themselves.

So my idea is that just because some department or other fails to have them in perfect trim is no excuse for the doughboys continuing to live that way; it's up to the individual commander to see that his men are comfortable, just as it's up to him to see they keep clean. You can't sit round and expect to have everything handed to you on a tray in a war as big as this, when shipping and supplies and labor are so scarce. A real soldier ought to be able to make himself snug anywhere if he has enough to eat, and warm clothes and blankets.

My own room in Sorel was on the second floor of a house that was built by an architect who hated light. The front door opened into a living room with a fireplace big enough for a horse to bed down in. You could see in there, but the minute you stepped through the door to climb the stairs you had to grope. Not even a skylight; the stairs had a break in them halfway up, and until I got to know them by sense of touch I was always banging my shins.

But once in the bedroom it wasn't so bad. There was an old chest there I wanted to steal to send home to mother. It was wonderfully carved and looked as though it had been there since Jeanne d'Arc's time. And my bed was built into the wall. Instead of a quilt they use over here a sort of light feather tick. It's about two feet thick, but lighter than a blanket, and it surely does keep you warm.

The officers of our battalion had a mess in an empty house, and a cook from one of the companies got the meals. That's a much better system than paying a Frenchwoman to cater for you, the way some of the officers arrange it. The French chow is all right and suits a Frenchman a lot better than ours; but for the American stomach give me army rations every time. The French put most of their rations into one dish—a sort of stew—meat, potatoes and vegetables.

It wouldn't have been so bad only for the rain and mud. The rain hardly ever let up. We worked hard, and there's nothing like work to keep men contented. The boys put in about eight hours a day of actual work, but they were really going every minute from the time they got up, shortly after five o'clock, until taps was blown.

A Franco-American Picnic

At that, the privates do less than the officers—for after supper the men can do as they please. They can fool round town or get up a concert or listen to the band or spend the evening in the Y. M. C. A. but, where they have games of all kinds and a music box and writing materials and magazines; but the officers can't take it so easy. There are always arrangements for the next day's program to be made, or a talk by the commanding officer, or a class of instruction in something or other; in fact, an officer puts in at least twelve solid hours of work every day.

The doughboys always found some way of amusing themselves in Sorel. In fine weather they played baseball or duck on a rock in a field beyond the barracks, and when it rained they'd get under shelter and shoot craps or play cards. One thing is certain—they never had enough time on their hands for moping. All morning they were out on the drill ground, about three kilometers from town; but I won't tell you of the work there, because you already know it—they've been doing practically the same things in the camps at home. And the afternoons were filled with duties.

The Americans don't fraternize so much now with the natives as they did on arrival. I guess that's because the novelty has worn off. I heard a good story along that line: An American officer at one of the posts had to call down his French stenographer for being late.

"You've kept me waiting three hours," declared the American.

"*Eh bien*," said the stenographer carelessly. "We've been waiting for you three *years!*"

However, our boys get along well with them, especially the feminine population. Did I ever tell you of a picnic we had last summer at which our fellows traded uniforms with the chasseurs and danced together? And they couldn't speak each other's language! It was the finest demonstration of the fraternal spirit I ever saw. The French colonel told me his men had never mixed in that cordial fashion with any other Allies.

There's usually some little diversion for the men in these small towns in the course of a day. Women peddlers come round with carts selling picture post cards and trinkets, or the boys play with the children or get up a boxing match. Except for the strange setting and different language the life isn't so different from what it would be for soldiers in a backwoods American town where they never had movies or automobiles, and walked instead of taking the train when they went to visit grandma.

Sunday is the big day with them. They have that free, and they use it to give the girls a treat or visit neighboring towns. You can meet them by hundreds on all

(Continued on Page 48)

Their genius m
The VICTROLA ma

In France, genius is crowned by election to the French Academy. Members of this brotherhood of the great are known as the French Immortals. In the world of recorded music, there is a similar distinction in becoming a famous Victor artist. None but the chosen few can win this laurel.

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Victor Talking Machi

Vic
Supre

To insure Victor quality
trademark, "His Master
products of the Victor

ade them great—
kes them immortal

Before the Victrola, this was the tragic fact. Now great voices need never die, great music need never perish.

Mankind loves to crown a Genius. The artists whose portraits appear on this page have, by universal accord, been proclaimed the greatest. They have won the applause and affection of the public for the beauty, the comfort, the entertainment, and the uplift of their matchless art, as expressed upon the stage and to that far vaster, world-wide audience who knows them by their Victor Records. As long as there are ears to hear, their Victor Records will preserve their living, breathing emotions, their infectious laughter, the exquisite, tremulous notes of their inspired instruments. Their art cannot die.

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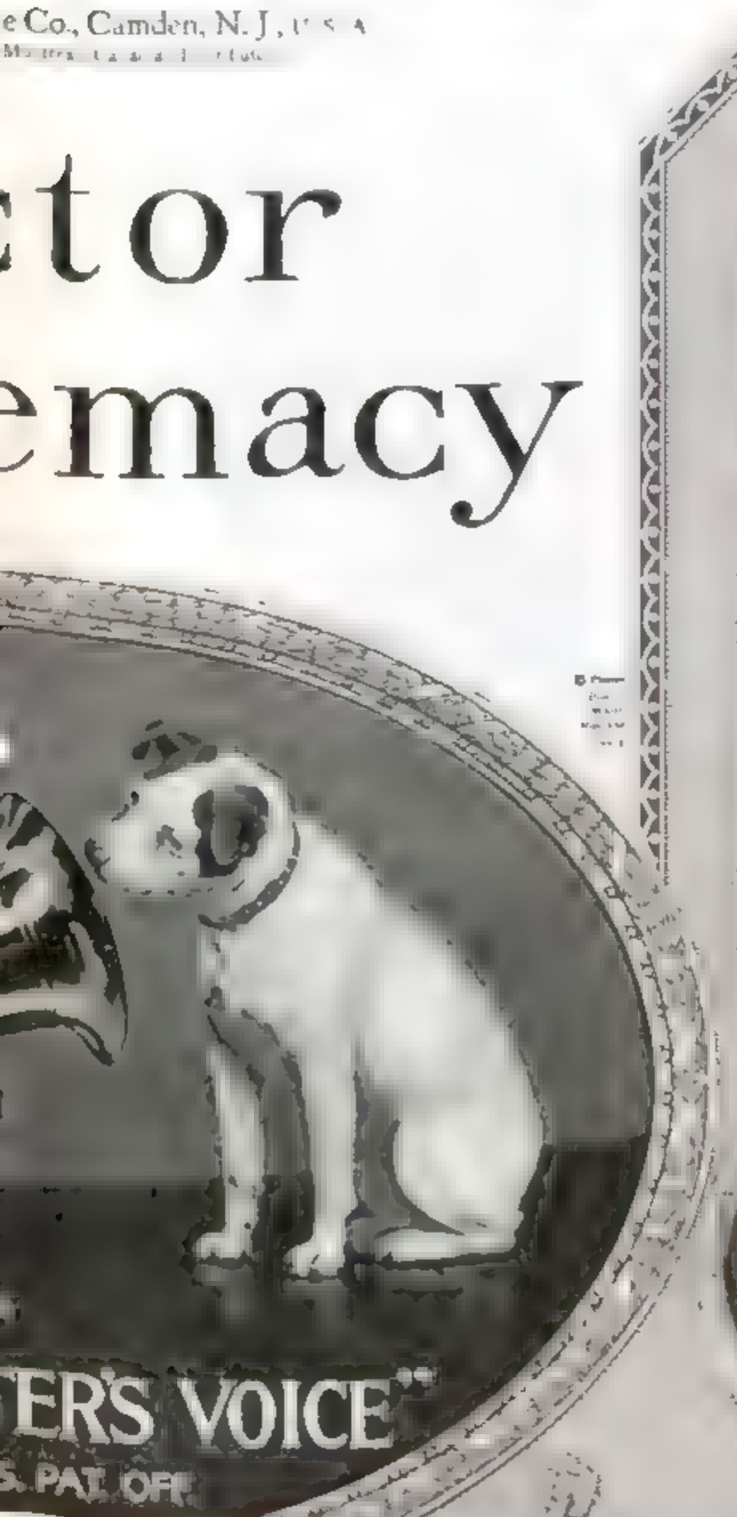

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Voice. It is on all genuine
Talking Machine Company

Zig-Zag-Tread prevents skidding
the cord tire supreme
Look at the EIGHT plies of multiple cord
See how they are arranged to transmit the diagonal layers to give maximum RESILIENCY.
See how the extra layers add STRENGTH and life to these tires. Observe the unusual thickness of the tread—which means extra safety and service—and note its WHITENESS, an assurance that these tires are built of strong long-wearing rubber.
LEE 8 ply Multiple Cord Tires have other DISTINCT advantages. By reducing vibration they save wear and tear on the car, they assure greater comfort to the occupants they lower gasoline consumption, and unquestionably they give MORE MILEAGE.
Each of these features is of extreme importance to you if you would get the greatest wear and comfort from your tires.
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Tires
There is a LEE Distributor in Your Town
Puncture-Proof
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8-Ply Multiple Cord

(Continued from Page 45)

the roads on Sunday, all slicked up, legging it somewhere or other. One afternoon I passed a bunch and offered them a ride, me being all alone in a borrowed automobile like a fat brigadier. Two of them got in, but the three others opined they would walk—"for exercise." They'd been at the hardest kind of exercise all week!

Well, we went along, and the two in the automobile never said a word until we passed a couple of soldiers with a bunch of girls.

"Please, sir," said one, "can we get out here?"

"I thought you wanted to go to B——"

"We got to see a guy back there," one of them explained; so I stopped the car. The last I saw of them they had annexed a couple of the girls and were strolling according to Marquis of Queensberry rules—one arm free. An American can pick up the customs of a country mighty fast, Ed.

We didn't have any shower baths in Sorel, and our men had to walk three miles to B—— when they wanted a hot bath; but all that sort of thing will probably be changed by the time this reaches you. A perfect army organization cannot be built up from nothing in a few months, especially when you are operating three thousand miles from your main supply base, with submarines cutting into your shipping day and night.

With the approach of winter mess halls were built for the men. Most of them ate any place at all during the fine weather. After drawing his chow from the company kitchen a doughboy would likely as not squat down on somebody's doorstep to eat it, but now he has a table and elbow room.

Everyone looks at a thing from the standpoint of his own circumstances. We had a corporal at Sorel who used to be always babbling about Italy and what the Italians were doing.

"I sure wish they'd send us there," he mourned. "That's the country where we'd ought to be fighting."

"Why?"

"Well, I can speak the language."

Hundreds of reserve officers have been sent to schools since they arrived, to receive instruction in the very same things they had been learning in America. I know a lot of engineer and infantry officers who have been taking courses in the schools established in our zone, and seventy per cent of them say it is all old stuff to them. They put in months at it in the training camps in America, then get orders to go to France, and when they landed found themselves listed for instruction.

I suppose that the duplication rose from ignorance of what they had been taught at home. But it seems a pity to waste valuable time when officers are so badly needed.

The less you drink of the wine over here the better off you'll be, Ed. It doesn't agree with the American stomach. The French seem to thrive on it, and start in with a scoot for breakfast; but I've noticed that the stuff makes our men sick and gives them indigestion.

The Nerveless Mule

Now, that's Sorel. It doesn't fit in with your notions of our life over here, does it? But Sorel is probably the kind of "camp" you will go into when you come over. Anyhow, seventy per cent of the American Army on this side are in just such places. They are strung out in these little towns clear from the coast to within sound of the guns. Each battalion follows its own routine, and they never see anything of the rest of the army except on the drill ground or when they go visiting. The drill grounds are all within a few miles of the towns.

Even after we take over a section of Front the bulk of the army will not be living in trenches, Ed. They'll still continue to occupy villages far back of the battle line. As I said before, there are always four soldiers behind the Front for every one in it. You'll do eight or ten days, or maybe even two weeks in the trenches, and then you'll move back for a rest and some other battalion will take your place. So don't get the notion that it's one continuous round of shells and bullets and grenades and cold dugouts. It isn't. The larger portion of every man's time will be spent out of the line, in towns and villages beyond reach of any enemy except aircraft. Otherwise human nerves couldn't stand it.

Speaking of nerves, did you know that horses are subject to nerve shock much the same as men? The veterinary hospitals always have bunches of horses suffering from "debility"—nothing but nervous strain. But they don't have any mules in that shape. No, sir! Whenever you find a hardtail in hospital he's there from a shrapnel wound or a cut or because another mule kicked him. No nerves in his case! All of which merely goes to prove that it takes roughnecks in this game. The more I see of war the stronger I get for roughnecks. You can't do without them. Chautauqua salutes won't win a war—you need two-fisted men with hair on their chests.

Another relief from strain will be "leave." Our men are to get it every three months, according to the present program; in fact, it will be obligatory for everybody in order to keep them fit. They will be given seven days, with free transportation and their hotel bills paid. Special trains, with a capacity of a thousand men each, will run every week for this purpose.

It had been planned to take over a city in the south of France for men on leave—that is to say, the American command would have authority over places of amusement and the civil population in relation to our soldiers, and there would be theaters and recreation grounds and movies operated specially for them. That scheme has now been enlarged. There will probably be two, or even three, towns designated for men on leave.

Showing Off for Visitors

We have given quite a number of exhibitions for visiting celebrities from the Allies or prominent people from home who came joy-riding in the army zone on the pretext of a public mission of some kind; and we're surely fed up on that kind of stuff! They ought to bar out these visitors from home who are doing nothing but gratify personal curiosity or come to gather material for a campaign of some kind. They delay the work; but when they come with the sanction of Washington, what are you going to do about it? For a while this fall the first contingent was kept busy giving exhibitions—and that sort of grandstand stuff doesn't go in a war, Ed. I hope we've seen the last of them. They have no business over here. They can't help, and they waste the time of thousands of men.

Now you know what a "camp" is like. Some of the places are larger, of course, but Sorel is a fair type of the average.

General headquarters is in a sizable town; so are the various division headquarters. In several of these places there are whopping big barracks, and they have all kinds of shops. Naturally it isn't nearly so lonely for the boys there. They've streets to mill round in and always something to do, but in Sorel it was a fright. At that, Sorel had this railroad camp beaten fifty-two ways from the ace—I'll say that for it.

Not such a bad scheme, distributing the army round in small lots like that, is it? If they were massed in great camps it would be impossible to train the men in trench warfare—there wouldn't be any available area big enough to do it. Besides, it's a convenient method of taking care of them and they aren't exposed to the same risk of air raids. What do you suppose Heinie would do to a huge American camp spread out for miles? He'd send a fleet of Zeppelins and aeroplanes over the first fine night and try to blow the insides out of it. But this way the best he could hope for would be a lucky shot on a small target, with chances against anything but slight damage. And he has too much on his mind to tackle that kind of proposition. However, the camps are bound to grow with the growth of the army, for there's a limit to the extent they can spread out, so we'll probably have as big ones as the British before the year is out.

Of course there are other kinds of "camps." Lots of our troops live in immense barracks, outside towns altogether—some of the artillery, for instance. And certain infantry regiments have barracks in sizable towns, which used to be occupied by the French. Then there are isolated camps, like the one I'm in now, where a regiment is engaged in some special form of labor. And the aviation have large camps. We have also detachments out in the woods cutting down trees.

My regiment lives in frame shacks. It isn't so rotten except for the loneliness—but that gets a man. One of our platoon commanders used to be a stockbroker in New York; he sits round at night drooling about the shows he saw before he left, and the good eats he used to have on Broadway. Another was married two weeks before he left home, and he writes furiously for hours at a stretch. You never saw a man so homesick.

Man, we didn't know how lucky we were, back in the old United States! We were pigs in clover. It took a war to wake us up to how kind the dear God had been to us. When I think of America before the war, Ed, I ache with longing.

Europe! I wouldn't give half an acre of American soil for all I've seen—not if I had to live over here. It isn't that the European countries aren't beautiful, for they are—perhaps lovelier than our more rugged land can ever hope to be; and they have everything to make existence easy and comfortable. But the life is belittling, and that's the truth. What the causes back of it may be I don't know—probably it's their social system; anyhow, Europeans aren't so broad-gauged as Americans. Of course the average European would hoot at that. He considers an American an uncouth barbarian, because the American happens to have customs that differ from his own; but he's welcome to his delusion.

The European thinks and acts by rule of thumb. He is suspicious of his neighbors and hates other nationalities. Now, with all our faults, as a people, we don't hate anybody. We haven't time. Anyway, what's the use? Besides, why should we? A man hates for two reasons—envy or fear. We aren't afraid of anybody so you could notice it; and we don't have to envy any nation.

My own theory about the difference between the European and American viewpoint is that ours is a land of hope. Over here there isn't much ahead for the average man, his opportunities are so limited; and that makes him spiteful. But in the United States any live wire with brains can get a strangle hold on the whole round earth if he is man enough to go after it, so he has small time for envy of other peoples, and such littlenesses.

In Europe they are long past the noon of achievement and we—well, we're facing the dawn.

Our people will be tremendously changed, though, at the end of this business. Mixing with all kinds of nationalities the boys are broadening a lot. They'll have new ideas of geography and the other peoples of the earth, and they will junk a lot of the shibboleths of the past.

And America will have to be mighty careful about immigration. About fifty per cent of the young folks you talk to over here say they're going to the United States when the war is over. Unless their own governments prohibit emigration we'll have to put up the bars or be fairly swamped. They think we're the luckiest people alive. For a long while the average French kid was persuaded that all American soldiers marched in automobiles.

The Tobacco Famine

The presence of our troops has been a godsend to the civil population in the American zone in France. Business is booming with them. We always pay more for a thing than their own people do. They boost prices every time they see one of their Allies come through the door—I paid seventy-five per cent more last week than I did when we arrived.

Just now the natives are going through a sort of tobacco famine. Must be a shortage in the crop, I guess; anyway, the shops have no cheap tobacco left, and when a Frenchman enters to get some cigarettes they'll only sell him one packet, and the price of that has gone up. It's a good thing ours comes from America or we'd be up against it. But a storekeeper told me that civilians were worse off than soldiers; that the troops were supplied first, and then the civil population got what was left of the supply—which seems fair enough.

Do you remember Joe Austin, the lawyer? Sure you do. He had an office in the Trust Building, where he played dominoes all day with Doctor Moore. Well, Joe got a commission in the Officers' Reserve Corps, and he hadn't been over here a week before they made him town major at division headquarters. It was pretty soft for Joe—just the sort of job he likes, because he really isn't cut to handle a company. A town major is a sort of local boss—has charge of all the billeting and attends to everything in our relations with the French in his town. It takes a tactful and shrewd sort of guy to do all that without hurting anybody's feelings.

Joe certainly made good at it. Not long ago some farmers went to headquarters with a complaint that a bunch of American mules had broken out and eaten a lot of their grain. They wanted to be indemnified. Guess what Joe argued! That whatever a mule did was plainly an act of God, like lightning or a cyclone, and so they shouldn't try to collect.

However, the American command admitted the claim, and then came the question of paying for the damage. No funds had ever been provided for such an unforeseen contingency; the only course open was to have an appropriation passed by Congress. Same old story!

But Joe argued that these people couldn't appreciate the formalities of a delay and would be losing good money meanwhile; so finally he was given some money out of the intelligence funds to settle the affair. It took a bunch of mules to drag anything out of the intelligence section!

Uncle Sam's men are coming better every day. Perhaps it's because they've had a chance to train—anyhow, the new regiments arriving look a hundred per cent ahead of our first units. We've got contingents over here now from every state in the Union, and mark my words: We'll dub and flivver, we'll make colossal blunders, we'll probably have severe setbacks, but before this business is wound up the American Army will be the finest army ever gathered for war. No matter what may happen in Europe during the next two years, one fact stands out: The United States can't lose, and it will be the greatest military power on earth by 1920. We were a peace-loving people, slow to anger; but Bombast Bill sure started something! I only hope that the military fever won't run away with us.

Hating and Fighting

There's no other army whose average caliber of men compares with ours. I know this sounds like cheap talk and making the eagle scream; nevertheless, it's so. Put them alongside other troops on the continent of Europe and you'll see in half a minute that their average physique is superior to any, and their average of intelligence and adaptability infinitely higher. The only other considerations are discipline and guts. They'll soon acquire discipline, and as for the other—well, send them against Heinie and watch what happens.

We're doing away as much as possible with the old army distinctions. If what is being tried now works out all right there won't be any more heard of what the regulars are doing, or the National Guard units, or the new National Army. It'll be nothing but the American Army. And that ought to be good enough for anybody.

We surely won't be shy of training when we go in. There ought not to be the heavy losses from ignorance that the Allies suffered at the outset of the war, for if we have erred at all it is in waiting to give too much training to the men. The British drill their recruits at home a few months, send them to France, put on nine days' polishing, and then throw them in the line. They say it is ample training—and they certainly act like it. A British colonel told me that a few days in the trenches was worth more than months on a drill ground, anyhow.

Speaking of the British, we had an instructor with us who lectured us on the value of hate. He seemed to think it was essential for troops to hate before they would fight their best, and he was telling us what ought to be done to inculcate that feeling toward the enemy.

After he was through I happened to come away from the class with Jimmie Hayden. Jimmie was mighty thoughtful.

"Gee!" he said. "I wonder if the boches hate us that way!"

Now maybe I'm wrong, but I don't get this hate thing at all. Perhaps it is needed for some kinds of soldiers, but not for our boys, Ed. They'll fight all right without a lot of bunk being shot into them to make them hate. Any American will hate all that's needed when he starts in to fight, and my own notion is that if anybody tries to feed them propaganda to stir up their animosity they'll laugh at the whole business. What's more, those tactics are pretty certain to act as a boomerang. The boys know the job ahead of them and they'll do it without hate dope.

(Concluded on Page 52)

This is an actual photograph of one of the 40 x 8 Goodyear Cord Tires now in service for the Minneapolis Fire Department.

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

Transportation's Newest Ally

ALTHOUGH the motor truck already has been of incalculable service to transportation, barely a fraction of its worth has been realized.

Today, with every railroad and steamship terminal overwhelmed with tonnage, it is the one means of conveyance to which the world can turn for relief.

Such relief the motor truck can give, and give at once, provided it can be endowed with the speed, range and endurance of the larger forms of transportation.

The greatest forward step yet taken to give the motor truck these qualities is represented in the Goodyear Cord Tire shown opposite this page.

Undoubtedly the chief obstacle to the widest possible use for the motor truck now is the solid rubber tires with which it is commonly equipped.

The solid rubber tire is highly satisfactory for slow-speed short hauls through congested districts, but it bars the truck from high-speed long-distance work.

The vibration set up through the imperfect cushioning solid tires afford in such service soon batters even the strongest trucks to pieces.

This swift depreciation, coupled with high gasoline and oil costs, in most cases makes long-haul rapid-transit by truck unprofitable.

But all these handicaps to swift, safe and economical operation over great distances are stripped away from the truck shod with Goodyear Cord Tires.

These tires are *pneumatic* tires made especially for heavy truck service—with a carrying capacity greater than that of the ordinary truck itself.

They quicken the speed of the truck, lengthen its range, save tremendously in gasoline and oil consumption, and cut depreciation to the minimum.

They disencumber the truck of every hindrance to full utility, and in the harshest service make it ride like a limousine.

Put Goodyear Cord Tires underwheel on *your* trucks: they mean faster deliveries and more of them each day—more profitable operation over a greater area.

Use them to fit your trucks for quicker and smoother travel: except in the most constricted service they mean a lower cost per ton mile than you get from any solid tire.

They are far more than equipment for light delivery vehicles—they are built to carry the biggest loads with maximum swiftness and safety.

Today they are serving in heavy-truck duty in more than 200 American cities, to the profit and satisfaction of the men who employ them.

Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks are transportation's newest ally, tested and proved worthy under the most drastic conditions.

A fleet of four transports ranging in capacity up to five tons and regularly plying over a 1500-mile cross-country circuit, is attaining speeds in excess of thirty miles an hour on them without damage to the roads or the trucks.

They are delivering results in interurban and passenger service, in the delivery of foodstuffs and of fragile wares, in all manner of safe conduct rapid-transit, which have never been duplicated by another truck tire.

On your own motor trucks they will return you a measure of speed, endurance and economy not to be approximated by any other carrier.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
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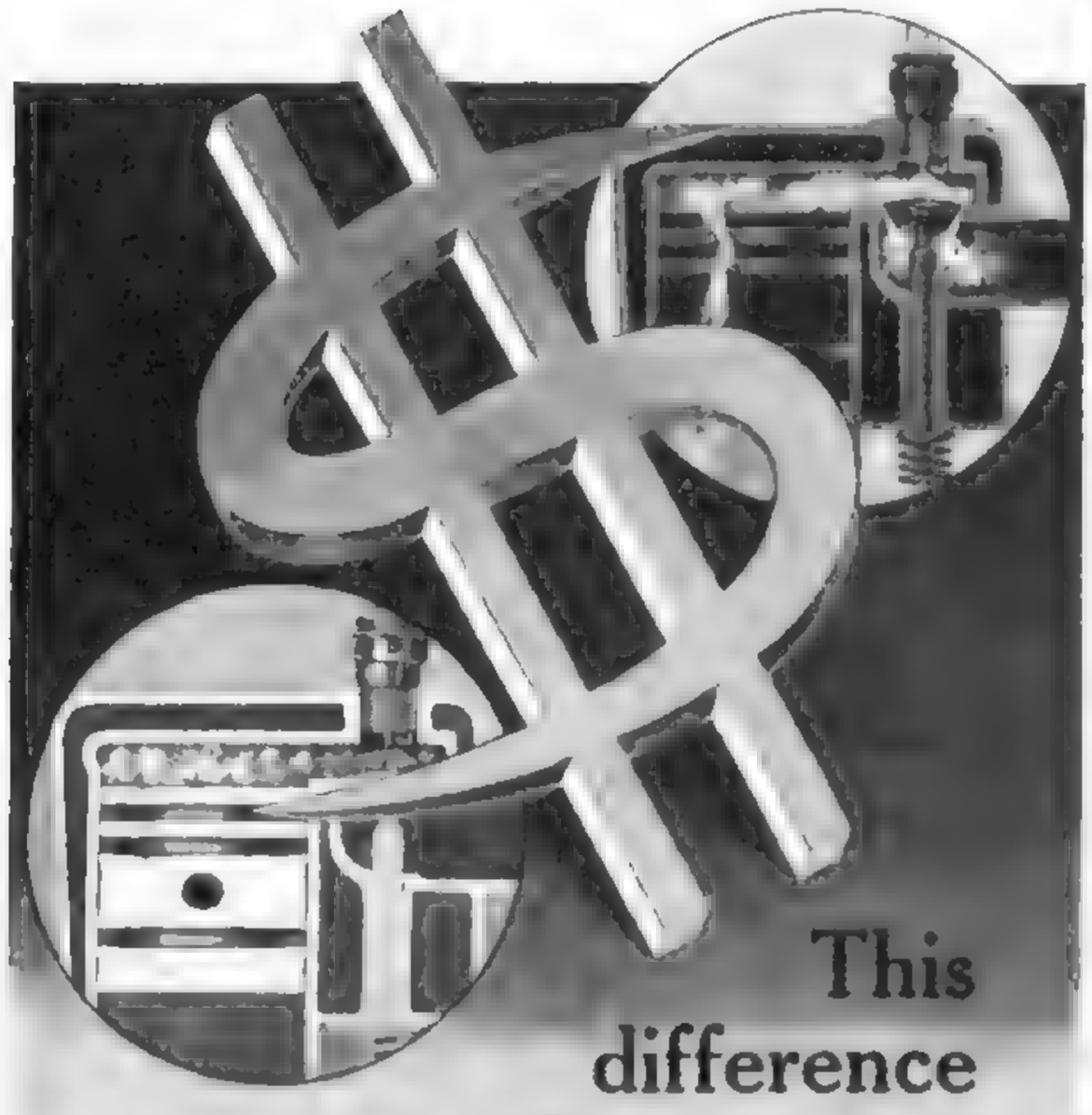

This difference means dollars to you!

If the piston rings in your engine are leaking, you are losing around 25% of the power and gasoline—according to experts' estimates.

If such a waste *is* going on in your engine, stop it at once! It *is* going on if your car has run much—because *any* piston rings will get worn and leak after a time.

Gas-tight piston rings in your motor will not only save you dollars, but they will make your engine much more powerful and responsive—and they will reduce carbonization, valve-pitting, etc., and stop oil from getting up past the leaky piston rings.

Inlands save you $5 to $10 per set over other types of gas-tight piston rings

The Inland is low priced, because *one piece*. Most efficient; because the Spiral Cut produces a ring that has *no* gap, and that expands in a *perfect* circle, making a complete seal against the cylinder wall. Equal width and thickness all around—strongest and most durable.

See your garage man about putting in new gas-tight piston rings. He'll put in Inlands without hesitation, if he's a good mechanic, for he knows their advantages. Write for booklet.

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Dealers—Our plan is a real business builder for you—write at once

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Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco

(Concluded from Page 49)

Besides, our people don't fall for propaganda so easily as some others. They've got too much horse sense. You can afford to take them into your confidence if you've got right and truth on your side. You don't need to camouflage, and they soon get fed up on hot air.

The boche tried his old tactics of propaganda right among our troops. He sent some airmen over the camps who dropped bundles of newspapers and pamphlets with the identical dope in them that did the job for the Italian Army. But of course we attended to that little trick, and the men who found some of their literature just gave it the laugh.

They know what they're fighting for, even if they couldn't put it into words on the spur of the moment under questioning. It isn't Alsace-Lorraine; and "rectification of frontiers and adjustment of barrier states don't worry them a minute." They're fighting for the United States, and that's plenty good enough for them.

The longer the war goes on the clearer the doughboy sees that there isn't room in the world for two systems of government so radically different as ours and a military autocracy ruled by a big It who talks of "my armies" and "my people," and who can start a world war whenever he feels like it. It's got to be a finish fight between those two systems, and if we don't do the job now the next generation will have it to do.

To an American who has never before been in Europe it is a constant puzzle how sane people can fall for hereditary rulers. It surely does seem to me that if they had the slightest sense of humor the system would be a big joke and they'd just brush it away with a laugh and go on about their business. The whole thing is so childish—yet peaceful nations must shed their blood to beat it!

I had a letter from Dave Ford the other day. He's up with the railroad engineers behind the British lines. They operate the narrow-gauge roads and do work like that. Well, one of their camps is just under the lee of a ridge where shells can't reach for direct hits, and they live in shallow dugouts. Some of the dugouts are more comfortable than others, and Dave says that the boys used to argue over ownership. Of course the best ones belonged to down-east New Englanders. You've got to hand it to a Yank, Ed; you never find him getting the worst of a shuffle. But did you ever meet up with one that wouldn't trade?

Dave says that when the Yanks found out how badly the others wanted these dugouts they had an auction sale and there were some lively real-estate transactions for a while. The pick of the lot sold for fifty francs—and then the guileless Illinois guys who bought it discovered that the roof leaked. But the Maine boys already had their money and were busily fixing up a dugout into which they had moved.

But what Dave didn't tell me was the joke on our home town. When he arrived he was mighty homesick and inquired if there was anybody in those parts from God's country—meaning you know where. Sure there was; come on with me and I'll show you one in two minutes. So Dave went along, his heart warming to the thought of greeting a fellow townsman. They found him all right. He was seated on the ground, patting stones with a hammer. He'd been sentenced to the rock pile for a few days because of a little spree. Fine ad for the old burg, hey?

It's strange how rapidly human beings can adapt themselves to new conditions. If anybody had told me two years ago that I could get used to shivering in a thin frame shack steen miles from anywhere, with nothing to do but boss a bunch of men on a railroad job, and eat and sleep, I'd have hooted. But I've done it, Ed! Not only am I used to it, but actually it's hard to remember when I was doing anything else. And I guess it will be the same about living in the trenches. Men soon adjust themselves.

That's what makes me think that all this talk about returned soldiers being unable to settle down to normal life after the war is nothing but bunk. They'll fall into the groove in no time. Perhaps they don't think so now, but just wait and see! When they find that they've got to do it it won't be six months before things are moving along just the way they did before everybody put on khaki. Maybe they'll have a different viewpoint, and they won't stand for a lot of outworn rubbish that used to be taken as a matter of course—I can see a bad day coming for the politicians when this war is over, Ed—but so far as their everyday occupations are concerned, the majority will go back to them, and be mighty glad to do it too.

The boys behave pretty well over here. Some fall down with a splash on pay day, but you couldn't get together thousands of soldiers of any nationality on earth without having trouble with a certain number. So we see a few drunks occasionally, in spite of the rigid precautions taken to prevent this and the fact that the punishment is very severe.

That is unavoidable. We don't permit a drop of booze in the messes or camps that are under our control; but the French retain control of their towns, and if they want to sell wine in their cafés it is none of our business. However, we have made certain regulations in regard to patronage of these places by our own troops.

What I want to emphasize is the low percentage of crimes. A few men may get lit up and go round telling what they'll do to the Kaiser and Ol' Man Hindenburg, but serious offenses are mighty rare. We had to hang one fellow; but boiling in oil would have been too good for him, and there wasn't a man in his regiment who didn't think so. It was a fine object lesson of American justice to the French. They flocked from miles round to see the execution; and now that whole country knows that any offense against the civilian population by our soldiers will be punished with an iron hand. Of all that has happened over here so far, and beyond every tribute paid us for our work in training and in the trenches, I am proudest of a little incident that occurred the other night.

I was at division headquarters, which is in a town of about eleven thousand population. It was fairly late, and dark as the mischief. The *alerte* had sounded for an air raid, and consequently even the few lights which are usually permitted in the streets were doused. All the windows were carefully curtained; none of the people moved about, and our own men had long since gone to bed in their barracks and billets.

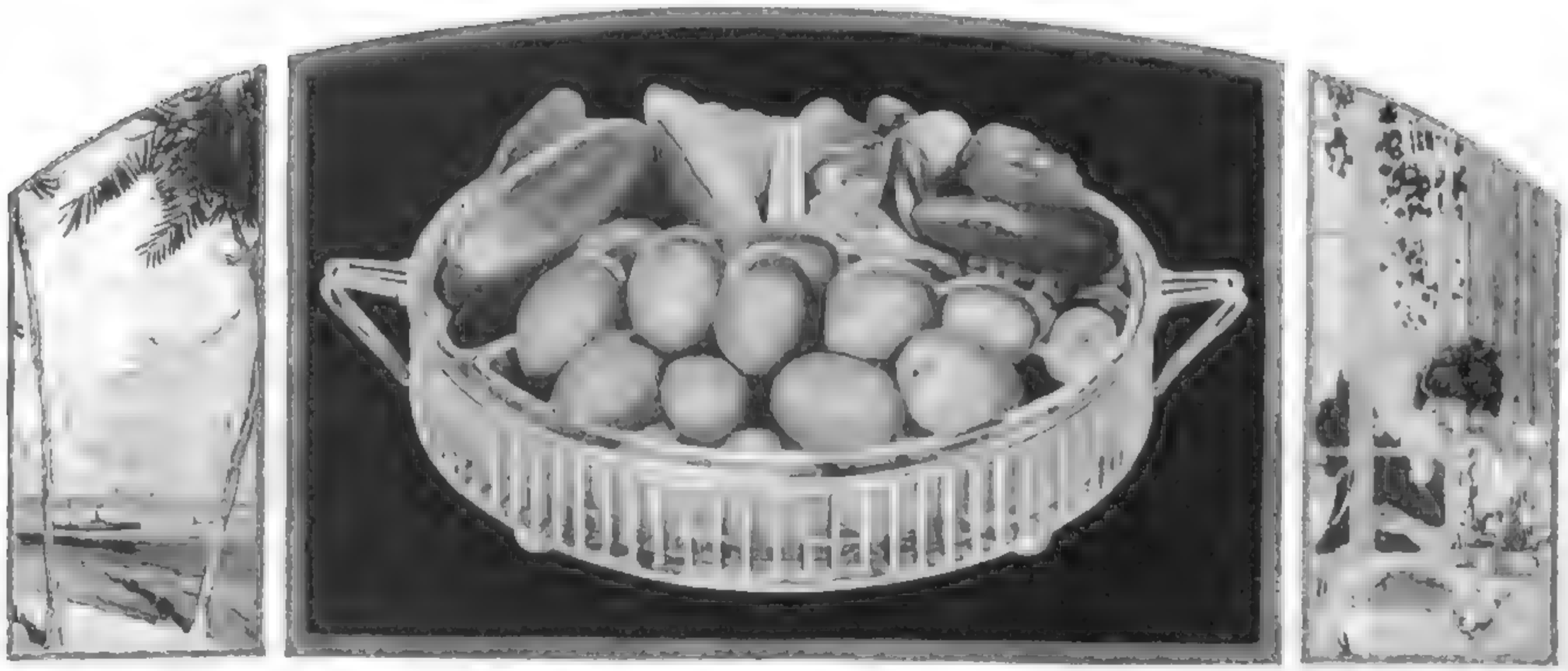
Well, I started from the chief of staff's office to my billet along a deserted, stone-paved, echoing street. It was dark as a tomb; I had to feel my way for fear of tripping. From somewhere in the sky came an angry hum, and looking up I perceived a tiny light winking amid the black clouds; one of the French airmen, who had gone up to tackle the invader, was signaling to the others.

Suddenly somebody emerged from a side street and bumped into me, and I made out two dim, shawled figures. One was a woman, the other a young girl. They screamed and ran.

"Don't be frightened!" I shouted.

Instantly they stopped. One of them gave a nervous laugh of relief.

"It's all right, child," she said in French. "He's American."



RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

The ancient Spanish city from which Columbus planned his voyages—Seville the Sunny—is a city set in a garden.

Around it, in a soil of amazing fertility, flourish the fragrant orange tree and the spreading palm. Scarlet poppies dot its waving wheat fields and vineyards hang heavy with luscious grapes. And there, on the slopes of near-by foothills, America has discovered, grow the finest olives in the world.

Only one who has tasted a genuine Seville "Queen" knows the true piquancy of the olive. Its size, its rich, dusky green color, its fine fibred juicy pulp make it a condiment for Kings.

Eat one and you'll never stop with the proverbial three—so rich is the oil, so appetizing the tang of these succulent olives.

In the heart of Andalusia

How these olives are brought to thousands of American tables today is a part of the fascinating story of Arthur A. Libby and his idea—

—an idea that the finest flavored foods, wherever grown, could be sent to every home in this broad land by packaging these foods right where they are produced, and at the moment when they are freshest and most delicious.

And so, with all the olives of the world to choose from, Libby selected

What American enterprise discovered in the city from which he discovered us

those of this little corner of old Spain, and there in the heart of Andalusia, in the finest, most modern plants, they start the curing of these finest of olives on the day they are picked.

From trees that Columbus knew

Here, from trees that Columbus must have seen—for many of them are over 600 years old—these rare olives are gathered. One by one, to prevent the slightest bruising, they are placed in softly lined baskets.

In panniers, on the backs of sure-footed donkeys, they are carried down the winding hill trails without jolting, to the white tiled washing and curing house in the valley below.

Here they are cured, washed and sorted—every defective or slightest bruised olive being taken out, so that when you open a bottle of Libby Olives in your home here in America, you find each one as perfect on the side turned inward as on the side showing through the glass.

No wonder the demand for these olives grows and grows. If you have never tasted them you do not know the full tang and zest of the real olive flavor.

Serve them alone, or with Libby Pickles, Dills, or Sweet Mixed—another example of the Libby idea. Grown from pedigreed seeds, in the finest pickle sections of the United States—cured in Libby plants right where they grow—these pickles are a delight to smack the lips over again and again.

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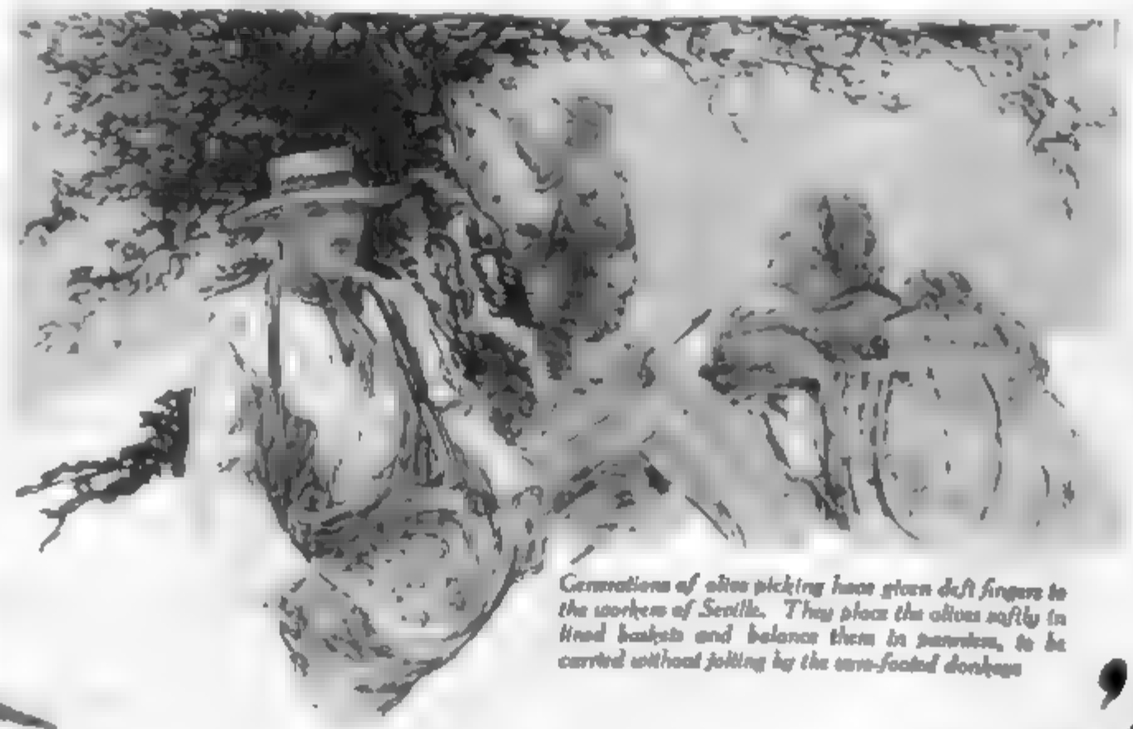
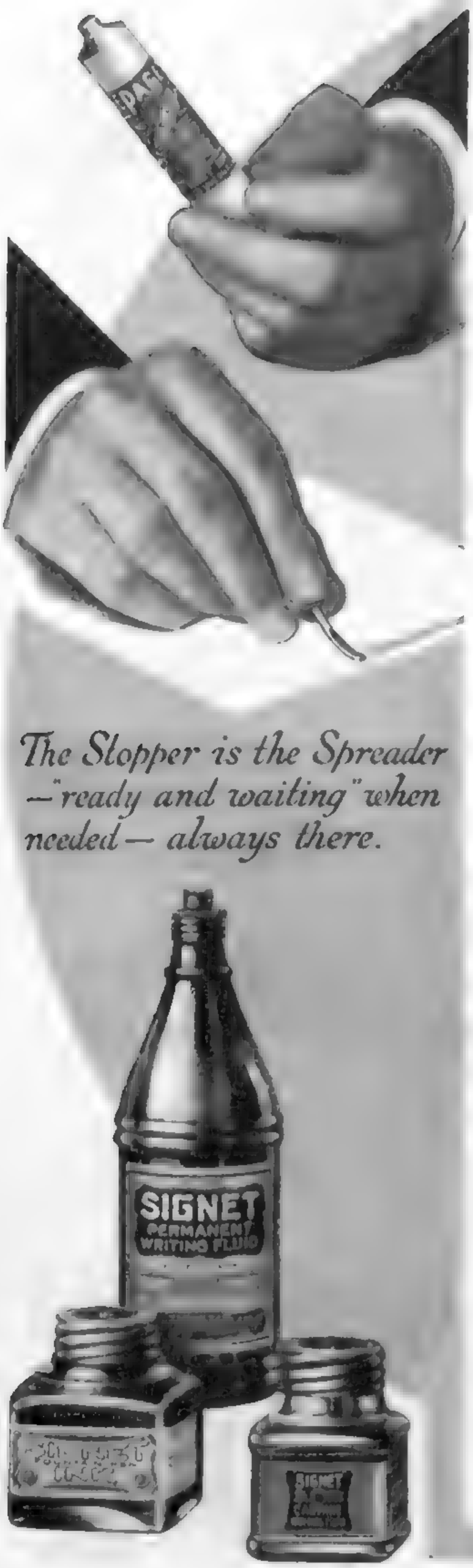


Generations of olive picking have given deft fingers to the workers of Seville. They place the olives softly in lined baskets and balance them in panniers, to be carried without jolting by the sure-footed donkeys

In the white-tiled curing house the olives are cured and handled so skillfully that every one comes perfect to our American tables

Libby's



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LEPAGE'S CHINA CEMENT—Resists hot or cold water—Requires no heating—In handy tubes ready to mend china, glass or porcelain. Like LePage's Glue it is dependable and made to *a standard of excellence*. Don't be without a tube in the house. "Mend—don't spend."

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GLOUCESTER, MASS.

WHAT IS THE USE OF SAVING?

By Albert W. Atwood

PERHAPS never in the history of the world was so much being said on the subject of saving as at the present time. If Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Smiles, and all the other famous apostles of thrift, were alive to-day it is doubtful if they could add a single word or argument to those which are being presented. Fortunately so much preaching and exhortation will do some little good; but the waste of ammunition, as it were, is terrific. People naturally dislike to go without comforts and luxuries when they have the money to buy them; and people also are hardened to sermons, moralizing, and all the rest of the apparatus of the preacher.

I am not in possession of any new or fresh argument that will induce a spendthrift nation to become thrifty. I have no cure-all for what is a very complicated disease. But it does seem as if too much emphasis has been laid upon mere eloquence, rhetoric and oratory in the thrift campaign, and not enough upon the hard-headed practical question of how well it pays the individual to save. What is the personal reward for the man or woman who saves?

Truth to tell, there are millions of men and women who could be made to turn pale at the thought of lost opportunities if only someone in whom they have trust should suddenly seize them by the arm and point out, in a few brief sentences, how they might have accumulated a small fortune—or at least a competence—if only they had started right.

When to Wear Frayed Trousers

There is no one person, no prophet or messiah, who can concentrate or expiate in his own person this widespread daily tragedy of millions. Most people do not realize until middle age, when it is usually too late, that if they had begun to save, say, a third of their earnings in the early twenties, and had stuck to it, they would have an income in the middle or late fifties equal to their former earnings. Youth is heedless because it is youth; middle age becomes heedless from habit, and often from despair. War-time thrift propaganda will no doubt relieve these moral defects to a slight extent; but it cannot eradicate them.

We are urged to save money partly because the Government needs every cent for Liberty Bonds, taxes, savings stamps, and other devices of wartime finance. We are urged to save money, also, in order that we may buy less of the things the Government needs—that is, we are asked not to compete with the War and Navy Departments for the goods and services money buys. Then, too, we are told to save on food, fuel and other articles, for the even more obvious and simple reason that the world is short of them; and it is selfish of us to demand our normal peacetime share. Vital, patriotic and splendid as these points are, it seems to me they become far more effective in reaching people when the individual realizes that he is going to benefit directly by saving.

Mr. John G. Shedd, head of the Marshall Field store in Chicago, was recently quoted as saying that if young men between eighteen and thirty could be taught to save there would be precious few men wearing frayed trousers when they were old; and he added that it was far better for a man to wear frayed trousers before thirty than later in life. But the important thing, he said, was that his own attention was first called to the benefits of saving when he was a boy and had happened to read an article telling what compound interest would do.

Doubtless thousands of new fortunes would be started and the poorhouses robbed of most of their future occupants if every young man of twenty in this country could be forced to spend five minutes with a cheap lead pencil and a scrap of paper, figuring where he would be, financially speaking, at fifty or fifty-five, if he should put aside at compound interest every week a fixed number of dollars—not more than five.

And there is not a shadow of doubt that the most scientific analysis of the causes of business success and large fortunes, including even such elements as luck, trickery and fraud, would put ability to save money 'way up in the list—almost next to what everybody knows to be the chief causes, which are industry and concentration.

Just to show in theory what small savings will do, it may be noted that if all the employees of the United States Steel Corporation should save two dollars a week, and put it into stock of the company, they would own a controlling interest within ten years. Indeed, that thing may come about some day, as at least one-sixth of the employees do own stock now.

Almost every book and article on how to save money has some secret to present which is sure to show you how to do it; but I am certain there is no secret in the fact that most people fail to save money largely because they won't take trouble enough. And it is not altogether the people's fault, either. They are urged to save—preached at, sermonized at, exhorted to save; but they are not instructed in the details of saving.

We are told how to save in the household, and all that sort of thing; but we are not told, to any extent, what to do with our money after we have saved it. Young men attend lectures and take correspondence courses on how to increase their will power, their personal efficiency and their general business knowledge. But have you ever heard of a young man who took a course on what to do with his money after he had made it? And, above all, what to do with the surplus after he had paid his bills?

Why, the average man does not even read the conditions printed on the back of his insurance policy! He does not take one-thousandth as much trouble to invest his money so it will work for him at compound interest as he does to earn that money—which is a most curious fact, because money works twenty-four hours a day, without getting tired or going on strike or complaining, year after year; though no human being will or can work that way.

Young men think nothing of spending a hundred dollars to buy a set of books which tries to tell them how to increase their business efficiency and salesmanship, and yet remain as ignorant as babes of how to turn the money that comes from their increased earning power into income power. Most marvelous of all is the fact that it never occurs to them that something is lacking in their education.

It is most unfortunate that so much emphasis has been laid by the ever-increasing volume of business literature upon the earning side merely, and so little upon the investing side. As an illustration, take one course of business books: There are twenty-four volumes, and only two of them deal with the use of money after it is made. Really this is preposterous; but it is natural. The mechanical and technical details of investing money are cold, and probably seem to the young man especially lacking in human appeal.

A Neglected Art

Almost all normal persons are intensely interested in their work, their means of livelihood, even though they do not altogether like it. Work nearly always brings one into contact with others. It consists largely of human relationships and adjustments. It is always very much alive. Just think of the marshaling of desirable mental and moral qualities and traits that a successful salesman or physician or factory superintendent is urged to develop! As compared with all this, how insignificant, how absurdly trifling is the time, effort and thought given by the same persons to the proper employment for the money they earn! We all know men who overwork themselves into nervous breakdowns for a very moderate salary, and who do not give twenty minutes a week to the details of saving money.

This ranges all the way up and down and through the scale. One man devotes incessant physical effort for ten long hours a day in a steel mill or in the dreary rounds of a clerkship, and pays no attention at all to his rather meager savings. But the high-priced lawyer or manager is just as careless. I suppose the truth is that the details of saving and investing—such as walking to the savings bank every week, care in depositing money before interest dates, care not to withdraw money before interest dates, purchasing safe mortgages or bonds, care and promptness in investing the interest, and vigor and punctuality in remedying bad investments—seem dreary and without heart or soul as compared with the vital daily occupation of earning money.

Saving money is of little use unless it is persistent, regular and long-continued. Ordinarily saving alone does not get one anywhere unless persisted in for twenty-five or thirty years without ceasing. Now men work without ceasing for the same length of time; but usually there is variety in their work: the chance of promotion, of change of occupation and location. There is at least a possibility of these variations, at the worst; and at the best, with many people, there is practically a certainty of change and promotion. Almost always in a generation of work there is some variety, color or change.

But saving money is a dreaded monotonous thing. At the best it is only mathematics, and thirty years is a beastly long time to wait for the results of mathematics. At the worst there is the possibility of a bad investment and losing the money. There is no variety, color or change. The whole process, at the best, is cut and dried from the beginning. It is natural for human impatience to prefer the pleasures that come from the present spending of money to the far-distant future pleasures of saving.

The Slipperiest Thing on Earth

The sad thing is that it takes so little saving, provided it is regular and persistent, to lead to comparative wealth, even in one generation. In the same way it takes so little spending to lead to poverty. Ingrained deeply in the human race is the knowledge of just where the line lies. As Micawber said, a man with an income of one pound a week will reach poverty in time if he spends just one penny more than his income, and will reach opulence if he spends just one penny less.

Another sad fact is that improvidence and carelessness about saving plays right into the hands of those who are careful. One man's weakness is another man's opportunity. Hetty Green had perhaps the lowest degree of impatience for present income and the highest degree of preference for future income on record. As a result, she was able to run a fortune of six million dollars up to about one hundred million without doing a stroke of productive work, in the ordinary sense.

The apostles of thrift, in their zeal, sometimes talk as if money could go on earning compound interest indefinitely. Such an idea is ridiculous. If it were true, one dollar, placed at four or five per cent compound interest in the year One, would now have multiplied to many, many times the value of the earth in solid gold. Someone has figured that if two billion people each shot five thousand dollars a minute from two billion guns they could get rid of only a fraction of this sum if they kept at it steadily for a thousand years!

For many reasons, money does not go on earning indefinitely. This being a finite world, there are not enough investments for any given sum of money to accumulate beyond a certain point. Then, too, the human desire to accumulate goes only so far. It would never countenance continual accumulation. And of more practical importance is the fact that investments are not safe enough to permit money to accumulate at compound interest for long periods of time.

Anyone who stops to think soon realizes how temporary and finite are most forms of wealth.

The Civil War brought an end to several hundred million dollars' worth of slaves. Railroads rendered large investments in turnpikes of no particular value; though, some years before the coming of the railroads, the trustees of Andover Theological Seminary had recorded their deliberate opinion that turnpikes were the best investments for the funds confided to their care, as they were the "connecting ways between cities." Tunnels have destroyed ferry property; and brewery shares tremble before the march of Prohibition. Property, wealth, capital—money—all these die just about as rapidly as men and women.

A furniture worker, on a wage of fifteen dollars a week, had saved up a hundred dollars, which was on deposit in the Postal Savings Bank. He wanted a higher rate of interest, but was afraid to venture. In search of information the workman wrote to an acquaintance as follows:

"The saying is: Money is the slipperiest thing on earth. When you have had it once and it gets away from you, there is just one thing on earth to count on—always change; change it for something new and different."

The sensible view to take, and the practical one for those who wish to save against a rainy day, or for any purpose or object, is somewhere between the extremes. It is fortunate indeed that money does not go on accumulating forever; because, if it did, a few people would, in time, get all the wealth of the world. Nor is it necessary, as the furniture worker seems to think, to keep changing one's investments constantly in order to keep them from slipping through one's fingers. At least, it is unnecessary for the small saver to worry or bother about such measures, however essential they may be in the care of large sums.

Indeed, the only instances where compound interest can surely be counted upon to work for long periods of time are in respect to small sums deposited in savings banks or other equally well-guarded depositories. There are countless instances of dormant accounts and of forgotten pass books which, when found, mount up to a thousand dollars or so, though the original deposit was for only a few dollars. In 1858 the sum of two hundred dollars was placed in a savings bank in Lowell, Massachusetts, and withdrawn in 1912 with enough interest to make the total about two thousand dollars. The writer happened to be sitting at a table recently with two older men and casually mentioned the fact that small deposits are often forgotten for many years, only to turn up eventually as quite sizable sums. Both men said they had personally known of such cases, and one of them had inherited a savings-bank account from an uncle and found, when he went to collect it, that several hundred dollars awaited him, though only a few dollars had been deposited originally. In thirty years the daily saving of a dime will amount to more than a thousand dollars. Even three or four cents a day will make quite a sum if you persevere for a couple of generations.

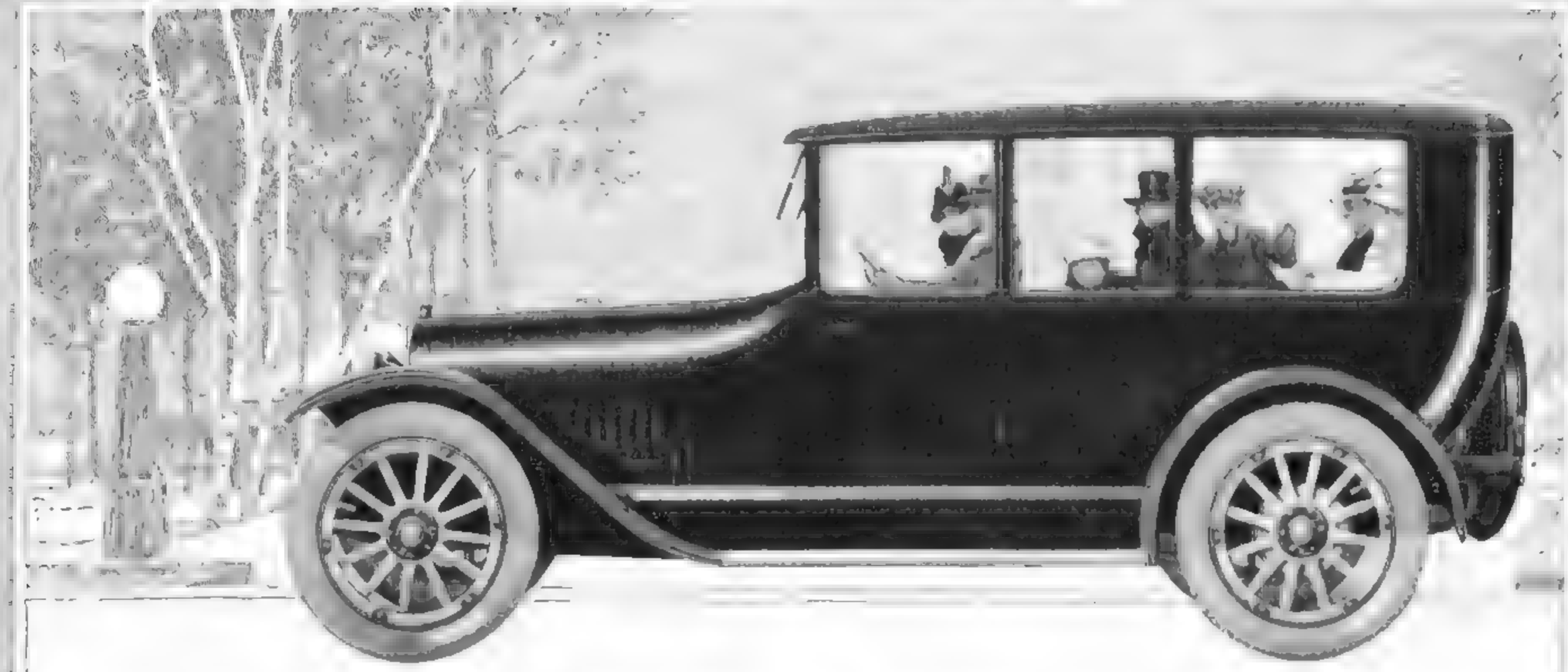
Two Growing Bequests

Of course there are a few interesting examples of long-continued reinvestments and interest accumulation. The Lowell Institute, in Boston, was founded in 1838 by a bequest of two hundred thousand dollars, with the condition that ten per cent of the income should be reinvested and added to the principal every year. After only sixty-seven years the fund amounted to one million one hundred thousand dollars.

At his death, in 1790, Benjamin Franklin left five thousand dollars each to the towns of Boston and Philadelphia, with a proviso that they should accumulate for a hundred years, at the end of which time he calculated that each legacy would amount to over six hundred thousand dollars. The Boston gift actually amounted to four hundred thousand dollars at the end of the century and is now more than six hundred thousand dollars. The sum received by Philadelphia has not increased so fast.

Very few of us care whether our money lasts a hundred years or not. Small sums do actually accumulate and compound long enough for all practical purposes, and with as complete safety as anyone needs, through the mediums of such institutions as savings banks and insurance companies. Obviously it is a long, tedious process to get rich solely through the medium of compound interest, though the old adage reminds us: It's what you save, not what you earn, that makes you rich.

The simple truth is that, though saving and investing money at low interest rates is a slow and tedious process of getting ahead in the world, and only one of several ways, it is far too much neglected by most people.



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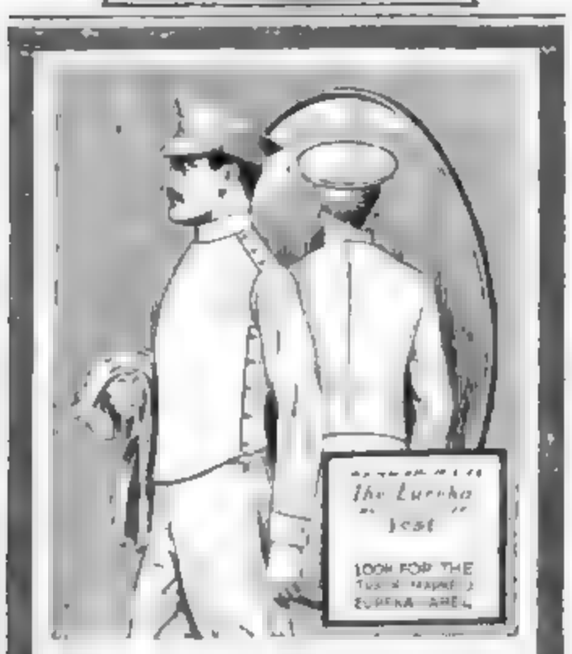
Johnston Discovered Brazils Chocolate Dipped



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THE GRAND ROMANTIC MANNER

(Continued from Page 10)

And between the two he had drawn and colored a rough coat of arms, a golden tiger on a red field, crested with a crown and bearing the motto "*Je saisis ce que je pourrai.*"

"*Je saisis ce que je pourrai*—I take what I can," I thoughtfully translated; and back in my rooms a few minutes later, again and again I tried to work it out—to draw the line where ambition ceases to be a virtue and becomes a delusion of grandeur perilous alike to the possessor and to the world round him.

"He's crazy, of course," I concluded at last; "and yet, . . . every line of kings had to have a start somewhere, . . . and if I had lived next door to the founders of some of the modern dynasties . . . I wonder if I shouldn't have thought that they were as crazy as he!"

v

IN AN actor's life miracles become commonplace and prodigies are discounted in advance, all the changes of human fortune being encompassed within a few short hours. This, I think, was the reason why I failed to appraise our neighbor's hopes at the value which he had set upon them. Moreover, truth to tell, I was disenchanted with life, and so I looked upon his invention as a weary playwright looks upon an amateur's offering, yawning inwardly as he picks up the manuscript, altogether careless of the climax.

Thanks to Jocko, our male quartet still remained the strongest theatrical attraction in London, and though the shower of gold continued I found myself constantly made mournful by the thought that a braying ass delighteth the multitude, while the classics play to empty seats. Indeed, one morning I made some mention of this to Josephine.

"That's all right, too," she replied with spirit. "But let me tell you this: I've got two new dresses at once for the first time in twenty years, and if Jocko doesn't lose his voice I'm going to get that set of pearls I was looking at the other day."

After she had gone I was pondering some of these thoughts, when I heard a slight explosion in our neighbor's room. This was followed by another—then another—and half a minute later our door burst open and Napieff stood breathless on the threshold.

"I've got it!" he managed to stammer at last. "Oh, come, *batuchka!* Oh, come you quick and see!"

And, willy-nilly, he took me to his room.

On the table were a number of empty packages, evidently purchased from the apothecary's that morning; and their contents, I guessed, had found their way into the snuff tin which stood among the empty wrappings.

"And now," exulted Napieff, "the devil is about to say 'Kerchew!'"

From the fireplace he took a battered coal shovel and carefully placed in this a microscopic quantity of powder from the snuff tin—a quantity so small indeed that it immediately lost itself in the dirt on the shovel and became invisible.

This shovel he placed in the empty hearth and pressed me back against the opposite wall.

"Now!" he muttered.

In his hand he held a glass of water, and taking careful aim he launched this water toward the shovel. I saw the cascade fairly strike its target and simultaneously a sharp report was heard. The shovel was hurled halfway across the room and when I picked it up I saw that a hole had been violently torn right through the center of the pan. Up the chimney a cloud of gas was rising, evil in color and curl—and it needed small imagination to know what that meant.

"You see?" whispered Napieff. "Without the draft we would be as dead men! A few short whiffs of that ——"

He made a gesture and excitement nearly strangled him—his eyes and veins standing out in dreadful sympathy. "If I could only try it now on a larger scale!" he said.

He strode to the window—I think to scan the heavens for signs of rain—but as the wheel of fortune spun in the hands of Time it projected, centrifugally, a watering cart, its horse and driver; and these three things made deliberate and lachrymose procession up Warwick Crescent toward our house.

My action, or rather my lack of action, for the next few minutes will ever be a source of wonder to me, and as long as I live I shall grimace in the dark whenever the memory comes to me at night, or mutter a malediction against the light of day. For as the watering cart drew ever nearer, gushing out its gently hissing spray, and as Napieff ran to the snuff box, I made no move whatever to stop him, but only stared in an open-mouthed stupor of wonder, as those in the galleries will sometimes stare at the trap into which Beelzebub is presently due to descend.

In one of the empty wrappings Napieff placed a pinch of his devilish powder, and screwing up the paper with a shopkeeper's twist, he tossed the packet into the street below.

Even then I probably didn't grasp what would happen—the thing was still too incredible. But a minute later, when the watering cart passed over the twist of paper and the resulting explosion shook the house, I began to understand that I was in the presence of a maker of history comparable only to that unbelievable servant of God who first concocted gunpowder.

Fortunately for my peace of mind the driver of the cart escaped death, though tossed like a pancake from a skillet and landing in a greengrocer's cart safely outside the zone of gas. As for the cart, it would have puzzled an antiquarian to tell from its ruins what once it had been—and the horse fared little better. In the causeway a large hole had been torn, the immediate focal point of the local constabulary.

The first arrivals were promptly put to rout by the ever-widening circle of gas, and a few minutes later the bells of St. Paul's sent out such a hurried warning of hostile airships that the notes seemed to shake and sob in their brazen throats. At this my neighbor laughed aloud and, safe in my room, he asked me to typewrite for him two letters which he had evidently written with careful labor.

Both were brief and both were to the point.

The first was to the premier, stating that the writer had perfected an invention which would end the war within a week.

"The absolute victor of this war," said the letter, "could well claim world dominion, setting up his imperial throne wherever he wished, making and breaking kings at will. All that I claim, however, are the throne of Russia, now vacant, and the hand of the Princess Charlotte of Devon. More than this I do not ask. Less I will not take."

The second letter was to the Princess Charlotte herself.

It was a letter conceived in craft and written with cunning. If she would promise to marry him—him, the future King of Russia—the war would be over in less than a week, millions of men would be saved from death, millions of others from permanent injury, lameness, blindness. Would she make a personal sacrifice of her own wishes to gain so much for mankind and show herself a true princess of the people? Or would she abandon humanity to the fate which a continuance of the war would bring upon it?

Both letters ended in the same pattern: The next time it rained he would make two demonstrations—one in front of the premier's office, the other in front of the princess' home.

"In each case," he concluded, "my monogram shall be left behind, with a thunder of guns and flash of flame. And every time it rains thereafter I will leave my monogram on London with rapidly increasingly magnitude, until I see a purple flag flying above the doorway of Hampton House. Then I shall know that my terms have been accepted and that the war is to end within a week."

I read these letters with interest—unsigned, shorn of identity, remarkable exhalations of a remarkable mind—but when he repeated his request that I should typewrite them for him I flatly refused.

"But why not?" he kept insisting. "Why not?"

"Well, for one thing," I told him, "I'm a British subject and don't care to be hung for treason. It isn't everybody, you know, who has your monumental nerve."

"You are right, *batuchka!*" he exultingly cried. "Nor yet my monumental brains, eh? Listen you to me! With the princess as a hostage—you understand?—and the help of the Russian aëroplanes—you know what I will be within a month? Master of the world! Yes! Master—of—the—world!"

Unholy fire burned in his eyes—the light, I thought, of madness born of overmuch ambition. And yet, I reflected again, he was not the only man who had dreamed of world dominion. If I had known Napoleon, for instance, when he was visioning and planning his future, I might have considered him much more mad than Napieff.

"Oh, well," he exclaimed at last, "if you can read the letters—so, too, can they. I will send them at once by messenger. And even if my writing is hard to read," he added with one of his passionate smiles, "my demonstrations will be plain enough. I promise you that, *batuchka!*"

"But look here," I said, another thought striking me. "What about our quartet?"

He gave me a look which I shall never forget.

"Quartet!" he cried. "He says 'Quartet' to me!" And bursting into ironic laughter he strode from the room with one of his magnificent exits.

To me, however, it wasn't a laughing matter; for an actor soon learns to regard his curtain as the Medes looked on their laws. Though battle, murder and sudden death may chance behind the scenes, the public's feet will begin to stamp if the curtain is five minutes late. And a quartet with only three members ——

It was then that I thought about the second violin who had arranged our scores—how Josephine had once wished that he was in the quartet instead of Napieff; and wasting not another minute I started out to find him. By great good luck he knew most of the songs and lines by heart; but two o'clock had come and gone before Josephine appeared at the Piccadilly, and then I hardly had time to speak to her before our act began. But as soon as we had taken our last laughing curtain call—Jocko, the musical jackass, with a wreath of flowers round his neck—Josephine turned to me sharply enough and inquired "What's the matter with Napieff?"

"He's got important business on hand," I said.

"What's more important than the quartet?" she demanded.

And half joking, half in earnest, I replied, "He's going to be the King of Russia and marry Princess Charlotte."

Josephine stared, as well she might. "Wait till I change my clothes," she said, "and then you can tell me all about it."

We went to a tea room near the Piccadilly, and there I related my adventures of the morning.

"For the love o' Lulu!" said Josephine when I told her about the watering cart; and as soon as I had finished she was ready for me.

"Horace," she said, "that poor girl might as well marry a snake."

"But what are we going to do about it?" I asked.

For nearly a minute Josephine stirred her tea. "He said he was going to make his first demonstration as soon as it rains?" she suddenly asked.

"Yes."

"And where did you say he kept this powder of his?"

"In a snuff tin on one of his shelves."

"We'll get that first," she nodded. And rising with the assured manner that had lately fallen upon her—the brisk, determined manner of those who feel their star is in the ascendant—she added, "We'll have to hurry, Horace, for it certainly looks like rain!"

vi

AS TIME, pressing forward with majestic tread, gives me a better perspective of the events of that June evening, the thing that impresses me the most is the insignificant part I played as the drama rushed on to its irresistible climax. Truly the gods must have smiled with delight at this subtle touch of the Muses.

When once I held the boards of the painted stage the play revolved upon my exits and my entrances, and whenever I moved across the scene on deliberate legs the spot light followed me like a brooding spirit and every noise was hushed to hear me speak. But that evening from the moment when I left the tea room with Josephine I might have been the veriest super that ever

(Continued on Page 63)

Easy to clean

The Plug with the Green Jacket

It is seldom necessary to clean a SPLITDORF plug because oil and dirt cannot possibly get beyond the bushing which encircles the laterally wound ruby mica core. However, it is a satisfaction to know that this plug may be easily and quickly cleaned should it ever become foul.

It isn't necessary to disassemble the entire plug. With a few turns of a wrench separate the upper part of the plug from the lower shell. This exposes the firing points and mica core. Wash them with a few drops of gasoline and the plug is ready to reassemble, by merely screwing the sections together.

SPLITDORF plugs may be cleaned again and again without the slightest injury, as oil cannot penetrate the mica insulation.

There is a type of SPLITDORF plug best suited for every engine. Get them from your jobber and dealer.

If you are experiencing any trouble with plugs of any make our skilled engineers are at your call. Write us and we will advise you and show you how to correct the evil

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO., Newark, N. J.

Manufacturers of DIXIE and SUMTER Magnetos

SPLITDORF SPARK PLUGS

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Will[illegible]readed Rubber Insulation

If you don't find a local Willard Service Station advertised in next Sunday's paper, write Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, for list of addresses of all Willard Service Stations

"Now I Know Where to Get Expert, Dependable Battery Service"

Many a car-owner has said that to himself on seeing a Willard Service Station advertisement in his home newspaper.

It *is* a satisfaction to learn that in or near your own town is an authorized Willard Expert—a man you can trust, properly trained in battery repairs and recharging, with adequate equipment, a complete stock of parts and new batteries, and a rental battery for your use while yours is being repaired.

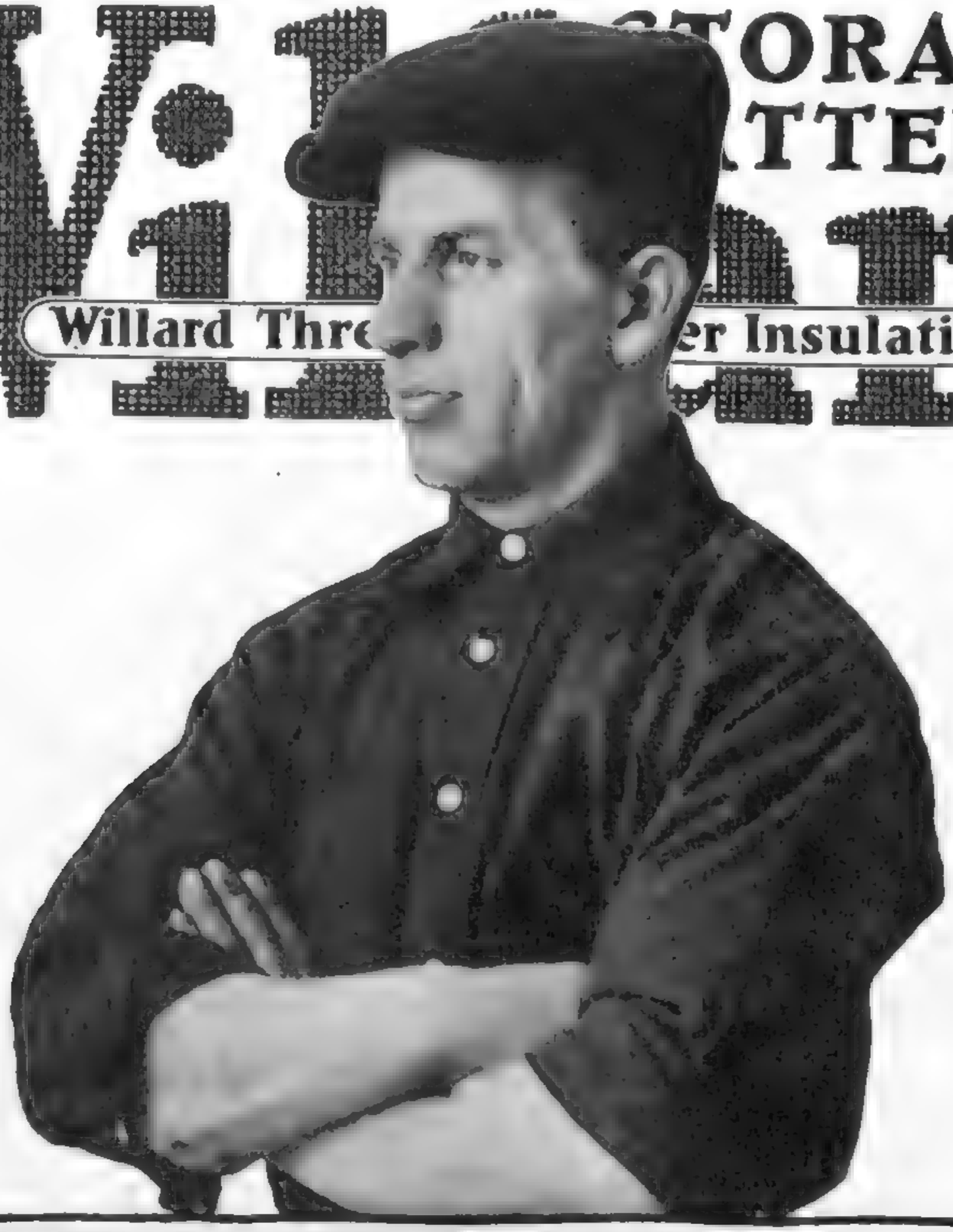
Experienced car-owners know it doesn't pay to let an amateur tinker with any part of a motor car. They're always glad to find reliable people, such as one meets at any Willard Service Station.

So when you see my address in next Sunday's paper, drop in and let us get acquainted. I'll give you all the pointers I can about good batteries and the proper way to care for them.

Willard Service.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Thread Rubber Insulation



The Willard Service Station dealer in your town is a good man to know. Even if you don't need repairs or a new battery, he can give you valuable information, to help prolong the life of your battery

"Yes, and Don't Forget to Ask Me About the Still Better Willard"

Some day your present battery will wear out. No battery will last forever.

Then you'll be glad to know you can get one that gives you even greater assurance of the efficiency and long service that have always been characteristic of Willard Batteries.

Let me show you a Still Better Willard, with Threaded Rubber Insulation, and explain how 196,000 little threads made possible a tremendous advance in battery quality.

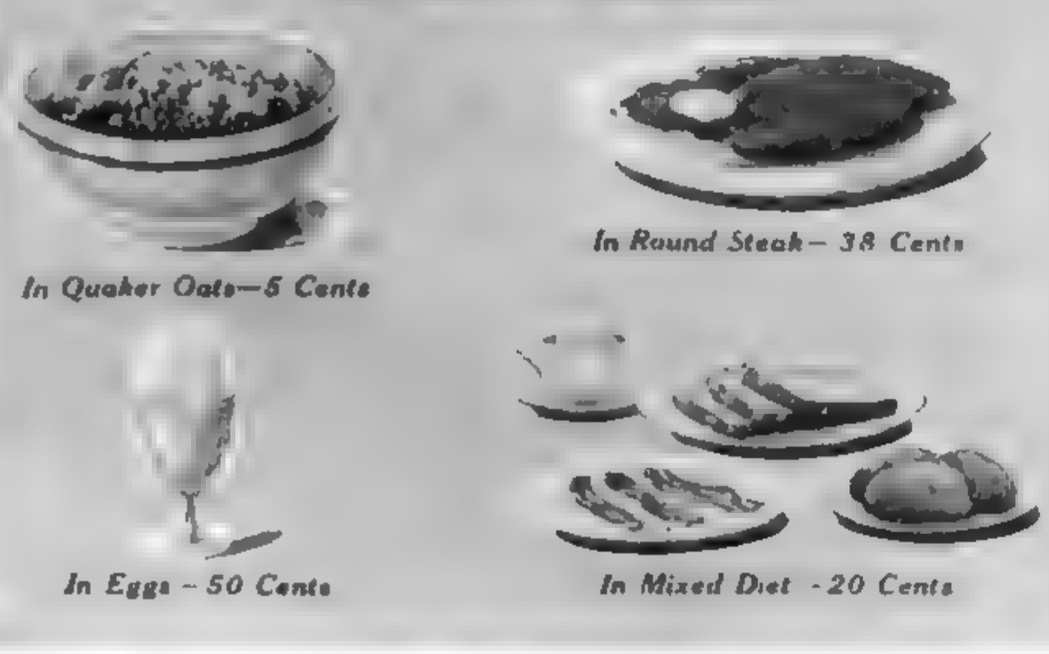
The threaded rubber insulation offers high resistance to all the forces that tend to weaken and break down the plates of the battery, but no resistance to the free flow of current.

I'll tell you many other interesting facts about this "Still Better Willard," when you call at the Service Station.

Willard Service.

Cost of 1000 Calories

The Unit of Nutrition



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You Could Live For 12c Daily

Were All Foods Like Quaker Oats

In Quaker Oats, 1000 calories of nutrition cost 5 cents. In the larger package a little less. So the average daily need—2500 calories—would cost 12 cents in this food.

Of course, one likes mixed diet. But what we urge in these days is—mix in what oats you can. Every dollar's worth used in place of meat saves an average of $7. Every pound used in place of flour means more bread for our allies.

The oat is Nature's supreme food. No other grain can match it in flavor and nutrition.

Oats are plentiful and cheap. You can serve five dishes of Quaker Oats for the cost of a single egg.

Make this flavory dainty the entire morning meal. Serve it in big dishes. Then mix Quaker Oats with your flour foods. They will add delightful flavor, and will help conserve our wheat.

In these high-cost days—in these war times—more than ever the oat is the food of foods.

Quaker Oats

The Exquisite Flakes

Use Quaker Oats because of their wondrous flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel, yet they cost you no extra price.

Use them to make your oat foods so inviting that everyone will want them. Their flavor is now doubly important.

12c and 30c per package in United States and Canada, except in Far West and South where high freights may prohibit

Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1¼ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand few minutes, add sugar, salt and melted butter, sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Griddle Cakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt, add to Quaker Oats mixture, add melted butter and eggs beaten lightly. Beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 3 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

(Continued from Page 58)

chattered his teeth—one of the mob in a piece of pageantry, unknown by man and undistinguished by nature.

"Now first of all," said Josephine, "I want you to buy a tin of snuff—a tin just like the one he keeps his powder in. Then when we get in his rooms we'll make an exchange that'll have him scratching his head the next time he tries to blow up a watering cart."

I had my doubts about how we should get into his rooms, but when we reached the house, a quarter-pound tin of Copenhagen under my arm, it all became simple enough. As soon as she had assured herself that Napieff wasn't at home Josephine hurried out and returned with a locksmith.

"I've lost my keys," she carelessly remarked, indicating our neighbor's door.

And within five minutes we had exchanged the two snuff tins, and were safe in our own rooms.

"Now put on your very best things," said Josephine, still calmly taking the lead, "because we're going to make a mighty particular call."

"Scotland Yard?" I asked.

"No, no," said Josephine as casually as she had spoken to the locksmith. "We're going to Hampton House to call on Princess Charlotte."

"But, my dear Josephine," I protested, scandalized, "you simply can't! That isn't done at all, you know! Absolutely out of the question!"

"Yes? Well, put on your best things, anyhow. We're going to try it, just the same."

In somewhat sulky silence, not at all pleased with the minor rôle I was playing, I began to change my garments, and upon my throwing one of them over the back of a chair with considerable force a number of coins rolled out upon the floor. It was while I was picking these up that I had my second great shock that day. Underneath the doormat I found a visiting card. In the lower left-hand corner was the name of a club, and in the center of the card was engraved "Mr. Archibald Bayard Cuthbert-Raven."

"Isn't that Mary's young man?" I asked, my heart sinking.

"No," said Josephine, breathlessly reading over my shoulder. "His name's Eric. But this one evidently belongs to the same family. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she almost wept. "We'll have the whole crowd down on us now—you mark my words! After all we've gone and done!"

We were still staring at each other, the picture of blank dismay, when a patter of rain beat against the window and then the sound of an explosion was heard, quickly followed by another—like two muffled blows on the far-off drums of doom.

"I'll bet you that's him!" whispered Josephine, careless as ever of her grammar, but unmistakably referring to Napieff. "I'll bet you he's making his demonstration in front of Princess Charlotte's house right now!"

And eagerly, almost hopefully wrapping up the tin of explosive snuff, that fateful powder designed to make the devil say "Kerchew!" she eagerly, almost hopefully, added: "Come along, Hoddy! We still have another chance!"

VII

HAMPTON HOUSE, the home of Princess Charlotte, was less than half a mile from Warwick Crescent—a low, old-fashioned building, built in an age when gloom was held synonymous with dignity and man first cased his legs in the modern trouser. As we hurried along the rain began to come in violent flurries, and though I held the umbrella well over Josephine my heart was in my mouth at every step for fear the wet would find its way to Napieff's explosive.

"Don't worry," said Josephine. "It's as dry as a bone under my arm." But once, when she slipped on the wet sidewalk and nearly fell, I mentally braced myself for the shock of utter extinction.

"Look!" she exclaimed as we drew nearer.

Standing in the rain in front of Hampton House we saw a crowd, some looking solemnly into the roadway, others staring solemnly up into the sky—silent actors in a now silent drama, the import of which was altogether above their comprehension. A number of policemen were roping off the street. Between their barriers the asphalt had been torn up in long jagged trenches that reached from curb to curb.

"You see?" whispered Josephine again. "It's in the shape of a capital N, and he's even blown a hole for the period!"

I stood still with the others in growing fascination—those lines of Napieff's letter coming to my memory—"my monogram shall be left behind, with a thunder of guns and flash of flame."

"A devil of a man!" I thought to myself in grudging admiration. But what I learned a moment later turned my admiration to horror, and I quite lost any compunction that I had felt before about interfering with our neighbor's grandiose ambitions.

"Was anybody hurt?" Josephine asked one of the spectators.

"Two children," he answered. "Killed. Running out of the park. Trying to get home before it rained, I expect. And quite a few others laid out by the gas."

"Zeppelins, you think?" she innocently asked.

"Must have been something of the sort. But what a funny mark for a bomb to make! I was just saying to my friend here, 'Bill,' says I, 'those Germans are getting it down so fine that they'll be writing letters yet on the streets of London, and sitting on the clouds up there waiting for an answer!'"

Josephine gently pulled me on and we passed through the gateway of Hampton House. Every moment I expected someone to stop us, but no one did. For one thing, Josephine was in her most impressive regalia—broadcloth coat, black silk dress and silver beads—a splendid woman both in stature and deportment. Yes, and though I say it myself, I have ever been distinguished for my own appearance and the dignified importance of my manner. Even the man at the door regarded us with respect, and when Josephine gave him a card on which she had scribbled, "I want to tell you about 'N,' who has left his monogram outside," and said, "Take that to Princess Charlotte at once!" he ushered us into a waiting room and slid away with a deferential obedience that left nothing to be desired.

And yet I felt it coming on—oh, unmistakably!—a feeling of stage fright: that horrible, qualmy sensation which can come only to an actor who suddenly becomes uncertain of his lines. The atmosphere of the palace seemed to overwhelm me—the royal appointments in the waiting room, the coat of arms above the fireplace, the quarried floor, the consciousness that all these things were real—not shoddy, not fustian, not painted canvas on a stage-trapped floor.

Presently two men entered the waiting room and I rose, dimly uncertain whether or not to make a court bow, starting one, stopping it, and cutting, I felt, a most ridiculous figure.

"Who wrote the note on the back of this card?" asked one of the men.

"I did," replied the clear voice of Josephine.

"Will you come this way, please?"

Not knowing what else to do, I followed. Along a corridor and up a flight of stairs we made our way to a reception hall, and there, standing in the center of the room with her fiancé, the young Duke of Dorset, just behind her, was Princess Charlotte.

Her cheeks were pale and her eyes were red, and yet, for all that, she still preserved undiminished that sweetly imperious carriage and manner which were her greatest charms.

"You have something to tell me?" she asked.

"Yes," said Josephine. "I want to tell you not to worry any more about that letter you received to-day."

"What? You know who sent it?"

"I know him very well indeed, Your Highness," added Josephine with a gentle smile.

"And is it really true? Has he invented something that would win us the war within a week?"

The young Duke of Dorset took an impulsive step forward, but Charlotte stopped him with a gesture of her hand.

"Is it really true?" she repeated.

"I think it is," slowly nodded Josephine.

"And is the letter 'N' his monogram?"

"His name is Nikolai Napieff."

"A Russian?"

"A Russian gypsy who once studied chemistry."

They looked at each other—my Josephine and the princess—and what each saw in the other's eyes I cannot tell you, but

(Continued on Page 65)

Dr. Lavendar—Meet Mr. Jones, of Beacon, N.Y.

If there is anyone who requires more hard work out of a tire than a country doctor, it's a traveling salesman.

A while ago Dr. Lavendar, of Reform, Alabama, told in these columns how an Empire reeled off 25,000 miles on his Ford. Now comes a bigger record, and again the temptation to quote is too strong to resist.

"Empire Rubber & Tire Co., Trenton, N. J.

Gentlemen: Your records will show that you recently retreaded non-skid case serial No. 370184 without charge to me. This case had a blow-out recently and I had same repaired. It is now still in use and has reached its thirty-four thousandth (34,000) mile. I am out for 50,000 miles on this tire, and when I reach it you can have the best tire that was ever made.

I might add that this tire came from the North Ave. Garage, this city, October 25th, 1916. Some record! I expect to be in Trenton shortly and you can give it the once-over.

H. W. Jones, Beacon, N. Y."

This letter is from a well-known traveling man. He pounds back and forth in his Ford six days a week, in all kinds of going—rain or shine, boulevards or detours, mud or ice.

We appreciate that there is some danger in quoting big records, as not everyone can get a tremendous mileage like this.

Yet these big records do have their meaning when you realize that the *average* Empire in *average* running is delivering to the *average* owner a tremendous surplus of extra miles. Several firms, whose salesmen use Empires on their Fords, tell us that the average mileage is well over 8000.

For thirty years the Empire Rubber & Tire Company, Trenton, N. J., have been making rubber goods of all kinds that have been famous for their long life. In Empire tires and tubes, they have raised this skill to its highest pitch.

Come to the Empire store and find out for yourself.

You may not get a record-breaking mileage on one tire, but you will get a great deal higher average on *four* tires than you ever thought was possible.

The Empire Tire Dealer

Union-All is a trade-marked name. There is only one Union-All—the Lee. Look for the triple stitch and the name on the button. At dealers everywhere.

UNION Lee MADE
Union-Alls
TRADE-MARK REG.

Why Mother Insists on Union-Alls For Husband and Sonny

SHE knows they mean a great saving of clothing, mending and washing and therefore will reduce substantially the high cost of living. Besides they are so comfortable, so convenient and have no dangerous loose ends to catch in "things."

One dealer lost mother's trade forever because he tried to sell her a substitute. She would have nothing but **Lee Union-Alls** (the original one-piece work and play suit) because she knew that the best in quality was the least expensive in cost.

THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE COMPANY

Trenton, N. J. South Bend, Ind. Kansas City, Mo.
Kansas City, Kans. Salina, Kans

(Continued from Page 62)

when the princess spoke again a little color had come back to her cheeks.

"Do you know what his great invention is?" she asked.

"I have a sample of it with me," replied Josephine, indicating the package; and, it seemed to me, carefully choosing her words, she added: "It's a rather dangerous secret. I think the fewer who know about it the better."

Again they looked at each other—asking, I doubt not, and answering those questions and answers which only the eye can speak.

"We'll go to my drawing-room," nodded the princess, half turning to her fiancé. "Thank you, gentlemen, I shan't need you any more." And the next moment I was left alone—I, who had dreamed of being the greatest tragedian that the world has ever seen, I was left alone smiling at vacuity—the veriest super that ever stood behind the scenes.

Presently visitors began to arrive—coming hurriedly, as though on urgent business called.

The first I didn't know, though later Josephine told me that he was Britain's most famous chemist. The next was Sir Hector Ramsay, of Scotland Yard. And finally, accompanied by an officer with the insignia of a general, came a genial little gentleman with a genial voice and the face of a kindly Punch—a man who has done so much for Britain that his name will live in history as long as history hath one breath of life. Out of the dark wings of London they came as the Muses called their cues, and one by one they passed me by and went into the adjoining room.

And still I waited, walking round the room, and sometimes staring out into the stormy darkness of the street. The rain, driven by the wind, was increasing in violence. Thunder began to roar. I turned from the window and walked toward the door, and listening there for a time I heard the clear voice of Josephine telling them about the devil's snuff. She must have had an auditor who had entered by another door, for once when a low voice asked a question I heard her answer: "Oh, yes, Your Majesty! Just a few grains wrapped in a piece of newspaper and thrown out into this rain ——"

In a lull of the storm I heard a window opening and then a smart report as the devil said "Kerchew!"

And still—and still I waited, walking now to the door and now to the window, where I stared out into the rain-swept street. The gutters were running like brooks and the trenches of Napieff's monogram were filled with rain. Now and then I could see the shadows of curious passers-by stopping and looking, but the rain soon drove them on. And then, revealed by a lightning flash, I caught a sudden glimpse of Napieff himself standing across the street and staring down at his monogram, dreaming God only knows what unscrupulous dreams of grandeur—what visions of worldly might and majesty!

I hurried across the room—my mind already made up what to do—but though I rapped upon the door they couldn't have noticed it, for I heard one voice say, "Of course if it absolutely can't be wetted it may indeed defy analysis."

"Good!" said the genial voice. "To win this war by battle—that is one thing. But to win it by willful murder—I would rather wash my hands of it."

It was then that I rapped upon the panel again—rapped loudly, imperatively. The young Duke of Dorset came to the door, already frowning at the interruption.

"Napieff—the chemist!" I gasped in growing excitement. "I saw him just a moment ago—across the street!"

And before he could stop me I ran to the other door and was halfway down the stairs before he reached the top, Sir Hector Ramsay just behind him. And oh, my friends, it was good once more to take the lead, to jump with one great spring into the center of the stage like that—no more a supernumerary, no longer an idle spectator, but having my name set high at last among the Dramatis Personæ.

As well as I could in the stormy darkness I crossed the street to where I imagined Napieff had been standing, but a blinding flash disclosed him again, a hundred yards to the right and not a dozen steps away from Sir Hector and the duke.

"Stop him!" I cried.

There was a sudden rush, then a shot—another—the sound of a pistol falling on the sidewalk—and when at last I reached the scene Sir Hector was lying helpless in the gutter and Napieff was kneeling over his remaining adversary and groping in the darkness for his pistol.

The next moment I had grappled him, but not before he had found his revolver. Three times he tried to shoot me as we struggled, and three times I was able to deflect his aim. At last he freed himself with an effort which I couldn't deny, but when he staggered back and before he could attain his equilibrium the rope barrier round his monogram caught him just in the hinge of his knee. In another dazzling flash of lightning I saw him topple backward and disappear completely into one of the rain-filled trenches which his own ingenuity had blasted out to receive him only an hour or two before. The water, inexorably searching him to the skin, must have found a hidden supply of his powder, for suddenly a water-dulled explosion marked the epic end of Nikolai Napieff; and just before I fell unconscious before the spreading cloud of gas I heard above a loud, a majestic peal of thunder, coming again and still again—a peal of thunder which I shall always think was the stately applause of the high Olympian gods.

VIII

THE next day came and went, and again it was a dark night, even for London; and again if you had been transported on a magic carpet and set down in the street where my story closes you might have been, for all your eyes could have told you, in a prince's palace or in a pauper's home.

And while you sat there waiting in the darkness for the light to come you would have heard two sounds, or rather two series of sounds:

The first was an oft-repeated sigh, born in the heart and smothered in the pillow. That was my dear Josephine.

The second was that of a basso deeply sleeping. And that of course was I.

Again the scene was my bedroom in London and again the dawn was just beginning to show itself in the east.

First the window of my room was faintly outlined. Then the foot of the bed appeared—a chest of drawers—a table on which the square white outlines of a letter could just be seen—all barely discernible and nothing more. This bed, for instance, might be the choicest Chippendale and the letter might be from a princess of the realm.

But no. It was a note from my daughter Mary—a note in which the words were here and there strangely blurred, as though perchance they had been blotted by a tear.

"Eric's mother is acting in the strangest way," she had written. "I don't know what to make of her at all.

"Eric is home on a furlough, and yesterday he took me for a walk. On the way home we stopped at his house, where I saw his mother.

"And oh, how she stared at me through her lorgnettes!

"'Come here!' she said, as though I were a maid or something of that sort!

"Of course I went to her, for Eric's sake; and after she had looked me up and down a time or two, as though she were wondering whether I had good references, she said, 'Are you still as anxious as ever that Eric should meet your father and mother?'

"As though I were trying to push myself!

"'It seems to me,' I said, 'that Eric is the one to be keen about that!'

"'You are right!' she said, and after she had looked at me again until I could have sauced her she said, 'My dear child, you are either as good an actress as your mother or they have shamefully abused your confidence. Eric and I leave for London in the morning on the half-past six. We will call for you on our way to the station.'

"That was all. But how she said it! As though she knew something dreadful! And now I remember that once before she kept asking me, 'How is it that I have never met your father or your mother?' It nearly made me scream!!!"

So read the letter which lay upon my table in the early dawn of the day on which my story closes.

And still my Josephine lay and sighed—those long-drawn sighs of the early morn which are born in the heart and stifled in the pillow.

And still I slept so soundly by her side.

The light grows stronger, and now you see that the room is a noble one, a velvet carpet on the floor, the walls covered with

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silk armure, the mahogany furniture of a deep and dusky glow. And in this scene I presently wakened and was living again the great events of the day before—the summons to the palace, the king's kind words, the appointment as dramatic censor, the clip of the sword upon my shoulder, the magic phrases which realized my life's ambition—when suddenly Josephine gave a particularly deep and bitter sigh and cried aloud:

"I'll fix her!"

"Fix whom, my dear?" I asked in some alarm.

"That woman!" she gritted. "I've been lying awake for hours thinking about her. I only hope she hasn't seen it in the papers, that's all!"

In that, at least, Josephine's hopes were realized. When I met the Cornish Express at noon Mrs. Cuthbert-Raven greeted me with a distant air of amused toleration. Eric I liked at once. And as for Mary, as beautiful and vivacious as her mother had been when first I met her so many years ago—I thought at first she would devour me quite.

"How handsome you look!" she whispered in my ear and gave me an extra little hug for that.

In Eric's eyes, too, I caught the light of approval, close to admiration; but as for his mother, her distant air of amused tolerance continued, though I fancied it weakened a little when I led them to the waiting car.

And how Mary laughed and chatted!—her hand in mine—for all the world like her dear mother, so many years ago. Eric joined in our conversation, but Mrs. Cuthbert-Raven, sitting stiffly in her corner, spoke only once.

"You are going to Warwick Crescent?" she asked.

"Oh, dear, no!" I said. "I gave up my studio there as soon as I had finished that chapter of life which I was then observing. We are going now, of course, to our apartments."

And when we stopped at the Ritz it might have been imagination but I thought that Mrs. Cuthbert-Raven's air of lofty amusement weakened a little more; but she seemed to steel herself, as though for a coming conflict.

Mary's glance at Eric, however, was undisguised. "There now!" she seemed to say. "Didn't I tell you what a great man my father was?"

At the desk I left a message—a prearranged detail with Josephine—then up in the lift we went to our splendid rooms, Mary's spirits visibly rising, too—rising in a magnificent crescendo which found its climax in her mother's arms.

"And this, dear," she said a minute later, "is Mrs. Cuthbert-Raven—Eric's mother."

With the air of one who meets at last an eagerly awaited adversary, Mrs. Cuthbert-Raven drew her tortoise-shell lorgnettes and sprang them to her eyes; and simultaneously, to my utter surprise, Josephine also drew a pair of tortoise-shell lorgnettes—a purchase which she must have made while I had gone to the station—and flung them up across her nose.

The two mothers stared at each other, a duel of glances through their chosen instruments, and though our visitor did rather well I shall never forget the haughty look of Josephine, her in-pressed lips, the dominating angle of her chin. Then, as though each took her cue from the other, they lowered their glasses and exchanged a frigid bow.

"Mrs. Cuthbert-Raven," said Josephine in carefully measured syllables.

"Mrs. Larkins," said Mary's late tormentor in precisely the same tone.

"Pardon me, no!" said Josephine sharply. "'Lady Larkins,' if you please!"

Again there was a sharp clash of lorgnettes, and at the same moment a knock sounded on the door—the fruits of my message at the desk below.

"Package for Lady Larkins," said the page.

Mrs. Cuthbert-Raven lowered her lorgnettes and looked puzzled. Josephine waited for a perceptible interval and then she lowered hers, too, with an air that seemed to say, "I was the last to take mine down."

"Where do you suppose the package is from?" she asked.

"From Princess Charlotte, I believe."

"Then will you open it for me, Horace dear? I think it's a little thing Her Highness promised me yesterday."

It was, indeed, a large framed photograph of Princess Charlotte standing by the side of the young Duke of Dorset; and underneath was the inscription, "To my dear friends, Sir Horace and Lady Larkins. Charlotte."

Josephine read it, and then for the third time she trained her lorgnettes upon Mrs. Cuthbert-Raven. This time, however, I noticed that our visitor failed to retort in kind, but continued, almost with meekness, to look at the photograph.

"I—I had no idea," she said at last in a tone that wasn't far from deference—"I had no idea that you were Lady Larkins. Mary never—never mentioned that ——"

"She didn't know," replied Josephine in a killingly superior voice. "It was only gazetted this morning, among the other birthday honors; and I think that Horace would have preserved his democracy even now if it hadn't been for the personal wishes of the princess and her insistence that he should accept the post of dramatic censor."

She hung the picture by the side of our other photograph—the enlarged picture of Mary which we had brought from Warwick Crescent.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Cuthbert-Raven, in tones that were not entirely destitute of respect, "your daughter!" And in one of those great bursts which sometimes tell a change of heart she added, "A lovely girl, Lady Larkins!"

At that I glanced at the lovers, and they, I found, were glancing at each other glancing as only lovers can. There was an alcove in the room, containing a large window and a sofa to match.

"Have you seen the view from here, Mary?" I asked, leading the way to the window.

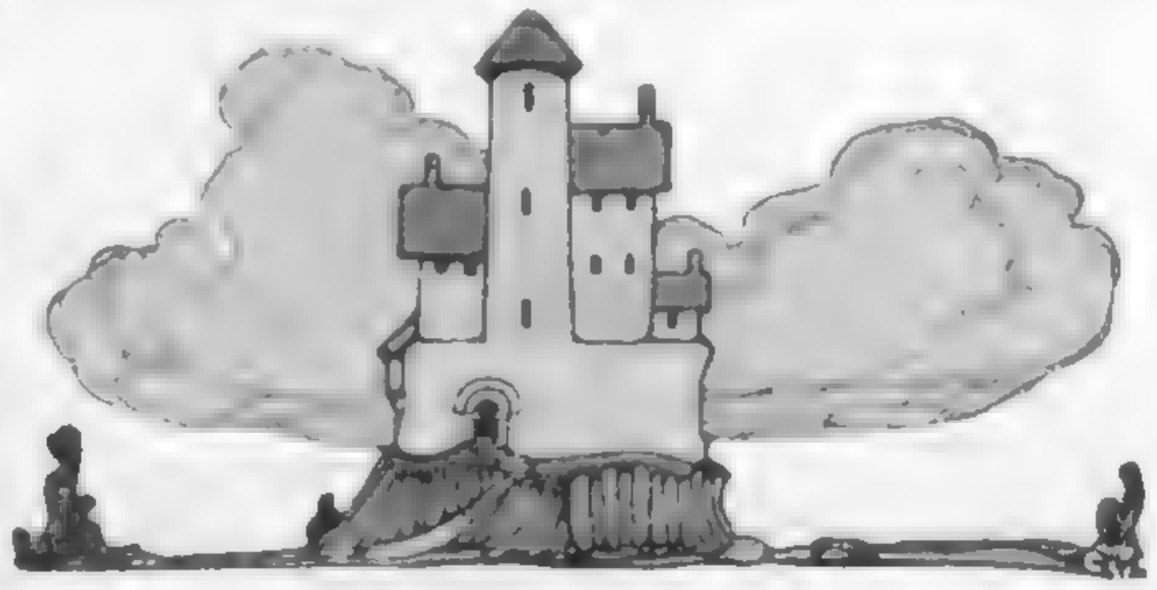
She came, and, as I had guessed, Eric followed—even as I had followed Josephine so many years ago. And there I presently left them, sitting on the sofa and looking down at the world below. A few minutes later, when Eric's mother had capitulated quite, and she and Josephine were rapidly getting upon the best of terms, I silently beckoned the two mothers and showed them the picture.

The sofa had its back turned to the room, and over the top we saw the heads of the lovers close together, one dark, the other golden—a golden aura on an ebon crown—and when we looked at each other again, we three older ones, we smiled such thoughtful tender smiles that it suddenly came to me that at last I knew the greatest tragedy that can befall mankind.

Ah yes, my friends, I who have delved into the woes of antiquity and have plumbed for myself the depths of many a dark despair, I sometimes ask myself:

"What should I have done without my Josephine?"

And I answer myself that the greatest tragedy in all the world is a life that is empty—a life that has never known love.



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SAXBY GALE

(Continued from Page 15)

round the stable; but stars twinkled above the half door, and somewhere, from black hill pastures overlooking the race course, a fox barked, as though to say the open country was wide and clean.

THE day of the fair dawned bright and cloudless. By noon it was hot as midsummer. "Couldn't have a finer day for it," said Tom to his boy. "In this heat, Son, he'll go like a mink."

They were walking Saxby Gale up and down in a quiet corner of the high board fence. His flanks were like dark glass; his ankles played like supple steel; and as beneath them, from the second-growth turf and bright August-flowers, a buzzing cloud of autumn grasshoppers snapped up to right and left, he winced for fun, pretending to shy.

"Pretty good-looking dug you got there," said a man who came strolling over from the crowd of other horses near at hand.

"Yes, sir," replied Tom shortly. He did not like the man's looks or flashy clothes, or what he had heard before of the man's language.

"Who shod him?"

"I did," said Tom.

"Thought so," remarked the critic. "Toes too short."

"So," replied Grele, "was Maud S.'s."

"And his boots—who made them?"

"I did."

"They look it."

"Thank ye," said Tom, leading the horse away; but their pest followed.

"Mean to say you'll drive him to high wheels? Where'd you get your sulky?"

"Built her at home. Any more you want to know? Ask 'em now, because the race comes off pooty quick."

"Why, yes," drawled the stranger. "Where'd *you* get *him?*"

Tom's manner began to bristle.

"Bales McCatherine give him to me."

"Oh, him! Old Bales the Loony? Thought every crowbait he got hold of was going to be a two-minute hoss, didn't he? . . . Well, you're certain sure homemade all round."

And the jaunty sportsman strolled away to inspect other entries in the crowd.

Tom, Junior, outraged, would have shrilled some retort above the noise of the stable yard.

"Who made you?" he began.

"I guess the Lord did, Sonny; so let him pass for a man. Mind," said Tom, "you no need to git sarsey jest because other folks do. You behave, or I'll take ye right straight home now."

The boy subsided at this fearful threat. Father and son continued to walk their Mambrino pet among the grasshoppers and August-flowers along the fence.

"He's a fast man," observed Grele. "'Tain't the same thing as a fast hoss."

Nevertheless, when the calling bell rang Tom drove down to the post in a bad temper, feeling that he, Sonny, and Bales' colt were alone among the scornful.

At the Sound Came Mother, Running Out at the Kitchen Door

THE 2:30 trot, first heat, was called by the clang of a huge dinner bell from a scantling tower, where three honorable gentlemen, the judges, perched high above the green oval and the empty track. The hour was the sleepiest in a hot day, when grand-stand folk still ate their luncheon from baskets or shoe boxes, and carriage folk, still arriving, wheeled into position alongside the barrier from judges' tower to distance pole. No one took much heed of this first race, except a few old stagers who applauded the mare Sicily when she came ambling down from the stable, and who called a welcome to the famous Tusher MacDonald as he drove her past.

"Going to be a procession," ran the general voice.

"Maybe a fight for second money," declared the more hopeful.

Sicily, a small and beautiful red mare, wore underneath her the latest and most knowing crisscross contrivance of straps. Her coat reflected the hot sun prettily as she wantoned down to the start. And when Tusher MacDonald, with whose name America and the Dominion rang from end to end, bent his blue-and-white-quartered jockey cap over sidewise to look anxiously under his outspread legs at her forward action, he did so for theatrical effect. Sicily was acting all right; the calm Tusher knew it, and they had the pole.

"He won't let her out," said one of the judges wearily.

"Not for a crowd of swamp angels," another judge answered.

"Not on this frog pond."

Their colleague lighted a cigar and studied the card for the next class.

"She won't have to sweat," he grumbled. "Just practice before winter for her."

After Sicily came jogging the other horses, eight in all, among the last of whom Saxby loomed high. Tom Grele loomed yet higher; for, alone in a bobbing concourse of little pneumatic wheels, he overtopped them, sitting on his tall home-made sulky of ash and lancewood. He drove in shirt sleeves. The mob, who found him old-fashioned and therefore ridiculous, woke up to sharpen their wit upon him:

"Two-forty, tail over the dasher!"

"Any rags?"

"Fresh fish to-day!"

"Hey, farmer boy; you're all right! You trim that bisuckle crowd!"

Tom went on his rattling way, apparently unmoved.

Behind the distance pole the squadron of horses maneuvered, spun round, and came uptrack, thundering abreast. It looked like a good start. So thought Tom; so thought Saxby Gale, to whom racing was racing and the first furlong a chance to begin it. But, as they tore into the back stretch, loud rang the dinner bell aloft. One by one they broke, slowed down, turned and came jogging back.

"Look here!" a judge cried down at them. "You What's-Name! Shirtsleeves!

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Yes—you! Come up ahead of the pole hoss again, I'll fine you ten dollars!"

Tom Shirtsleeves reined in to hear this rebuke, while the crowd laughed at him; then he touched his cap—an old black-silk peaked cap of Bales McCatherine's—and followed the other horses down to score again.

Under the judges' tower, in a quarter-seat wagon, there sat an elderly man who wore gray flannels. He, like Tom, seemed a belated figure, for though autumn had come, in that many-wheeled rank of spectators he alone had a straw hat upon his head. He did not care. All summer he had been too busy with reality to think about fashion. Ruddy, round, and cheerful as an abbot, he sat watching the track and the horses.

"Action too high, Neyland," said he to a groom who sat beside him. "Looks pretty fair though."

"Yes, Mr. Hood," replied the groom. Neyland was no toady, and yet he seldom did aught but agree with his employer; only "The Perfect Ass" could disagree with one who knew his subject so well; for this ruddy, summerlike little man was no less than the great Sylvanus Hood, of Alderburn Farm. "Pretty fair, sir."

"Worth watching," said Mr. Hood. "Waste motion there; but with a little correction ——"

"Yes, sir," agreed the groom.

Meantime the trotters had spun round and come flying toward the wire again. Tusher MacDonald, as they came, saw fit to grin at Tom over his right shoulder and to shout: "Give a man 'half the road, Granger!" This time there was no bell, but only the heartstirring whirlwind of hoof-beats, and a small voice, lost in it, crying "Go!"

Round the curve they went. Before them the long back stretch opened, a yellowish surface that came widening from afar and flew past like magic. Sicily trotted low and easy, with a neat collected gait that sneaked away the distance—a red rat scurrying home. The Mambrino's tail streamed across Tom's knees, between which the big roan haunches played true as an engine, smooth as satin. Outside, on Tom's right, a horse broke, head in air, jaws open, and vanished galloping, jerked behind as by a rope.

The yellow track curved again, came straight again; buildings and crowd drew toward him with a speckled blackness and a roar; from some high place outside the rushing lane of consciousness, above Saxby's pointing ears—from where the board fence joined the grand stand—a shrill voice called:

"Give it to 'em, Dad!" And the half mile had swept behind into the confusion of things that are gone.

The boy's cry made his father laugh grimly. So far Tom had driven his best, quiet, bitter, alone among foes. Now he began to enjoy it, and to feel that he and his Mambrino had, as it were, a glory in common, one force and one soul. Other horses thundered in the rear; but neither these nor anything counted now except Saxby Gale and the mare Sicily. As they passed the stable corner into the straight again, Tusher MacDonald began talking to his red rat and jeering at the stallion. Tom also began to talk.

"Hyka!" he shouted. "You Bales colt! You old pepper-and-salt the cat brought in! Hyka!"

The homestretch came in a tumult. MacDonald was using the whip. Tom, exulting, used naught but reins and voice. High wheels and low flashed side by side. Then suddenly the strain and the joy were over, and a company of hard-breathing horses, tossing their heads, returned together, friendly enough, past the judges' tower to hear the news cried over them.

The trio up aloft had forgotten their recent dullness.

"Two-thirty Class," proclaimed one of them in a tone of importance: "First heat, won by Saxby Gale. Sicily, second. Put Rolfe, third. . . . Blackstaff, eighth. Jernigan, distanced. Ladies and gentlemen, the time is 2.19¼."

A Roman-holiday roar went up. Tom drove back to the stables at a walk, well pleased, scorning to get down on foot and lead his horse. Out of the crowd came Sonny, who hopped up from behind, stood on the axle, and clung to the iron seat rail.

"He showed 'em, Dad! He showed 'em!"

Tom looked down into the likeness of his own bright-gray eyes, blazing with excitement.

"No life for the boy, this ain't," he thought. "No life at all. Win or lose, we shan't come here again."

VII

WHILE the 2.18 class went on, Thomas Grele, Senior, once more led Saxby up and down along that quiet corner of the fence. And here, crossing the August-flowers and the grasshoppers, came another stranger to talk. He was not a loud-mouthed critic, this one—a quiet, sunburnt elderly gentleman in gray flannels and tarnished straw hat, who seemed friendly; but his questions were, in form, a repetition of history.

"Who shod your horse?" he began, after studying Saxby's feet.

"I did, sir," replied Tom.

"Short toe. Good! Well done. But if you leave his heels like that he's going to strain himself and go lame some day. At least, that's my experience, in the long run."

"Think so?" said Tom. "Well —— By gorry, you're right!"

"Your name Grele? Mine's Hood. How-de-do? . . . Who made his boots?"

"Me."

"They fit," said Mr. Hood.

Tom Grele, though the illustrious name of Hood meant nothing to him, began to think better of this racing world; not all men in it were mockers and faultfinders.

"Who named him?"

"Bales McCatherine; he's dead now—old feller that kep' livery stable at ——"

"Oh, yes. I knew poor Bales," cried the ruddy stranger. "Honest in his own way; but quarrelsome, and sometimes—queer, like the rest of us. Got into hot water, I believe, didn't he? . . . What sire and dam?"

"Line Gale," replied our friend, "out of Mons Meg."

Little Mr. Hood thoughtfully whistled.

"Equinox blood, then, and old Mucklemouth for grandam. You don't mean to say! Who traced it?"

"Bales gimme papers about him," said Tom. "But everybody laughed at Bales and his ideas, ye know, always."

The stranger, lost in contemplation of the horse, shook his head.

"I never did so. If what you tell me is a fact, with evidence for it, my friend, you have a horse there!"

Tom received this compliment very dryly.

"Evidence or no evidence," he retorted, "I cal'late he ain't a cow."

The stranger laughed quietly and transferred his attention from the stallion to his owner.

"Quadruped anyhow, eh? Trained him yourself? Why, this beats cockfighting!" said the Great Unknown. "Look here; I've taken a fancy to this horse. Tell you what: If you'll hold him out this race I'll make it worth your while. I'll give you ——" He calmly named a sum that took Tom's breath away, for it was double the first money of the 2.30 purse. "Trot him along quietly, second or third; let Sicily win today; come see me afterward, and we'll arrange his career for him—Career with a big C. I'm serious. The money's in my pocket, Mr. Grele."

Tom, leaning on the roan's blanket, looked long and hard at this tempter. He was greatly shocked. To find such a clean-looking old gentleman, whom he had begun to like, proposing trickery, confirmed him in thinking all horse races rotten and all horsemen liars. Yet he wavered, and could not reply.

"I must run back," said Mr. Hood. "Think it over."

The wheelwright did so. Here was a prize offered worth double what the Mambrino colt could win, supposing that he won, which still remained doubtful. Tom thought of his debts, of his poverty, of Sonny's mended clothes and Sonny's boots blackened with stove polish; of this large and certain sum to be carried home to mother and to help their family get through the winter.

Besides, he could take second money; just so much more in pocket.

"We come here," answered Tom in distress, "to beat this race. But —— Well, I'll think it over."

Mr. Hood turned away.

"You'd better lose the next three heats," he counseled, "and come see me. I'm down by the judges' stand."

Tom, Senior, looked at Saxby Gale in doubt. When he spied Tom, Junior, running

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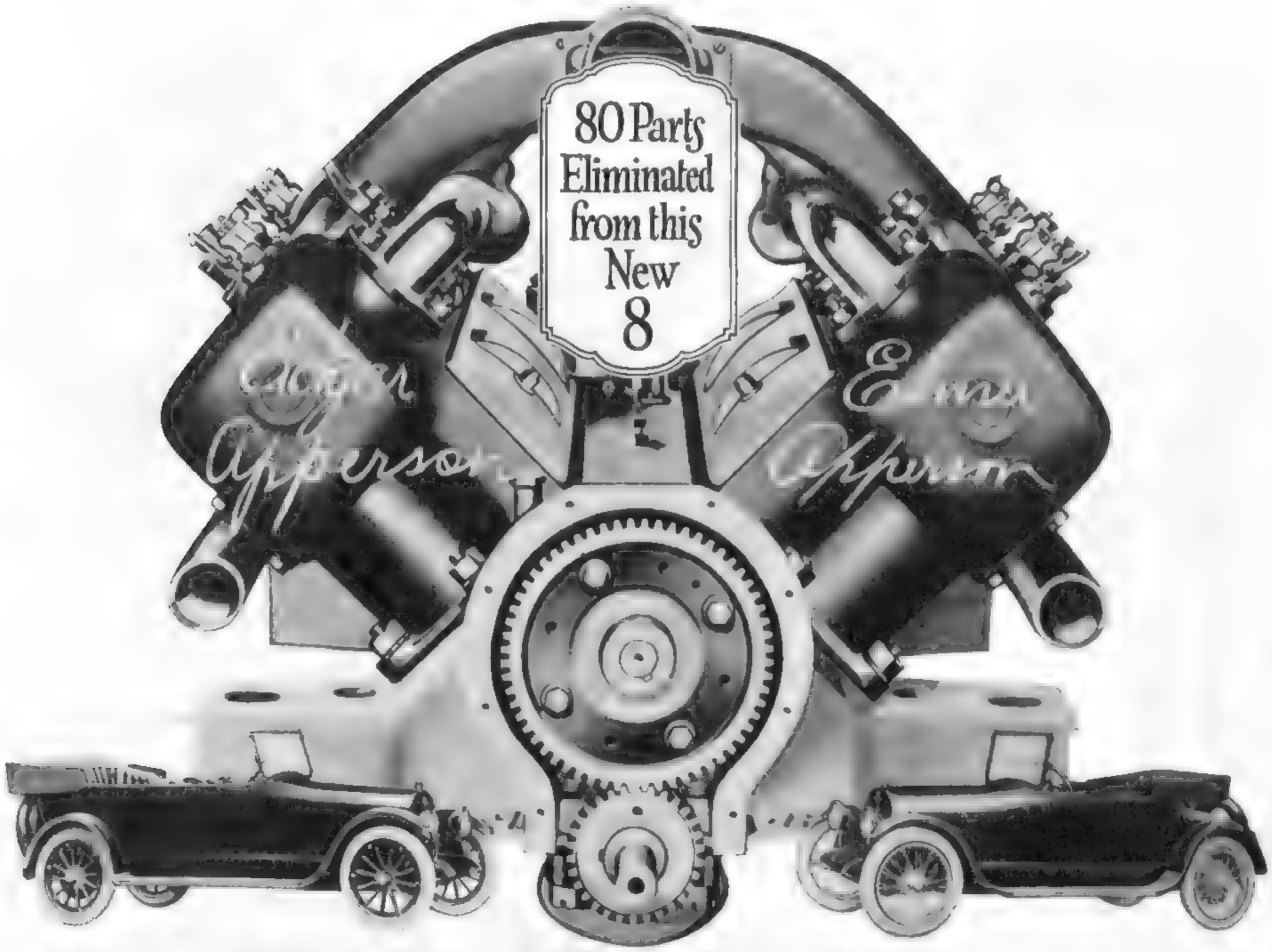

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The extra camshaft, one gear and trigger board as well have disappeared.

And with them have gone the last remaining objections to this type of motor.

The new simplicity has given the Apperson 8 a vibrationless rush of power at high speeds as well as low, a certainty of performance that amounts to infallibility and an endurance against years of punishing driving.

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A new way to cut living expense
— with Automatic Cooking

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By ordinary cooking all meats shrink. Prove this yourself: weigh a roast before it goes in and when it comes out. With Acorn Automatic cooking the nourishing meat juices are retained.

The saving in a month's butcher-bill is surprising.

Saves Servants

And in these days of expensive living every man and woman should stop and think what servants do in their kitchens at their expense. Half the time it is mere "pot watching." By this new invention kitchen work and cooking cares are cut in half.

JUST think of it: you put your dinner, soup, roast, any vegetables you wish, with pudding, into the cold Acorn Automatic Gas-Range—all *raw* when they go in. You set the Control, walk out the door, lock it, go shopping or to business.

The entire meal cooks itself *automatically*.

It cooks without attention, in the silent, deserted kitchen. Nothing gets overcooked, nothing underdone.

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They know that it does not obligate you or them to buy. Send now for the booklet, "The Range That Almost Thinks."

(Concluded from Page 70)

toward him from the stalls he was not displeased to think the boy had overheard nothing.

VIII

AS TOM, in his sulky, went trundling down for the start of the second heat, his good angel and his bad were holding debate within him. It made him the more uneasy that he could not tell which was which. First money, even if won, would be none too much, nor carry the Grele family any too far along. By losing he could win more than double. This "trottin'-park" crowd were cheats and robbers, anyhow; so why not spoil the Philistines? One angel, the bad or the good, spoke inwardly with great conviction.

Tom wheeled far behind the other horses at the post. Their second heat began with no scoring whatever. They got the word at once and were off.

In memory it was a blur of fitful, thwarted speed and of bad feeling. Saxby, to begin with, caught the infection of his master's doubt; chafing, he did his best; yet when showers of dirt were kicked in his proud face at every stride, and still Tom would not let him free, he went into the air, galloping wildly.

Grele brought him down to the trot again, but too late. They came on, regained wonderfully along the homestretch, but finished in fourth place. The time, as cried, was not much under thirty.

Again came Sonny hopping upon the axle, this time with a doleful face and a mouth set against unmanly quivering.

"What happened to him, Dad?"

Dad made no answer till they were back at the stable. He climbed down from his seat and unharnessed gloomily, cursing to himself. He could not look this youngster in the eye. It would never do.

"Sonny," said Tom harshly, "you run take a message to Mr. Hood—that man in gray, settin' in a wagon next the judges' stand. Tell him from me: 'Mr. Hood, father says he means to take this race if he can. Govern your bets accordin'ly, whatever they be. But father means to win, and sends you fair warnin'.' Tell him that, word for word, and private. Understand, boy?"

The boy understood, and, with an air of hope springing eternal after all, repeated the message.

"All right, Son. Hyper!"

Sonny ran off across the track as though to a fire. In a few minutes he came scampering back.

"Well?" inquired Tom, Senior.

"I told him."

"Wha'd he say to that?"

"He laughed," reported the messenger. "He looked at me funny and laughed; and then says to himself, kind of: 'Behold an Isra'lite in whom they's no guile!'"

Tom stared.

"That don't make sense," he grumbled. "Didn't the man say no more?"

"Yes," cried Sonny; "he says: 'All right. Thank ye. See your father later.'"

"Humph!" said Tom. "We told him fair, anyway. Go git me the opydildock and the sponge."

Saxby Gale, as everyone knows, took the third heat in 2.16½; and the fourth, at twilight, in 2.15 flat. A private watch, a grandiose gold split-second affair belonging to Sylvanus Hood, timed it as 2.14¾. There was a good deal of shouting raised by a few rough men in the dusk; but most of the holiday makers were beginning to go home.

"And that's where we're goin', Son," declared Tom in a gruff and none too satisfied voice. "We earnt our purse for mother; so Home Goes Goosey! Here ends all hoss racin' for you and me. . . . Old Bales must be tickled, though."

IX

THEY drove into the farmyard late on a fine still afternoon, when cowbells were clanking down the lane from the green hills among long autumn shadows. Sonny wore a new hat, and new boots with burnished copper toes. Tom held across his lap a long paper parcel for mother, which contained a roll of black silk, a roll of warm flannel, more boots, which were not horse boots, and the Poems and Letters of William Cowper in one tremendous volume.

They got down and unloaded. Saxby Gale whinnied, as though he should like a little fun and exercise.

At the sound came mother, running out at the kitchen door, but with only a couple of children to lisp their sire's return. When the envied kiss was shared, with much rejoicing, Tom looked at them again and cried:

"Why, where on earth is the rest of the yowuns?"

Mother did not answer; nor did she appear fully to comprehend that her men had brought home great gifts and victory. Her face was grave and troubled. She thrust a yellow paper into Tom's hand.

"I'm afraid some one's died, father," she said. "A tullagraph dispatch come this forenoon. You open it, quick! I didn't have the heart to."

Tom's face grew troubled also. He opened the symbol of bad news slowly. Then he laughed.

"Look here, girl!"

His girl read over his shoulder:

"Congratulations to horse and driver Don't sell him or enter into any agreement before you and I have talked Come see me at Alderburn Farm Am writing letter with railroad tickets inclosed

"SYLVANUS HOOD"

Mr. and Mrs. Grele solemnly regarded each other.

"What do you s'pose that means?" they asked in unison.

Then Mrs. Grele remembered other tidings that lay upon her mind.

"Father," she said, "the's a strange man waitin' to see you in the front parlor."

"Straw hat?" asked Tom quickly.

"No; gray co'd'roy earlapper. Lean feller; kind of shrewd-lookin'."

Tom entered his house.

"Tell ye about the race bymeby," he promised, and strode into the front parlor.

There, surrounded by four or five young Greles, all of whom, enchanted, were begging their turns to mount his knee and play with his broad watch charm, sat the "lean feller," more than shrewd-looking, with his gray corduroy cap placed on the keyboard of the melodeon.

It was the great Tusher MacDonald.

He gently lowered some children to the carpet and rose, grinning, praising Tom to his face.

"I want to say, first crack out o' the box, Mr. Grele, you're a wonderful driver and as clean as they make 'em. I only entered that race for fun; but you made it a lot funnier than what I looked for. Made a monkey out o' me, sir. How are ye? Can I see your hosses?"

Tom blushed.

"Ain't got but the one," he confessed. "Glad to see ye, sir. Our only blood hoss, it was, and his only race."

"Good Lord!" said Tusher, staring. "Well, le's go see him again!"

X

THIS parlor conversation was the beginning of a lifelong rivalry and friendship. It also led to the beginning of a classic lineage: those sons and daughters of Saxby Gale in after years—Trinacria, Charybdis, Trapani Salt, Ætna Boy, Three Legs and Enceladus, all foals of Sicily, after the little red rat, full of honor and glory, left the track to become a brood mare at Alderburn Farm.

Sylvanus Hood, who owns that farm, cares not much for racing or bets, but cares greatly for the right breed of horses and men.

XI

NOR, in spite of his and mother's misgivings, did this race of Tom's prove his only one. Triumphs, as we know, awaited him. Now, when his renown is what they call national and outshines that of Tusher, many persons talk or write of Tom Grele knowingly.

Few of these persons, however, could tell you where he lives or what he does in private, except such as meet him face to face, like the visitor whose fine morocco book he had abused.

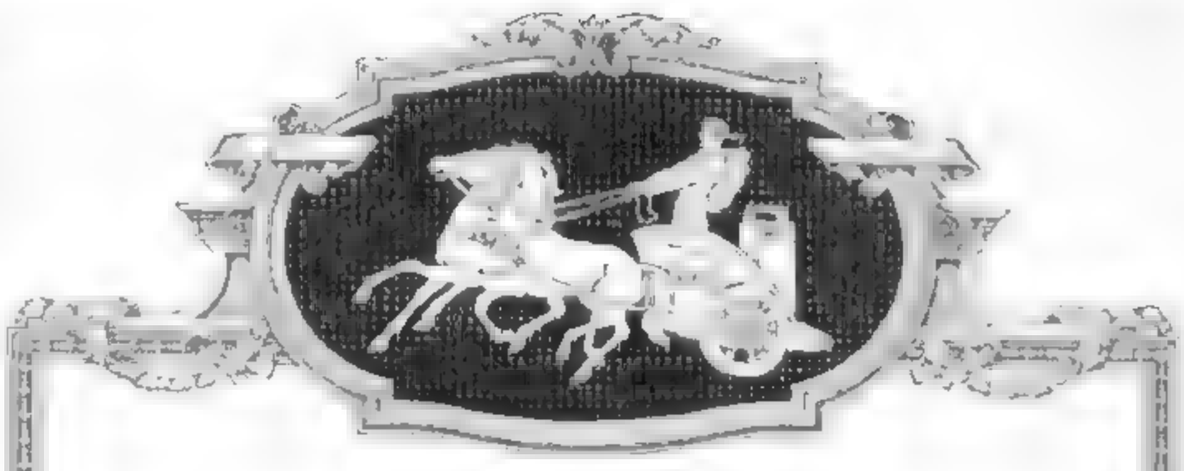
"Come; what's the secret of it, Tom?"

There is no secret; and Tom, leaning across the back of Darius the Great's colt, shook his head.

"Nothing to speak of, sir. I've learnt many a trick in the bag by now, o' course. But one trade is like another trade, so fur as that them who follows it are like the little girl, ye know: When they're good they're very, very good; and when they're bad they're faiser than two-folks."

With his bright gray eyes fixed upon the past and the beginning of things, Tom Grele thoughtfully smiled.

"But who'm I," said he again, rousing, "to lay down the law? Square drivin'? Honesty? . . . A man sets full still, ye know, that's got a rent in his breeches."



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THE TAVARISH

(Continued from Page 11)

in the land, except the soldier with his gun. Petrograd and the Allied governments acted on the assumption that freedom and democracy would bring in their train a sense of responsibility, and that the Russian peasant, the most sheeplike—or mulelike!—creature on two legs, could exercise with discrimination the privileges of the *swoboda*, or liberty, that was on everybody's lips. Meanwhile, the extreme radicals acted with an ingenuity scarcely to be expected of their quality of gray matter. Their propaganda was insidious and persistent and comprehensive, being aided ever by the paid German activity. Class hatred in all its bitterness was preached, along with the most radical socialistic theories concerning the confiscation and free distribution of land. Land is one thing that the peasant can measurably comprehend, and supremely desires. His naïve reasoning is: "Why need I care about the Germans? My village is a long distance from the Front, and they will never come to it. So I'll go home and get the land that the government is going to take away from the bourgeois and distribute."

Alas for Tavarish, the Germans were already there, in more than a million cases, living in his home, sleeping in his bed, eating at his table, and playing generally the man of his house. For by one of many blunders the German and Austrian prisoners were sent to work on the farms of Russia, and with their superior intelligence they have pleaded the enemy's cause successfully with the soldiers' wives and other home folk. Thus the rottenness of the German idea has penetrated into the very bones of Russia.

Contempt for the Army

Broadly speaking, there is among the uneducated people of this land no such thing as patriotism. They have a loyalty to their village and to their class, but not to the country as a whole. Certain shining symbols, like the Czar and the Church, they were taught to reverence. When the revolution broke the sway of these there was left no cohesive force. The nation as a fatherland, with its history, its soil, its spirit, has been too intellectual a conception for the peasant to grasp.

This same indifference to national well-being has affected the upper levels of society as well. I have been in Russia during the shameful retreat on the Galician Front, the fall of Riga and the officially proposed evacuation of Petrograd, together with the general drift toward wholesale disaster that has accompanied them; but nowhere have I been able to discern that any—or all—of these colossal events has made a special impression upon the public. When the word went forth that the government was leaving Petrograd I was at the opera in Tiflis, and the crowds were as great and as gay as usual. The promenaders on the streets and the throngs at the moving-picture shows and in the restaurants gave no indication of being aroused or appalled patriots. Rostoff, for instance, still presents a fair imitation of Broadway at eleven o'clock at night. Even the respective army staffs seemed rather blithesome over the state of things. Resignation—if resignation it be—wears entirely too gay a dress in Russia. There is sinister significance in the fact that so many persons in Petrograd prefer to remain and enjoy German rule.

A Soup Kitchen on the Caucasian Front

One passion the intelligentia, or bourgeois, have in common—contempt for the private soldier. Their favorite word for him is beast. His conduct is the commonest topic of conversation, next to *kleb*—bread—and *roubli*—the ruble. There is no sympathy felt for him, and no effort put forth to help him conduct himself aright. The Russian public has lost all enthusiasm for its soldiers, and instead of the special consideration shown him early in the war there is now unconcealed disgust. The attitude of the nation toward its warriors is amazing. Even old China, which has always put the soldier at the bottom of its social scale, has never displayed toward him the spirit that is now prevalent in Russia. The private soldier is a pariah—*soldat* and *tavarish* are words uttered with a gesture of disdain by the intelligent people of the country. The Russia that is articulate despises the soldier—and fears him.

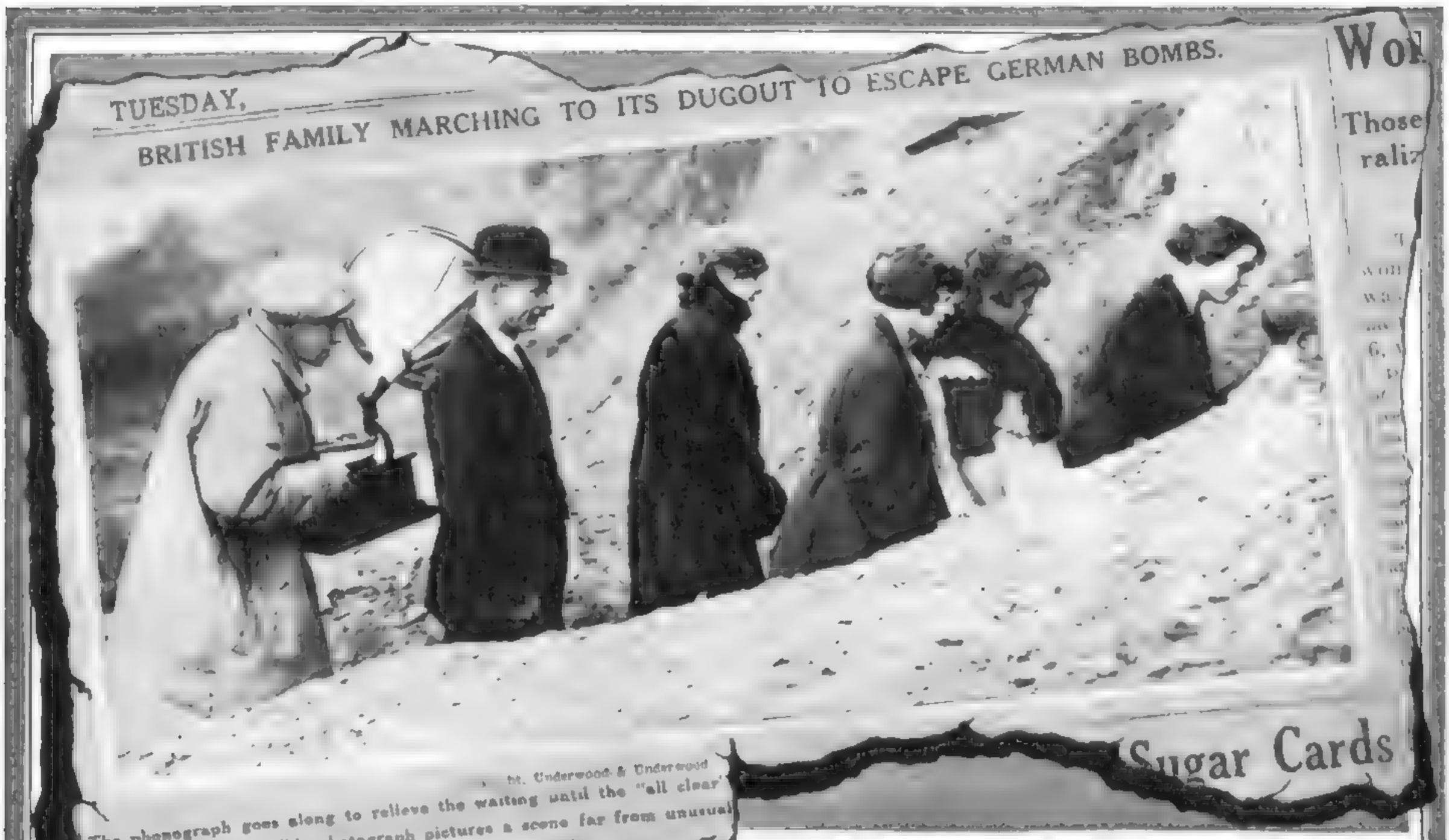
Right here the sound of trumpets called me forth from my hotel to watch a procession of mounted troops through this fine old town of Kherson on the Dnieper. An ominous lot they were, with their pennated pikes and their carbines and their pose of power. More interesting than these two hundred and fifty soldiers was the attitude of the people, peering from doors and windows and standing upon the sidewalks. Silence, sullen silence, greeted the troopers. On most faces there was written an anxiety that was also fear. Especially on first coming out of doors the countenances of the women and men plainly said, "Are the soldiers coming here also to loot?" The whispers of the civilians one to another were not the gratified comments of a people proud of their military. There was not a single trace of enthusiasm or pleasure over the brave display of the singing soldiers. Kherson greeted this morning's demonstration as it might be expected to greet the Germans. The men in uniform are not looked upon as friends and protectors, but as enemies.

The Duma's Blunder

Within the fifteen weeks of my sojourn in Russia most of this change in sentiment has come to pass. Last July the soldier was an unoffending bumpkin, who was a nuisance in Petrograd and elsewhere only because of his numbers and of the way in which he crowded the trains and street cars and public places—a simple, trustful, docile bumpkin, with never a thought of harm to anybody in his head. The first simile that suggested itself to a newcomer among them was that of overgrown puppy dogs. The mere privilege of riding free on trams and trains and boats was a holiday adventure for Tavarish. This liberty to roam and to loaf irresponsibly came with *swoboda*, and he enjoyed it to the full. All his impulses were those of immaturity and provincialism. Then the Bolsheviki, or extreme radicals, the I. W. W. of Russia, began to get in their work upon the soldier's confiding mind. By a colossal blunder the Duma had yielded its authority to a self-constituted committee of workmen and soldiers. Smaller committees were formed on this same model in the provinces and towns. Every community and every interest, from the control

(Continued on Page 77)

A Russian Dugout Near the Front


TUESDAY,
BRITISH FAMILY MARCHING TO ITS DUGOUT TO ESCAPE GERMAN BOMBS.
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Int. Underwood & Underwood
The phonograph goes along to relieve the waiting until the "all clear" signal is given—This photograph pictures a scene far from unusual in the London district.

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The people in this picture are seeking shelter from the bombs dropped by German air raiders. When the "Take Cover" siren sounded they hustled to the dugout. You will notice that there are seven people here, and a Columbia Graphophone (as the English prefer to call it) is the *only thing* they are taking along.

You who have never been bombed, and you who have never owned a phonograph may think this a queer choice. Some might have taken bed clothing, others food, others silverware and valuables, others a card-table and a lamp.

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Incidentally, for the benefit of the curious, we will state that this *is* a Columbia instrument shown in the photograph. Any good phonograph would have been desirable in the dugout, but this happens to have been a horn type of Columbia Grafonola.

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REGAL SHOES

(Continued from Page 74)

of an army corps or a railroad to the management of a small industrial plant, was under the governance of a committee. These committees were, naturally, men who had never before exercised authority. It was sweet to them to override generals and staffs and one-time governors and other bourgeois. No committee has had a mind for the nation; each has thought only of its own little area of authority. A book could be filled with their blunders and absurdities. Communities with plenty of food refused to ship any to others that were in need. Real government disappeared from Russia. The final source of control was the appeal to the sentiments of the soldiers and peasants; and at this essential task the government and the Allies registered failure. There has been no propaganda worthy to compare with that of the social radicals.

It was an easy first step in logic, even for the immature minds of the soldiers, to perceive that if the committees could overrule all order and authority they, to the same tune of *swoboda*, could overrule the committees. One day down in the Caucasus I had halted by a bridge in a base camp while the military escort was changing horses, and naturally a crowd of soldiers gathered to stare at the foreigners, with just the same naïve, childlike curiosity that one meets in the remote villages of Japan. While the men simply stood and stared or occasionally asked a trivial question, a committeeman rode up, demanding to see our papers; whereupon, of course, we told him that we would show our papers, if desired, to the commanding officer. He fumed and threatened, and tried to arrest us; but we bade him tell his troubles to the officer who had been assigned by the general staff to escort us. In high dudgeon, the man rode off to report to his committee.

Every Man a General

Then up spoke a private, his fellows indorsing his sentiments: "You must not take the committee too lightly. It really has full authority. The staff thinks that it controls the situation, but it must do what the committee says. As for the committee, it thinks it has final power, but it has not, for we each do what we please here. Every one of us is now a general."

There you have it. Every soldier is a general. All my experience with the Russian Army corroborates the analysis of that private soldier by the bridge. There is no law left in the Russian Army, except the mind of the common soldier, and that is inchoate and immature. Slowly, through these months of freedom, Tavarish has come to a sense of his power. The might of a gun in the hands of a reckless man has been learned. The conclusion has been easy—that the way to get anything desired is to take a gun and go after it. Thus have developed, in almost geometrical progression, the excesses in the army. They are the acts of willful children with no sense of consequences. The unruly small boy who lies on the floor and screams and smashes his toys in a paroxysm of anger, and strikes at his nurse or mother, is twin brother to the Russian soldier of to-day. All the acts of vandalism and rapine are outbursts of willfulness and sudden impulse. There is no concerted plan or program, except the purpose to take a gun and go home. Simply the restraints are off a primitive mind.

Consider the riots, lootings and killings at Erivan, for illustration. The origin was simplicity itself. A soldier asked a Persian merchant the price of a melon. "A ruble and a half," replied the merchant, adding fifty per cent to the price, after the usage of his countrymen in dealing with the soldiers. This particular Tavarish had something of a mind. "What! A ruble and a half for one melon, when I risk my life and suffer cold and hunger and hardship in the trenches for less than that sum, while you, a fat, lazy, thieving Persian pig, sit here and rob honest people!" Moved by his own eloquence, the soldier raised the melon and smashed it on the domed hat of the merchant—and riot was loose on the instant. All the bazaars of Erivan closed for days, and the Moslems, who are armed and organized, fought back stubbornly, so that there were fatalities on both sides.

Less deadly but infinitely more destructive to property was the riot in Urumiah, due to the belief that the Persians are systematically depreciating the ruble, and otherwise dealing unfairly with the private. The bazaar section of the city was set afire in several places by the soldiers, who looted indiscriminately and according to their natures. One soldier was seen carrying off a broom and an eight-day clock, which of course were of no earthly use to him. The destruction of Urumiah's vaulted bazaars was complete, on a scale analogous to the entire burning out of the business district of Philadelphia that lies between Race and Spruce Streets, Second and Seventeenth. But the incident broke the monotony of military life. Of course no one was punished. I have yet to learn of the first case of punishment for these outrages by the soldiers.

Possibly the small boy's love of a bonfire is in part responsible for the returned soldier's penchant for burning the houses of landed gentry and places of business. Down toward the Caucasus Front houses are dismantled in order to get the woodwork for fuel. Likewise growing trees are cut down or girdled, as if in deliberate vandalism. When the order came to the soldiers in Persia to live off the country, they not only took supplies right and left, but they also wasted almost as much as they used—and that in a land destined to famine this winter. Yesterday's Odessa News told how troops at the Front wantonly destroyed military stores, throwing hundreds of boxes of sugar and bags of wheat into the river. Other bags of sugar they sold for as little as five rubles each. In cities one of the principal sources of supply of sugar to the well-to-do—the limit of legal sale being one and a half pounds a month—has been from the soldiers. Often I have seen Tavarish openly vending his supply of sugar to civilians. Also he sells his boots; one regiment in Tiflis, I was told by an eminent authority, drew an average per man of three pairs of new boots within the month. It is an open story that the Moslems of the Caucasus have been armed by rifles sold to them by deserting soldiers, the market price of these weapons reaching as high as a thousand rubles each. Single cartridges have sold for a ruble. It is reported from many parts of the Front that the soldiers are refusing to receive their winter equipment or are destroying it when it arrives, because they mean to go home before the real winter sets in.

At the moment Cossacks are being stationed at some of the principal railway stations, to take away the rifles of the returning soldiers; but this measure can be only partially successful. One wonders when the splendid loyalty of the Cossacks will be forced to accept the fact of the nonexistence of a real government, and they will retire to an orderly independence on their own lands. Already they are showing signs of resentment at being used solely for police duty.

Officers Murdered by Troops

Rifles the returning soldiers must have for the execution of their vague purposes—the most definite of which, incredible as it may sound, is the shooting of their officers. Over and over I have been told this by the officers. At present, and for so long as a semblance of military organization exists, officers are a necessary evil. They are tolerated upon good behavior. Each day's newspaper reports the shooting of officers by their men—and most cases do not get into print, as that one where an American friend found the body of a colonel in an ash heap, with his boots stolen—not in the heat of action but in cold blood. To-day the news is of fifteen officers in a regiment at the Front slain for trying to make their men go into action. The remaining officers went to the staff and offered their swords, asking permission to become private soldiers. It is not permitted by the committees for an officer to resign from the army; and all his affairs, from his boots to his food, are determined by the soldiers themselves. Bewildered officers have repeatedly asked me: "Do you have committees in the American Army?"

True, in the old days officers often shot men, in order to force the troops to fight and to prevent their flight; for officers have said that in the past Russian soldiers have fought from fear of their superiors and not from love of country. Now, however, the men are killing their officers from a strange class sense. After the war, when the officers will not be needed, they will be slain. So runs common report among officers and men. At this instant I submitted the question to an officer of high grade, whose opinion I had never heard before, and he

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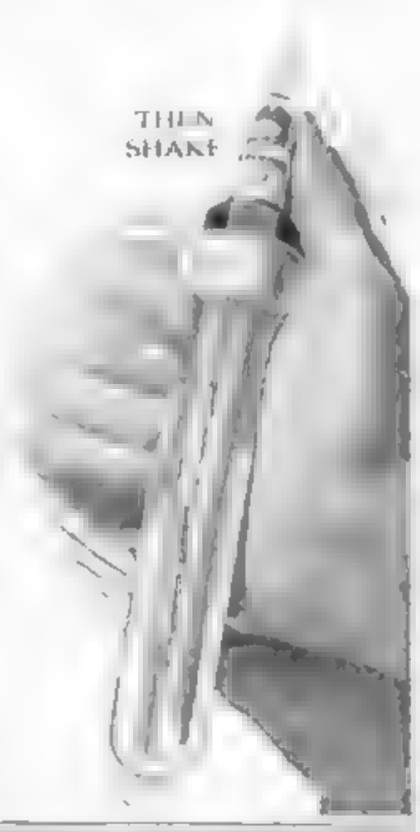

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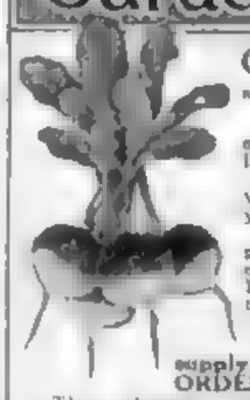

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sadly confirmed all that I have here written. One veteran general at the Front told me, sitting on a camp bed that had seen service in his family—father, son and grandson—for eighty-five years, that he has already received half a dozen letters threatening his life. "But," he added, drawing forth a wicked nonservice automatic pistol from his pocket, "there will be a few soldiers die first." I noticed that his headquarters were carefully shuttered at night.

That same general said, with a pathos which I cannot reproduce, that he has been given the French war cross for his services, and that he had looked forward, after the war, to wearing it to Paris. "Now, however, I shall be ashamed to go to Paris. I have heard that when a Russian appears in a restaurant there the French soldiers get up and leave." Akin to this concern of the old general was that of a captain, at a remote post in the Caucasus, who, like most Russian officers, wants to go to America. Almost his first question was, "Will America be willing to receive Russians now, after the way our army has acted?"

A disarmed Russian Army would be comparatively harmless. As it is, the troops have learned the terrorizing power of a gun. I have seen smashed doors and have heard revolting stories at first-hand. The logical next step is now being taken, as forcible entrance is being made into homes in cities as well as in villages. Nobody is safe in Russia to-day. Undisciplined by education or the usages of liberty, the Russian soldier is giving rein to the wild beast that lurks somewhere in the recesses of every man's nature.

One adjective is used most commonly to describe the mind of the Russian people. It is the word "dark." There must be a popular Russian term which is thus translated into English. "Dark forces" have played upon the "dark mind," and so we have the beginning of what promises to become the world's worst reign of terror. For the inevitable reaction against hunger and general want and high prices and cheap money in Russia will be for Tavarish with a gun to strike out blindly against all authority and against all semblances of the old order and institutions. Autocracy long sowed the wind; the whirlwind is now on the horizon. Or, to change the figure, one recalls the poet's warning:

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength and bound with bands of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand
And shake the pillars of the commonweal.

Even the church has not been spared by the soldier. He has rejected all the old sanctities. At Kieff, the newspaper reports, he has stripped the gold and jewels from the icons, and the very vestments of the priests, made of precious cloth of gold, have become loot for Tavarish. Considering the Russian peasant's past, this is almost the limit of anarchy.

The Chambermaid's Story

It is because he has broken with the former régime and has not yet taken on the new, that the soldier has suddenly become such a menace to public order and safety. Everybody in Russia, from the small schoolboy to the grand duke and the czar, used to wear a cap. This cap stood for discipline and organization. Everybody belonged to some unit and obeyed some authority. The country was ordered down to the minutest detail. The cap still persists, but the thing it represented is gone. Individualism, and the anarchy that has always flowed deeply in the Russian blood, are rampant. The big words of democracy are freely used, but they are idle symbols. Tavarish has no sense of human brotherhood or of world democracy or of the universal rights of man. He has not yet got on that far, though he will eventually arrive, after all the blood that his red flag symbolizes has flowed. At present, abstractions are beyond him. He cannot think past the facts that he is tired and that he has a gun and that the gun makes him master of the present situation. It is thinkable that a condition might rise wherein the soldiers would follow a concrete issue, or a personal leader, like Kerensky, to the prosecution of the war; but that is a remote contingency.

Here another interruption lends immediate point to my story. The chambermaid has been in the room where I am writing, and when I complained of the cold she shrugged her shoulders and reminded me of the soldiers. She is only one of millions of dumpy, wooden, moon-faced, good-natured Russian peasant women; but her tale, as she told it, in mingled Russian and German, with eloquent gestures, was really dramatic. She pointed to the three blankets I have on my bed, whereas the soldier has only one, and that of poor quality. I sleep on a bed, while the soldier sleeps on the bare ground. I wear good shoes; those of the soldier at the Front are in tatters. As I write I wear a sweater, a coat and a Cossack "bourka," or woolen cloak; while the soldier, as she indicated, has only one shoddy coat. I live in a comfortable room, and have bread and butter and meat to eat; while the soldier shivers out of doors, and eats black bread without any butter. All this the stolid chambermaid told me. Passing on to her own personal story—she has two children at home in the village, with her mother, while she toils in the hotel, at the beck and call of all sorts of faultfinders; and off at the Front, where he has been for four years, is her man, for whom the children cry "Papa! Papa!" And here the poor woman's story brought tears to her eyes and a choke to her throat. Her father, too, and all her brothers were called to the war, and two of them have fallen; while the problem of life at home grows more and more difficult.

The Spirit of Anarchy

In the light of the chambermaid's tale and of the glad expectant faces of the women in fresh kerchiefs whom I have seen at uncounted way stations and boat landings, looking for their own men among the returning soldiers, it is not to be expected that Tavarish, when he gets back home, will be branded as a coward and a deserter. Like himself, his people think in the concrete and not in the abstract. They know how the man at the Front has suffered from inexcusable neglect—lack of food, lack of clothes, lack of bedding, lack of medical attention and lack of equipment. The first to feel any sort of shortage has been the man on the front line. The myriads of soldiers who have loafed in the cities—some of them, like the Two Hundred and Fifty-fifth Regiment at Rostoff last week, flatly refusing to go to the Front when ordered—have had all the comforts that Russia has provided for her soldiers, while the men within range of the enemy's guns have suffered the lack of essential things. It is a valid case that Tavarish makes out. I have heard the sullen and ominous growl in a soldier's voice as he told me how the German privates have food and comfort, and even electric lights in their trenches, while the Russians have stood knee-deep in water for weeks on end. When the red glare of active anarchy lights the Russian sky let us remember these things, as well as the fact that Tavarish has taken his gun and ten clips of cartridges and gone home. It is a poor though popular solution to the problem to call the Russian soldier *une bête*.

Under the indictment of being tired and self-pitying, the entire Russian nation lies. With the advent of the revolution introspection began to have full play. The intelligentia have indulged without limit in the congenial exercise of coddling their own spirit. The old slogans of honor and good faith and loyalty and courage and freedom have slipped out of the nation's vocabulary; and a morbid spirit of brooding over Russia's troubles has superseded them. "Tired" is the adjective that one hears daily—from university-bred officers and from the comrade homeward bound with his gun. They are all profoundly sorry for themselves, which is a structural weakness of the soul.

"We are tired," is accepted as an adequate reason for breaking with all obligations. This creed of weaklings would play havoc with the world were it universally adopted. What if all the people who are tired of work were to quit! And what if the men who are tired of supporting families, and of the responsibilities of married life, were to run away? And imagine a general strike of the women who are tired of housework. Suppose the men and women who are tired of being decent were to abandon the struggle! The philosophy of the tired Tavarish is the basis of all anarchy and social disruption—to do as one wants to do, and not to do as one ought to do. By the glare of the red torch that is being lighted in Russia the world may be able to read clearly once more the old, old lessons of life and manhood.

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FOR BETTER WALLS & CEILINGS

American Industry—Ready for War—Prepares for World Trade Afterward

"FORGET how things were done before the war, eliminate red tape," says Secretary Redfield.

This is the call to a "wake up" movement among *manufacturers*.

And they are responding just as quickly as they realize how many things they knew *four years ago* which are not so *today*.

"SPEED UP" conditions are forcing manufacturers to realize the facts of power belting, for instance; an item which cost American industry $150,000,000 last year, while in 1914 all manufacturing in this country was done with $49,000,000 worth of belts.

Before the war they bought 90 per cent. of it *solely on tradition and theory*.

Many a conscientious engineer and factory man *thought* there was only one material for belting because he *knew* only one.

Now he has learned that the plants making munitions and other war material are actually depending for their *most highly efficient production* upon a totally different type of belt.

That they are buying belts on a basis of *Service*—so many cuts to a machine at so much a cut—and that it makes no difference what the material is of which the belts may be made, so long as they deliver *consistently*.

THERE is a concern in this country producing an essential for war making, in which resides all the necessary knowledge in its industry.

It is the only concern which has been successful in large quantity production—and on which the Government knows it can count under unforeseen pressure. This is a highly specialized industry and a number of concerns are engaged in it.

Until 1913 this Company used practically only two types of belting—both dictated by "traditional engineering practice." During 1914–1915 these people tested every belt on the market and found Anaconda to be so efficient that they now use it on 90 per cent. of their work.

One of their plants alone has in it over 27 miles of Anaconda belt ranging in widths from 4" to 36". This plant used over 50 tons of Anaconda in 1917.

After the war it will be converted into a plant for making chemicals—an industry in which Germany has always held the lead.

Here is the notable fact:

These chemicals will be marketed all over the world. They will be able to compete in quality and price with anything any country could offer before the war or will be able to offer afterward.

Leviathan-Anaconda belts are an essential part of the machinery for accomplishing this. Upon the low cost of production which they make possible depends the success of the whole plan. The engineers who laid out the plant and upon whose shoulders rests the "carrying on," have satisfied themselves by the severest tests they could devise that every part of the machine *—including Leviathan-Anaconda belting*—is the most efficient for the purpose.

LEVIATHAN-ANACONDA is the first belting in the country built to the proposition that belting is not material—it is Service.

The first Leviathan belt was placed on the pulleys in 1882.

Today plants all over the world busy with war production are making new records with Leviathan-Anaconda.

Many of these plants have purchased belting *solely* on a cost of production basis.

One fact they have learned to their sorrow.

Belts cannot give service where there is excessive stretch and slip. They have also learned to beware of belts "guaranteed to be equal to Leviathan-Anaconda."

It is important to note that Leviathan-Anaconda is sold direct to the user—not by the yard, but as a cost reducing service.

On the toughest drives here, Anaconda shows a service of four months, with hardly a sign of wear, while —— belting wore out in six weeks. Service for service, Anaconda would be cheaper than the discarded belting if it sold at twice the price. As a matter of fact, it actually costs less per foot than the old belting.

LEVIATHAN AND ANACONDA BELTS

For Transmission, Conveying and Elevating

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MAIN BELTING CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Toronto HONOLULU IRON WORKS CO., Honolulu

THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE

Continued from Page 19

you to give a thought to it. The German doesn't live who can get the better of me—not after what you have said!"

The situation all of a sudden presented itself in rosy colors. I saw how strong the door was, what a lot of breaking it would take. And if they did force a way in—why, then I could try some sharpshooting! But Miss Falconer was getting up slowly.

"Now the papers, Mr. Bayne," said she.

To be sure, the papers! I had temporarily forgotten them.

"They can't be here," I said blankly, gazing about the room.

"No, not here. In yonder." She motioned toward the inner door. "This is the old suite of the lords of Prezelay. We are in the room of the guards, where the armed retainers used to lie all night before the fire, watching. Then comes the antechamber, and then the room of the squires, and then the bedchamber of the lord." Her voice had fallen now, as if she thought the walls were listening. "In the lord's room there is a secret hiding place behind a panel; and if the papers are at Prezelay they will be there!"

I took the candle from her, turned to the door and opened it. "I hope they are," I said. "Let us go and see."

The antechamber—the room of the squires—the bedchamber of the lord. Such terms were fascinating; they called up before me a whole picture of feudal life. Thanks to the attentions of the Germans the rooms were mere empty shells, however, though they must have been rather splendid when decked out with furniture and portraits and tapestries, before the war.

Our steps echoed on the stone as we traversed the antechamber, a quaint, round place, lined with bull's-eye windows and presided over by the statues of four armed men. Another door gave us entrance to the quarter of the squires. We started across it, but in the center of the floor I stopped. In all the other rooms of the castle dust had lain thick, but there was none hereabouts. The windows elsewhere had been closed and the air heavy and musty, but here the soft night breeze was drifting in. On a table stood, in odd conjunction, the remains of a meal, a roll of bandages and a half-burned candle; and finally, against the wall lay a bed of sorts—a mattress piled with tumbled sheets.

Were these Marie-Jeanne's quarters? I didn't know, but I doubted. I turned to the girl.

"Miss Falconer," I said, attempting naturalness, "will you go back to the guardroom and wait there a few minutes, please? I think—that is, it seems just possible that someone is hiding in yonder. I'd prefer to investigate alone, if you don't mind ——"

I broke off, suddenly aware of the look she was casting round her. It did not mean fear; it could mean nothing but an incredulous, dawning hope. These signs of occupancy suggested to her something so wonderful, so desirable that she simply dared not credit them; she was dreading that they might slip through her fingers and fade away!

I made a valiant effort at understanding.

"Perhaps," I said, "you're expecting someone. Did you think that a—a friend of yours might have arrived here before we came?" She did not glance at me, but she bent her head, assenting. All her attention was focused raptly on that bed beside the wall.

"Yes," she whispered. "A long time before us. A month ago at least." Her eyes had begun to shine. "Oh, I don't dare to believe it; I've hardly dared to hope for it! But if it is true I am going to be happier than I ever thought I could be again!"

She made a swift movement toward the door, but I forestalled her. Whatever that room held I must have a look at it before she went. I flung the door open, blocked her passage—and stopped in my tracks, for the best of reasons. A young man was sitting on a battered oak chest beneath a window, facing me, and in his right hand, propped on his knee, there glittered a revolver which was pointed straight at my heart!

I stood petrified, measuring him. He was lightly built and slender. He had a manner as glittering as his weapon, and a pair of remarkably cool and clear gray eyes. His picturesqueness seemed wasted on mere flesh and blood, it was so perfect. Coatless, but wearing a shirt of the finest linen, he looked like some old French duelist—ought, I felt, to be gazing at me, rapier in hand, from a gilt-framed canvas.

In the brief pause before he spoke I gathered some further data. He was a sick man, and he had recently been wounded; at present he was keeping up by sheer courage, not by strength. His lips were pressed in a straight line, his eyes were shadowed, and his pallor was ghastly. Finally, he was wearing his left arm in a sling across his breast.

"Monsieur," he now enunciated clearly, "will raise both hands, and keep them lifted. Monsieur sees, doubtless, that I am in no state for a wrestling match. For that very reason he must take all pains not to forget himself—for should he stir, however slightly, I grieve to say that I must shoot!"

The casualness of his tones made Von Blenheim's menaces seem childish and futile. I had not the slightest doubt that he would keep his word. Yet, without any reason whatever, I liked him, and I had no fear of him; I did not feel for a single instant that Miss Falconer was in danger—she was as safe with him, I knew instinctively, as she was with me.

I opened my lips to parley but found myself interrupted. A cry came from behind me—a low, utterly rapturous cry. I was thrust aside, and saw the girl spring past me. An instant later she was by the stranger, kneeling, with her arms about him and her bright head against his cheek.

"Jean! Dear Jean!" she was crying, between tears and laughter. "We thought you were dead! We thought you were never coming back to Raincy-la-Tour!"

It seemed to me that someone had struck my head a stunning blow. For an interval I stood dazed; then, painfully, my brain stirred. Things went dancing across it like sharp stabbing little flames—guesses, memories, scraps of talk I had heard, items I had read; but they were scattered, without cohesion; like will-o'-the-wisps, they could not be seized.

There was a young man—a noble of France—who had been a hero. I had read of him in a certain extra, as my steamer left New York. He had disappeared: Important papers had vanished with him. He had been suspected, because it was known that the Germans wanted those special documents. All the world, I thought dully, seemed to be hunting papers—the French, the Germans, Miss Falconer and I.

Once more I looked at the man on the chest, who had dropped his pistol and was clasping the girl to him, soothing her, stroking her hair. My brain began to work more rapidly. The little flashes of light seemed to run together, to crystallize into a whole. I knew!

Jean-Hervé-Marie-Olivier—the Duke of Raincy-la-Tour—the Firefly of France.

XXIII

HE WAS very weak indeed—it seemed a miracle that, at the sounds below, he had found strength to drag himself from his bed and crawl inch by inch to the room of the secret panel to mount guard there—and no sooner had he soothed Miss Falconer than he collapsed in a sort of swoon. We laid him on the chest, and I fetched a pillow for his head, and stripped off my coat and spread it over him. I took out my pocket flask, too, and forced a few drops between his teeth. In short, I tried to play the game.

When his eyes opened, however, my endurance had reached its limits. With a muttered excuse—not that I flattered myself they wanted me to stay!—I left them and stumbled into the room of the squires, taking refuge in the grateful dark. I don't know how long I sat there, elbows on knees, hands propping my head; but it was a ghastly vigil. In this round—unlike the battle in the hall—I had not been victor. Instead, I had taken the count!

I knew now, of course, that I was in love with Esmé Falconer. Judging from the violence of the sensation I must have loved her for quite a while. Probably it had begun that night in the St. Ives restaurant, for when before had I watched any girl with such special, ecstatic, almost proprietary rapture? Yes—that was why, ever since, I had been cutting such crazy capers. From first to last they were the natural thing, the prerogative of a man in my state of mind—or heart!

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HERE is an amazing business story that will be significant to shrewd truck buyers. Total 1917 purchases of Indiana Trucks show the enormous increase over 1916 of 400%, *without including our Government orders.* The month alone in which this announcement is written shows an advance of 500% over the same month of the year before.

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Many threads of the affair still remained to be unraveled. I didn't know what the duke was doing here, what he had been about for a month past, how the girl, far off in America, had guessed his whereabouts and his need; nor did I care. His mere existence was enough—that, and Esmé's love for him. All my interest in my Chinese puzzle had come to a wretched end.

"Confound him!" I thought with savageness. "We could have spared him perfectly! What business has he turning up at the eleventh hour? He didn't cross the ocean with her. He didn't suspect her unforgivably. He didn't help her, and disguise himself as a chauffeur for her, and wing Schwartzmann, and bruise up the other chaps and send them rolling in a heap. This is my adventure. He must have had a hundred. Why couldn't he stick to his high-flying and dazzling, and let me be?"

The murmur of voices drifted from the lord's bedchamber. I could guess what they had to say to each other—Miss Falconer and her duke. The Firefly of France! Even I, a benighted foreigner, knew the things that title stood for: Heroism, in a land where every soldier was a hero; praise and medals and glory; thirty conquered aéroplanes—a record over which his ancestors, those old marshals and constables, lying effigied on their tombs of marble with their feet resting on carved lions, must nod their heads with pride.

"Mr. Bayne!"

It was Miss Falconer's voice. I rose reluctantly and obeyed the summons. The Firefly was sitting propped on the chest now, white but steadier, while Esmé still knelt beside him holding his hand in hers.

"I have been telling Jean, Mr. Bayne, how you have helped us." The radiance of her face, the lilt of her voice, stabbed me with a jealous pang. I had wanted to see her happy, heaven knew—but not quite in this manner. "And he wants to thank you for all that you have done."

The Duke of Raincy-la-Tour spoke to me in English, correct but quaintly formal, of a decided charm.

"Monsieur," he said, "I offer you my gratitude. And if you will touch the hand of one concerning whom, I fear, very evil things are believed ——"

I forced a smile and a hearty pressure.

"I'll risk it," I assured him. "The chain of evidence against you seemed far-fetched, to say the least. They pointed out accusingly that your father and your grandfather had been Royalists, and that therefore ——"

He made a gesture. "May their souls find repose! Monsieur, it is true that they were. But if they lived to-day, my father and grandfather, they would not be traitors. They would wear, like me, the uniform of France!"

He smiled, and I knew once for all that I could never hate him; that mere envy, and a shame of it, were the worst that I could feel.

Everything about him won me, his simplicity, his fine pride, his clearness of eye and voice, his look of a swift, polished sword blade. I had never seen a man like him. The Duchess of Raincy-la-Tour would be a lucky woman; so much was plain.

I found a seat on the window ledge, the girl remained kneeling by him, and he told us his story, always in that quaint, formal speech. As it went on it absorbed me. I even forgot those clasped hands for an occasional instant. In every detail, in every quiet sentence there was some note that brought before me the Firefly's achievements—the marauding airships he had climbed into the air to meet, the foes he had swooped from the blue to conquer, his darts into the land of his enemies, where there was a price upon his head.

The story had to do with a night when he had left the French lines behind him. His commander had been quite frank. The mission meant his probable death. He was to wear a German uniform; to land inside the lines of the Kaiser; to conceal his plane, if luck favored him, among the trees in the grounds of the old château of Ranceville; to get what knowledge and sketch what plans he could of defenses against which the French attacks had hitherto broken vainly, and to bring them home.

All had gone well at first. His gallant little plane had winged its way into the unknown like a darting swallow; he had landed safely; and after he had walked for hours, with the Germans about him and death beside him, he had gained his spoils. It was as he rose for the return flight that the alarm was given. He got away; but he had five hostile aircraft after him. Could he hope to elude them and to land safely at the French lines?

It was in that hour, while the night lingered and the stars still shone and the cannon of the two armies challenged each other steadily, that the Firefly of France fought his greatest battle in the air. Since his whole aim was escape it was bloodless; he had to trust to skill and cunning; he dared maneuvers that appalled others—dropped plummet-like, looped dizzily, soared to the sheerest heights. He had been wounded. The framework of his plane was damaged. Still, he gained on his foes and won through to the lines of France.

"But I might not land there," he explained. "The Germans followed. A mist had closed about us, hiding us from my friends below. I heard only my propeller; and that, by now, sounded faint to me; for I was weakening—a shot had hit my shoulder, and one had wounded my left arm."

The girl swayed closer against him, watching him with eyes of worship. Well—I didn't wonder, though it cut me to the heart. Even a fairy prince could have been no worthier of her than this Jean-Hervé-Marie-Olivier; of that at least, I told myself dourly, I must be glad.

"As I raced on," said the duke, "there came a certain thought to me. We had traveled far; we were in the country near Prezelay, my cousin's house. The village, I knew, was ruined, but the château stood; and if I could reach it old Marie-Jeanne would help me. You comprehend, my weakness was growing. I knew I had little more time."

The shrouding mist had aided him to lose those pursuing vultures. The last of them fell off, baffled—or afraid to go deeper into France. Now he emerged again into the clear air and the starlight. The land beneath him was a scudding blur, with a dark-green mass in its center—the forest of La Fay.

And then suddenly he knew he must land if he were not to lose consciousness and hurtle down blindly; and with set teeth and sweat beading his forehead he began the descent. At the end his strength failed him. The plane crashed among the trees. "But Saint Denis, who helps all Frenchmen, helped me"—he smiled—"and I was thrown clear."

From that thicket where his machine lay hidden it was a mile to Prezelay. He dragged himself over this distance, sometimes on his hands and knees. Soon after dawn Marie-Jeanne, answering a discordant ringing, found a man lying outside the gate and babbling deliriously—her master's cousin, in a blood-soaked uniform, holding out a bundle of papers, and begging her by the soul of her mother to put them in the castle's secret hiding place.

She did it. Then she coaxed the wounded man to the rooms opening from the gallery and tended him day and night through the weeks of fever that ensued. From his ravings she learned that he was in danger and feared pursuers; and with the peasant's instinct for caution she had not dared to send for help.

"It was yesterday," the duke told us, "that my mind came back. I knew then what must be thought of me, what must be said of me, all over France." He was leaning on the wall now, exhausted and white, but dauntless. "No matter for that—I have the papers. You recall the hiding place?"

He smiled as he asked the question, and Miss Falconer smiled back at him. Getting to her feet she ran her fingers across the oak panel over his head, where for centuries a huntsman had been riding across a forest glade and blowing his horn. The handle of his hunting knife protruded just a little; and as the girl pressed it the panel glided silently open, revealing a space, square and dark and cobwebby, inside.

Something was lying there—a thin, wafer-like packet of papers—the papers for which the Firefly of France had shed his blood.

"Behold!" he said. "They are copies. All that I sketched that night near Ranceville, all that I wrote—I did not once but twice. These I carried openly, to be found if I were captured. But those you hold went hidden in the sole of my boot—which was hollowed for them—so that if I were taken and then escaped they might go too!"

I had read of such devices, I remembered vaguely.

"You have two sets of papers?" I repeated.

"As you see, monsieur."

"Then I'll take one of them," said I.

Miss Falconer was looking at me in a puzzled fashion. As for the duke, his brows drew together; his figure straightened; the cool glint grew in his eyes. "Monsieur," he stated somewhat icily, "such things as these are not souvenirs. When they leave my possession they will go to the Supreme Command."

"Certainly," I agreed, unruffled. "That will do admirably for the first package; but about the second—no doubt Miss Falconer told you that we have German guests downstairs? Perhaps she forgot to mention the leader's name, though. It is Franz von Blenheim. And I don't care to have him break down the door and burst in on us—on her especially; I would rather, all things considered, interview him in the hall."

The Firefly's face had altered at the name of the secret agent; he was now regarding me with intentness, but without a frown. As for Miss Falconer, the trouble in her eyes was growing. I would have to be careful. Accordingly I summoned a debonair manner as I went on.

"If you'll allow me," I said, "I will take the papers down to him. He won't know that they are copies; he will snatch at them—glad of the chance. And since he is in a hurry he won't stop to parley probably. He will simply be off at top speed, and leave us safe.

"Of course, that is the one unpleasant feature of the affair—his going." At this point I glanced in a casual manner at the Duke of Raincy-la-Tour. "It seems a pity to let him walk off scot-free, to plan more trouble for France; but that is past praying for. I could hardly hope to stop him—except by a miracle. If there is one I'll be on hand!"

Would the duke guess the hope with which I was going downstairs? I wondered. I thought he did, for his eyes flashed slightly and he stirred a little on the chest.

"Such a miracle, monsieur," he remarked, "would serve France greatly. As a good son of the Church I will pray for it with all my heart!"

"I hope to come back," I went on, "and to rejoin you. But if I shouldn't for any reason"—with careful vagueness—"you must stay here, barricaded, till they are gone. Then Miss Falconer can drive her car to the nearest town and bring back help for you. You see, it will be entirely simple, either way."

The girl, very white now, took a swift step toward me.

"Simple?" she cried. "They will kill you! They hate you, Mr. Bayne; and they are four to one! You mustn't go!"

But the duke's hand was on her arm. "My dear," he said, "he has reason. This friend of yours, I perceive, is a gallant gentleman. Believe me, if I had strength to stand he would not go alone!"

He held out the papers to me and I took them. Then we clasped hands, the Firefly and I.

"*Bonne chance, monsieur,*" he bade me with the pressure.

"Good luck, and good-by," I answered. "Miss Falconer, will you come to the door?"

She took up the candle and came forward to light me, and we went in silence through the room of the squires and through the antechamber and into the room of the guards. She walked close beside me; her eyes shone wet; her lips trembled. There were things I would have given the world to say, but I suppressed them. To the very end, I had resolved, I would play fair.

We were at the outer door. "Good-by, Miss Falconer," I said, halting. "You mustn't worry; everything is going to turn out splendidly, I am sure. Only—now that we have the papers it ends our little adventure, doesn't it? So before I go I want to thank you for our day together. It has been wonderful. There never was another like it. I shall always be thankful for it, no matter what I have to pay ——"

I stopped abruptly, realizing that this was not cricket. To make up, I put out my hand quite coolly; but she grasped it in both of hers and held it in a soft, warm clasp.

"I shall never forget," she whispered. "Come back to us, Mr. Bayne!"

For a moment I looked at her in the light of the candle—at her lovely face, at the ruddy hair framing it, at the tears heavy on her lashes. Then I drew the bolt and went out, and heard her fasten the door.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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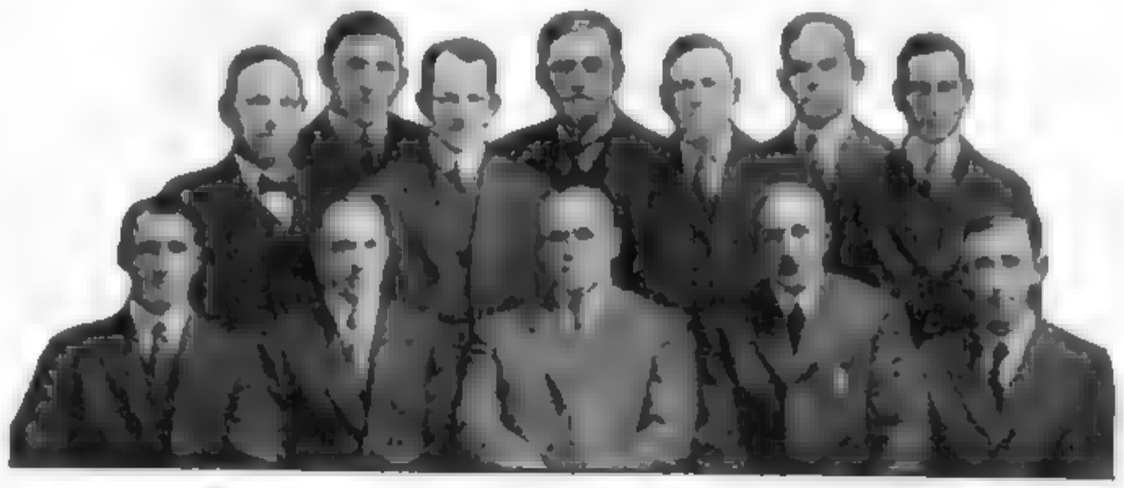

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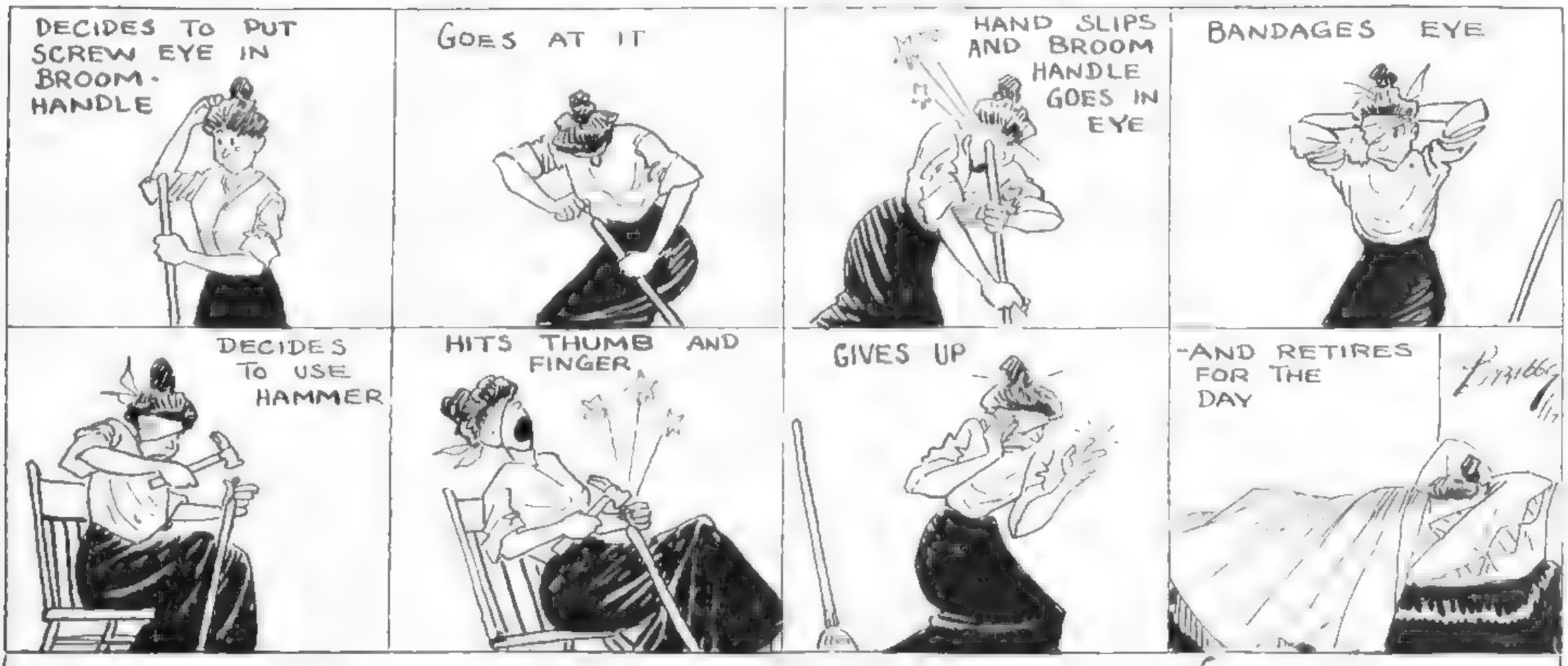
DECIDES TO PUT SCREW EYE IN BROOM-HANDLE
GOES AT IT
HAND SLIPS AND BROOM HANDLE GOES IN EYE
BANDAGES EYE
DECIDES TO USE HAMMER
HITS THUMB AND FINGER
GIVES UP
-AND RETIRES FOR THE DAY

The Ought-to-be-done Things

The picture above is a tragedy. Its sorrow isn't obvious to most masculine eyes; but every good housekeeper knows the amount of untidiness that is forced upon her through the difficulty of getting things hung up. From the dish-pan at the sink to the cups in the mahogany china-closet, it is almost impossible for a woman to put up screw-hooks with her own fingers or to get Friend Husband to give any practical help. Here's where

Mr. Punch

—The Hole Maker—

comes in. He carries in his handle drill points of eight different sizes. You pick out the right size drill, put it against the wood where you want the hole—You Push, He Twists. In no time you have a clean, round hole made in the hardest wood and the screw-eye or the screw-hook goes in as though it wanted to—with *enthusiasm*.

Wherever you want a hole for a screw, or a brad, or a nail, Mr. Punch is a friend in need. He costs $1.80 and can be had in most good hardware shops. For your own protection be sure you see Mr. Punch on the green-covered box.

Goodell-Pratt Company

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Greenfield, Mass.
U. S. A.

WE make 1500 good tools which are used and praised by mechanics the world over. A few of them which are very useful in the home are described in our booklet—

"The House That Jack Fixed"

SEND FOR IT TODAY

FRANCE AND THE FUTURE

(Continued from Page 13)

he fought, the French Government suddenly woke up to the fact that it needed shells in immense quantities. The American supply had not begun to come in to any appreciable extent. What American ammunition did arrive was none too serviceable.

Citroen knew of the difficulties that confronted his government. He got a three days' leave of absence from his colonel, went to the War Office in Paris, and said:

"If the government will give me a contract I will produce more shells than any individual in France."

His argument prevailed. When you meet Citroen you realize how and why he persuaded the Ordnance Department to sign a contract with him at once for an output of fifty thousand shells a day. He is a born salesman.

Armed with this contract, Citroen borrowed a million francs from a bank. He then engaged the best shopman and the shrewdest practical financier he could find in France. He sent these two men to the United States—they could both speak English—with these instructions:

"Buy all the machinery you can lay hands on and get it on the water as soon as possible. If there is any delay in shipping the equipment to New York by freight send it by express."

This is the brand of talk that Harriman or Frick or Henry Ford might have indulged in when faced with such an emergency. It takes on added meaning when you realize that it was uttered by a Frenchman under thirty-five, just embarking on his first big business venture.

The two envoys left on the next steamer, established a small office down on Broadway, in New York, and began to scour the country for machinery. They followed their chief's instructions to the letter; and more than one automatic machine was rushed from Bridgeport or Philadelphia to New York by express.

Meantime Citroen leased a tract of semi-improved land on the Quay Javel, on the banks of the Seine, and almost within the shadow of the Eiffel Tower. On January 15, 1915, he began to convert the two old buildings that stood there into factories, and break ground for a new and up-to-date concrete structure. On April first he was turning out a thousand shells a day. When I last visited his plant in October, 1917, he was employing ninety-five hundred men and women, and producing fifty thousand shells a day.

A Deferred Appointment

I have seen hundreds of shell factories in this war, ranging from Petrograd to Milan; but I have yet to see a more perfectly organized or more highly specialized establishment than the huge plant which bears Citroen's name, and which now covers a space that would correspond to more than five big city blocks in the United States.

We think we represent the last word in welfare work; but we are very much mistaken. At the Citroen factory there is a complete dental clinic, presided over by three graduate American dentists assisted by a dozen trained nurses, three of them from New York. Into this clinic at all hours of the day stream men and women workers, who are required to undergo a periodical examination of their teeth. All dental work is done at the expense of the company.

I asked Citroen why he set up this dental establishment. Quick as a flash he replied:

"Most of the human ills are due to bad digestion, and bad digestion, in turn, comes from lack of mastication. If your worker's teeth are in good shape he can chew and enjoy his food. When the eating machinery is in good repair the human being is much more fit. One of the best human investments I ever made was to take care of my employees' teeth."

In this explanation you get another revelation of why André Citroen gets on. I will give you still another reason. Attached to his huge industrial city—for it is nothing less—is the largest communal dining hall in France. In this vast structure twenty-seven hundred men and women have lunch at the same time. Every one of the ninety-five hundred employees has a number. This number is printed on a colored disk. The tables are arranged by colors. Jeanne Blanc, the fair munitionette, who lives in the Montmartre and who has yellow ticket Number 469, can find her seat at lunch the first day she goes to work, because there is a colored numbered index hanging over each of the long tables.

At the Citroen lunch room the workers get *déjeuner*, which in France is a full-sized meal, for one-franc-fifty, which, in American money at present exchange rates, is a little over twenty cents. Citroen organized his eating annex just as he organized his factory. He buys in bulk; and when he cannot get what he wants he raises it or produces it himself.

When you meet this Charles Schwab of France you are in contact with the livest industrial wire in the country. He is small, keen, alert, a bundle of energy—a walking factory of ideas. He speaks English fluently. He is at his desk at eight o'clock in the morning; has his lunch with the heads of his departments on a raised platform overlooking his eating thousands.

One day he sent me a telegram deferring an engagement several hours. When I saw him he explained the reason for the postponement, saying: "I went to the funeral of one of my oldest workmen."

Citroen finds time to be human.

American Methods Copied

I asked Citroen what he would do with his immense factory when the war was over. Without the slightest hesitation he answered:

"I shall make cheap motor cars in what you Americans call quantity output—provided, of course, the government does not tax me to death," was the reply.

In this answer you get the key to the whole industrial future of France. Our sister republic will do with her immense munition machines precisely what Great Britain will do with hers. She will produce the munitions of peace in such quantities as will make America hustle in the markets of the world.

From all I could gather Citroen's fears about taxation are scarcely justified. France is not likely to impose excessive taxation after the war, and for a very good reason. Her people, trained in thrift and investment, are willing to buy national bonds and thus employ their money at a fair rate of interest. The French are constitutionally opposed to paying taxes. They regard it as so much money thrown away. A drastic tax would merely add fuel to the fires of growing social unrest and precipitate serious trouble.

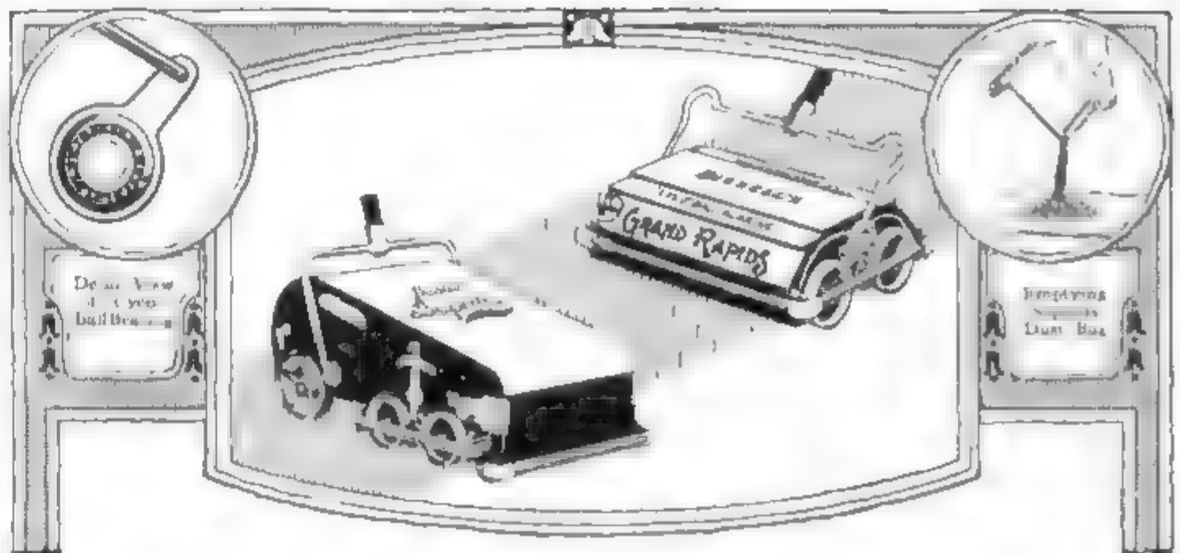
André Citroen is merely one of many kindred industrial spirits. Take the case of the engineer, Mayen, who is his full brother in resource and ingenuity:

Before the war he was a comparatively small producer of screw-machine products. The incessant destruction of aëroplanes led to a shortage of engines. France had urgent need of factories that could produce them on French soil and in a hurry. Like some of the shell makers, Mayen went to the government and agreed to manufacture aëroplane engines if he could get a contract. When this document was forthcoming he borrowed three million francs from the banks and started to build.

On May 1, 1917, his workmen dug the first hole in what was a sea of mud in the outskirts of Paris. Mayen is a galvanic person. He wanted to produce motors while he was building his factory. This is a pretty difficult proposition in peace; it is infinitely more so in war, when labor is scarce and machinery scarcer. But he did it.

He organized his workers into two shifts and worked them day and night. They had to have light, and lighting plants are hard to obtain in these war days. In some way he discovered a partly dismantled establishment in a town near Paris. He had it removed bodily to the ground on which he was building, set it up and erected his factory round it. He wanted power to drive his first engines; so he bought all the accessible motor tractors he could find, belted them up together, and thus got the energy needed for the start. It was a genuine piece of Yankee enterprise. Some of these makeshift plants are still in action.

Mayen lived with the job. He had a little shack built on the premises for himself, ate his meals on the jump and slept on the spot. There was no shirking or slacking in the construction of the Mayen factory.



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With These Easy-Running Thorough-Working Sweepers

Think of it! Your sweeping all done in one-half the time. No clouds of dust. No tired back. No aching arms.

No expensive corn brooms—now costing a dollar or more and lasting but a little while—except for kitchen and porch.

And, best of all, these two Bissells keep carpets clean and bright all the time—no chance for accumulation of disease-breeding dust.

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Each does its own special work—work which the other cannot do as well or at all. The use of the two meets every sweeping requirement.

Any vacuum sweeper is primarily a suction-cleaning device. Its brush is an auxiliary to this function. Use a Bissell Vacuum Sweeper for your "thorough sweeping," remembering that it is not the dust you kick up to settle again but what is confined in the bag that counts. Bissell's develop stronger and more positive suction than the average electric, are easy-running, have an exclusive, easy-emptying arrangement, best bristle brush, and are superlatively well made in every detail

The Carpet Sweeper, with its full-sized, wide brush, light weight and handiness, is primarily a sweeping device, and cannot be displaced by any vacuum sweeper for everyday use. There are several grades of Bissell's Sweepers. Be sure you get a "Cyco" Ball-Bearing. No other sweeper has or can have them. They're patented. "Cyco" Ball Bearings not only mean easy running but insure constant sweeping efficiency and self-adjustment to all grades of carpet. All C. B. B. patterns have finest bristle brush and real No-Mar rubber Corner Cushions.

"Cyco" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweepers in patterns from $3.25 to $6.25. Vacuum Sweepers $6.00 to $12.50—depending upon style and locality. At dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

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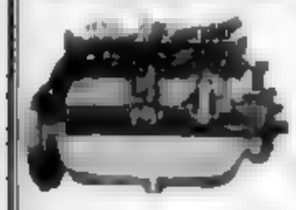

All motors positively new and unused, never having been removed from the original crates in which they were shipped by the Continental Motors Corporation. Blue prints and other engineering data furnished on request. Immediate shipment guaranteed.

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SANITOL FOR TEETH
POWDER or PASTE

makes white, glistening teeth and firm, healthy gums—corrects acid saliva.

Highest Award
Panama-Pacific Exposition.

He got the license for France of a well-known Spanish motor, developed it, and within two months after he invaded that sea of mud he was turning out ten complete aëroplane motors a day—a big output when you consider the intricacy and delicacy of the mechanism of an aviation engine.

When I saw his plant, in October last, thirty-five hundred men and women were working under more than twelve acres of glass, and new construction was going up on every side. The output was forty complete aëroplane motors a day, and growing.

Ask Mayen what he proposes to do with his factory when peace comes and he will tell you that he believes the aëroplane has a commercial future, and that France will lead the world with an aërial freight service. It is well known that since the outbreak of the war Germany has concentrated a large part of her preparations for peace on the perfection of a Zeppelinized airship that will haul both freight and passengers. Thus, France is preparing to meet her ancient trade and racial enemy on equal terms.

Now you begin to perceive why any post-war industrial invasion of France will be no easy sledding. The Citroens, Mayens, and all the rest of that alert brotherhood, will see that France shall be as self-sufficient mechanically as they can make her.

Now let us see just what obstacles lie in the way of the American exporter seeking to do business in France after the war. First of all, it is quite likely that with peace France will have a high protective tariff, and that the power of the government will be used to divert trade to French manufacturing establishments.

Before the war France manufactured very little merchandise other than the luxuries she exported in large quantities. Practically all products of the metallurgic industry, in particular, were imported, the only exception being automobiles. The war has brought about a very great development of metallurgic industries; and there is no doubt that the numerous factories, which have been increased, as well as the new factories which have been built, will be utilized to produce the goods France will require immediately after peace is declared.

This is already indicated by the action of the French Government in prohibiting the importation of automobiles and automobile trucks. The first action in this connection was the placing of a seventy per cent ad valorem duty on passenger cars and on automobile trucks weighing less than twenty-five hundred kilograms, in 1916. This was followed, in the spring of 1917, by a total prohibition, which is so strict that practically no permits are granted.

Foreign Cars Excluded

Recently, when a special application was made by an American for a permit to import a single car, the answer was received that the permit could not be granted for the following reasons: Because of the policy of the government to discourage the sending of money out of the country; because of the lack of shipping space; because of the aim of the government to protect local automobile manufacturers; and because the government expected to have a large number of secondhand cars to place upon the market.

The most important of the four reasons I have just given is the intention of the government to discourage importations of automobiles. This eliminates competition with the local French industry, which is not able to produce cars at present. It is estimated that when the war is over at least one hundred thousand automobiles will be required by the public to replace those requisitioned or worn out. The manufacturers now engaged largely on aviation motors, shells, and other war work, are already preparing to take care of the after-war motor business. Until this demand has been satisfied the French duty on foreign cars will be very heavy. Similar conditions will favor other metal-working industries. The driving wheel behind French exclusion is the energetic Clementel, minister of commerce.

The French steel mills have made considerable progress in the manufacture of high-grade tool steel and it is fairly certain that this industry will be fostered after the war. In former years much of the tool steel used in France came from Great Britain. The latter country is endeavoring to hold this trade during the war, and, as a result, the price of British tool steel has not been advanced to any considerable extent; in fact, British tool steel is being sold in France to-day at prices equivalent to one-third of the f. o. b. New York price of similar American steel. Here is food for American industrial digestion.

Another industry that will surely be sponsored by the government after the war is that of gasoline tractors. So many horses and men have been killed that there will be a dearth of labor. Gasoline tractors will replace horses in many farming regions in France.

Already two of the largest automobile-truck builders in the republic are preparing to place tractors on the market to compete with those made in America and Great Britain.

This procedure blocks certain well-laid American export plans. When the war began American manufacturers of gasoline tractors had begun to get a foothold in France. For two years the business increased steadily. Now it has come to a standstill, except in cases where the tractors have been sold direct to the French Government. No tractors may now be shipped from the United States to France unless consigned to the government. It stands to reason that, with the inevitable protective tariff operating against the American-made tractor after the war, this trade will fall into the hands of French builders.

Protection of French Industries

The same is true of agricultural machinery, which heretofore has been imported to a large extent from the United States. The French builders of farm machinery were not equipped to turn out large quantities before the war. This is one reason why we were able to export such numbers. The enormous increase in French industrial capacity since the beginning of the war will enable the factories to produce harvesters, reapers and mowing machines cheaply. They will find a ready market at home because of the increased demand from the farmers of the northern area and the general desire of the country to be agriculturally as self-sufficient as possible.

One of the ablest American business men in Paris, who has sold more machinery in France during the past three years than any other individual, made this illuminating statement to me:

"I believe it will be a mistake for Americans to count upon any very great immediate business in manufactured products in France after the war. Much raw and semifinished material will, no doubt, have to be imported from the United States; but the French Government will discourage in every way in its power the importation of full-finished products. Labor must be given to the returning troops, and the factories on which so much money has been expended will need work. These two ends can best be gained by discouraging foreign importation and by encouraging French manufacturers to cater to the needs of their own country.

"Of course America will always send highly specialized products to France that cannot be made there. One of these products is machine tools. The reason for our superiority in the making of these tools is the enormous home market, which has enabled us to specialize on one line. The average American machine-tool builder has always considered the United States as his field, and exported his surplus. The French machine-tool builder, in general, could not compete with him, because his home market is small as compared with that of the American manufacturer; and in building for a small market it is impossible to cut manufacturing costs to the lowest possible basis.

"Instead of confining themselves to one particular line, the French machine-tool makers endeavor to spread themselves over all lines, with the result that none of their machines is so well made as the American. Furthermore, through the high cost of labor American manufacturers must produce in large quantities, which reduces the price.

"The case of machine tools applies equally well to other branches in which American manufacturers have excelled. These goods—and they include cash registers, typewriters, automatic machines and labor-saving devices—comprise what is known as precision products, in which extreme accuracy is the predominating necessity. As a rule, these goods are not bulky; and consequently freight rates do not play an important part in their cost."

Now that we have touched freight rates, we have reached one of the serious obstacles in the way of American trade with France, now and after the war. With the exception of goods and materials needed for war purposes, and a slight surplus, there are practically no exports from America to France, except men.

If we did have any opening in the high wall of exclusion, the ruinous cost of transportation would penalize business and make it almost impossible.

Freight rates from New York to Bordeaux are from a hundred to a hundred and sixty dollars for forty cubic feet. Before the war the rate was about five dollars for the same space. The transportation lines now charge by measure instead of by weight. Since the rate for most products is more by measure than by weight, you can see what a hardship this works on the shipper.

There is a strong feeling among exporters that some time will elapse, even after peace is declared, before freight rates to France return to the level prevailing in 1913 and 1914; in fact, it is very doubtful that ocean rates will ever again be so low. If to these excessive rates is added the higher cost of labor in the United States and a tariff, it is evident that a great majority of American manufacturers now doing business in France will be shut out of the trade they have enjoyed since the war began.

What is the remedy, and how can American business get its hooks permanently into the French market in the face of these handicaps?

I have talked with veterans in Paris and elsewhere, and I find there is a growing conviction that the only way Americans doing a large business in France, especially since the beginning of the war, can hold their trade is to establish branch factories. As evidence of the truth of this argument you have only to look at the many Yankee establishments already installed there as going concerns. I mean such enterprises as the American Radiator Company, which operates a large factory in the eastern part of France, known as the Compagnie Nationale des Radiators; the United Shoe Machinery Company de France, which has a large, well-equipped factory in one of the suburbs of Paris; the International Harvester Company, which established a branch factory before the war in the outskirts of Lille; the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, at Francheville, near Paris; and the E. W. Bliss Company, at Saint-Ouen, near Paris. All these factories have done a profitable business and there is no reason why others should not follow their lead.

Why Branch Factories Pay

When you put this proposition up to the average big American manufacturer he says he prefers to have his entire manufacturing equipment at home and export the surplus, which enables him to cut down the manufacturing cost and thus sell at a better profit in the local market.

It is this idea of using surplus for export that has always been the flaw in our conception of foreign business. If we are to have a permanent oversea trade—and the time will come when that trade will be absolutely essential to our national industrial well-being—it is worth concentrating upon; it is entitled to the dignity of being made a legitimate feature of our industry. The sooner we realize this, the sooner we shall be permanent world-trade factors.

Let us look at the facts: If an American manufacturer exports twenty thousand dollars' worth of his products to France, that is not a very large proportion of his total output. If, on the other hand, he establishes a branch factory in Paris, or elsewhere, and increases his French business to four hundred thousand dollars, it is safe to assume that the returns to him on the increased sales would make it quite worth while to give up the original twenty thousand dollars of export surplus from America.

What are the benefits of establishing an industry on French soil? First of all is the goodwill you foster by being part and parcel of the people with whom you do business. Take industrial root, and the first phase of the battle is won.

In the second place, you get cheap labor. France possesses many skilled mechanics; in fact, there are none better. The great cry in the world after the war will be for employment. Here will be the opportunity to help restore France and increase American business at the same time.

(Continued on Page 89)

Direct From The Factory

To Save You $51

Brand New Oliver Typewriters for Half What They Used to Cost. Latest and Best Model. Sold Under a New Money-Saving Plan. Five Days' Free Trial. No Money Down—Over a Year to Pay.

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This is the offer of the Oliver Typewriter Company itself—a $2,000,000 concern.

The Oliver Typewriter Company gives this guarantee: The Oliver Nine we now sell direct is the exact machine—our Model No. 9—which was formerly priced at $100.

We do not offer a second-hand nor rebuilt machine. So do not confuse this new $49 Oliver with other offers.

The $51 you now save is the result of new and efficient sales methods.

Formerly there were over 15,000 Oliver salesmen and agents. We had to maintain expensive offices in 50 cities. Other costly and roundabout sales methods kept the price of typewriters around $100.

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This is our plan: You may have an Oliver for free trial by answering this advertisement.

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We will send you an Oliver Nine direct to your office or home for five days' free trial; it does not cost you a cent. Nor are you under the slightest obligation to buy.

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This standard keyboard, visible Oliver has long been the world's model. If you remember, Oliver introduced visible writing.

Year after year, Oliver inventors have set the pace. To-day's model—the Nine—is their greatest achievement.

Any stenographer may turn to the Oliver and operate it like any other machine. In fact, its simplicity recommends it to people who have never used a typewriter before.

This Oliver Nine is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model we have ever built. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this handsome machine—the greatest Oliver triumph.

Used By Big Business

It is the same commercial machine used by U. S. Steel Corporation; National City Bank of New York; Montgomery Ward & Co.; Curtis Publishing Co.; Pennsylvania Railroad; Hart, Schaffner & Marx; Morris & Company; Baldwin Locomotive Works; Ward Baking Company; Jones & Laughlin Steel Company; Western Clock Company—"Big Ben"; Encyclopaedia Britannica; and a host of others. Over 600,000 have been sold.

Regardless of price, do not spend one cent upon any typewriter—whether new, second-hand, or rebuilt—do not even rent a machine until you have investigated thoroughly our proposition.

It is unnecessary to pay more than $49 for a brand new, standard typewriter.

The Oliver Typewriter Company, by this great, money-saving, price-reducing plan, is entitled to your first consideration.

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☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

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This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de-luxe catalog and further information.

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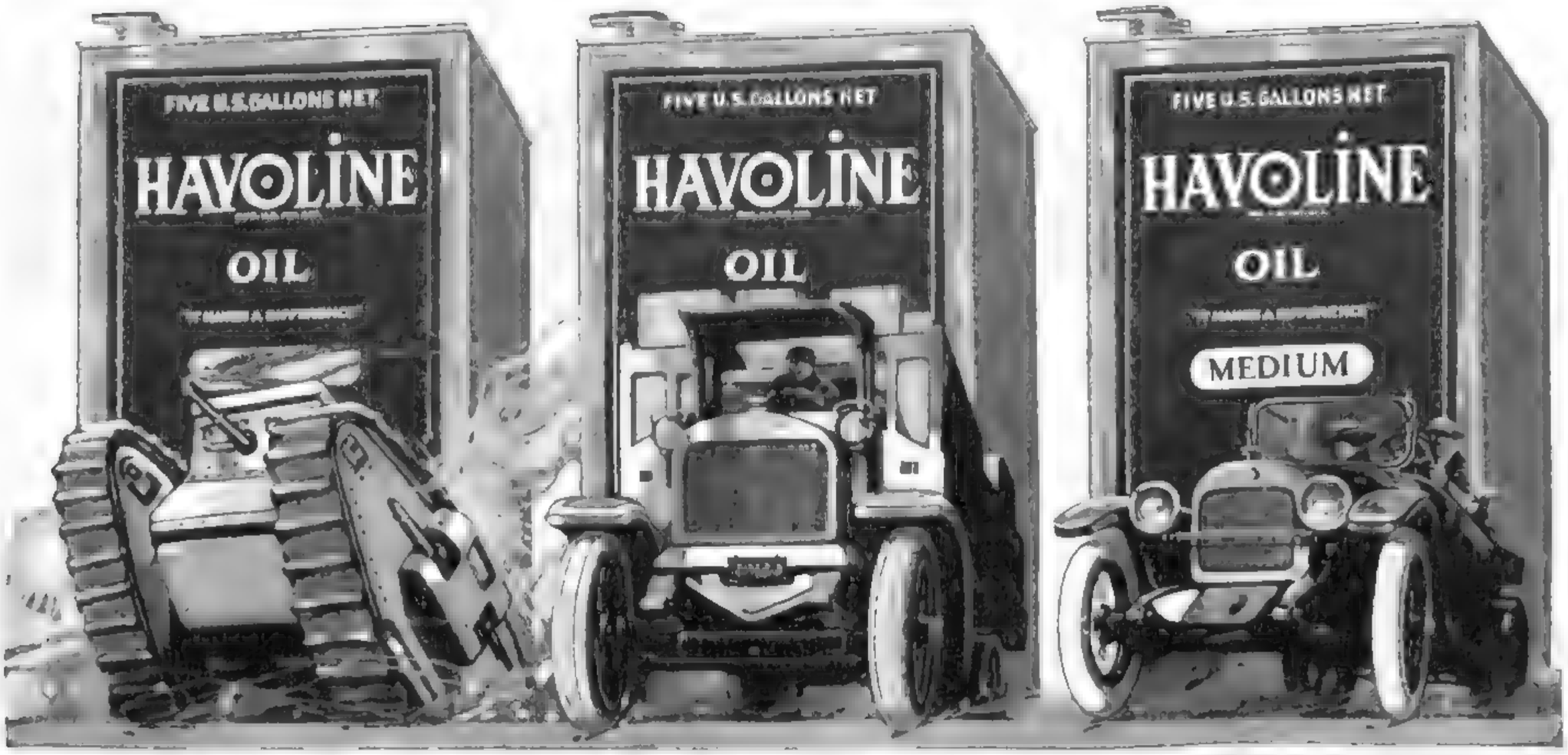

War Work Joy

The wheels of war look keenly to lubrication. Correct lubrication makes for fighting trim, whether of tank, airplane, destroyer, dreadnought, or machine gun.

Incorrect lubrication makes for destruction from within as unerringly as accurate hostile shell-fire makes for destruction from without. Turn to any fighting front for the vivid lesson of lubrication. This war is a ceaseless struggle between thrift and waste. The motor assets of the nation, whether under actual fire at the front, or in city streets at home, must survive as long as proper care can make them survive. Your motor cars and trucks will stand up longer under the grind of hard service if you lubricate with Havoline Oil. The preference of a vast majority of America's better-class motorists for Havoline Oil is the one greatest argument for Havoline Oil.

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"It makes a difference"

(Continued from Page 86)

The American producer can fare infinitely better in France by coöperation with the French rather than by competition with them. It is a matter of temperament. The same argument would not apply to England, because the Britisher loves a scrap, and after the war industrial competition will be his middle name.

American factories are famous throughout the world for their organization and efficiency. By operating in France in the American way our manufacturers would obtain surprising results and build up a whole new prestige.

Any consideration of branch factories in France must include the important item of customs. If France rears a protective wall, as she undoubtedly will, the American manufacturer producing in France will be inside that wall. The cost of transporting his machinery and some of his raw material will undoubtedly be more than offset by the escape from tariff on the finished article exported from the United States.

Another vital fact to be considered is taxation. If a concern is operated in France as a branch of an American house it must pay taxes on the business it does in France, and also pay a tax to the American Government. If it is owned by a third corporation, as is frequently the case with companies doing business abroad, it faces still further taxation. When a certain American machinery firm was acquired by a New York corporation, and continued business as an out-and-out branch, it paid three taxes—one to the French Government; a second to the American Government, under its own name; and a third as part of the parent corporation to which it was attached.

The moral, therefore, is to incorporate in France—or in any other foreign country—under the laws of that country. American manufacturers doing business in England have long found this to be a great advantage, while the comparatively few American enterprises in France that have done likewise are all prospering.

The branch factory abroad is no new idea. Germany, master of the world-commerce game, has dramatized it wherever the trade winds blow. During the nineties, and when the Wilson Tariff Law was in effect in the United States, German manufacturers did a large and thriving trade with us. When the McKinley high protective tariff replaced the Wilson schedule these German producers saw themselves cut off from their greatest market.

Instead of accepting defeat, they immediately began to establish factories in the United States. The plate looking-glass business in America to-day is almost the direct result of the enterprise of a few German manufacturers who, determined to evade the McKinley Law, set up business here. In other industries similar action was taken. Instead of losing trade, they found themselves much more prosperous as manufacturers inside the American tariff wall.

Getting Started Right

All this naturally leads to the large question of how to do business right in France. Knowledge is everything! is the first text that may be written in this new business bible.

If you want to get on with the French you must first understand them. In France, more than in any country where American trade has set up its abode—with the possible exception of Spain—the peculiarities of the people are an important factor. The greatest success has always attended complete adaptability to local needs and the employment of the French themselves as coworkers.

This does not mean that when you are operating in France you must do what the French do; but it does mean that it is good business to capitalize their eccentricities or their talents. The Frenchman has a vivid and brilliant imagination, a plastic nature, and, with proper direction, makes himself an essential cog in the productive machine.

Let me illustrate with the concrete example of an American business in Paris, which is operated along what might be called ideal conditions: Though it is owned by another corporation, it is incorporated under its own name under the French laws. The president, general manager and treasurer are American. Every other important position in this business is filled by Frenchmen. The firm does business in the French way and in the French language. This is why it has registered the most conspicuous success of any Yankee company in the French trade field.

This company outstrips all its competitors in the extent of its business with the French Government. I will tell you why: Before the war, and by a curious kink in the French corporation laws, no one but a French subject could sell goods to the government. This was changed for the duration of the war. With this pre-war precedent, however, the government, except in cases of great necessity, will give preference to a firm that is French in organization and knows the rules of the French business game.

When a firm operates under a French charter its books are subject to periodical scrutiny by the government, which exercises a more or less parental control over it. This control, however, is a distinct moral aid to the business, because it becomes part of the national trade structure. It is in the family, so to speak; and the French, despite the inevitable triangle, are keen about the family spirit.

American firms sometimes commit amusing blunders with the human material they send to France. A certain corporation imported ten young college graduates a year ago. They were fresh from the lecture room and their only contact with business had been to spend their allowances. A seasoned American business man, long a resident of Paris, called on the head of the firm that had brought over the collegians and inquired what salary they were receiving.

Now is the Time for Trade-Building

"We are paying these boys $2500 a year," was the reply.

"We pay French boys of that age $250 and get much better service," retorted the veteran.

One of these $2500-a-year boys—a graduate engineer—had been put at work making out time cards!

The significance of this episode is that there has been too little actual training for the foreign trade field. The conviction is growing among farsighted men who have the real vision of a permanent export trade that America and France should have what would correspond to exchange professorships in colleges. The French youth should be sent to America to be trained in our factories, while the American boy should cut his business teeth in France and in the French language. In this way complete accord would be established and the *entente cordiale* of sentiment would become a practicality in business.

This is as good a place as any to impress the fact, emphasized by the French industrial regeneration, that the time will inevitably arrive after the war when the output of American factories will, in all likelihood, exceed the demand. The gearing up of our industry to our own war needs and the expansion due to the supplying of Europe's need before our entry into the conflict have extended our productivity to a tremendous degree. A permanent foreign trade will, therefore, be absolutely essential to our prosperity and to the safeguarding of our gold reserve. Now is the time to build it.

We can never achieve this end if we do not forsake the fetish of standardization in the foreign field. Oddly enough, the thing that gives us our industrial supremacy at home develops into one of our worst enemies abroad. One reason why we have not realized our proper export destiny in France and South America is that we have always believed that we knew more about the needs of our oversea customers than they did.

On this assumption—and I am making no great revelation—we have unloaded or tried to unload commodities made by the wholesale for American needs and assumed that they were just what the Frenchman wanted. Take electric-lamp sockets: The French want the so-called bayonet socket; while we, in the main, insist upon trying to thrust screw sockets upon them, simply because they are the kind we happen to use.

While we are in the chamber of our foreign-trade horrors let me point out another grave defect in the whole export attitude. It lies in the costly error of trying to run a business in Paris from Wall Street and with the Wall Street point of view. One misfortune with some of our concerns doing business abroad is that they are controlled by corporations dominated by Wall Street banks or Wall Street men; and this usually means self-interest and a narrow vision.

Whenever you go to a trade banquet in New York you hear speeches by Wall Street corporation vice presidents urging development of foreign trade. They offer many "helpful hints." If you took a census you would find that scarcely any of these men speak a foreign language or have been farther east than Sandy Hook! What is the result? The moment there is a flurry in Wall Street, and stocks go tumbling, these long-distance mentors of foreign trade get cold feet and send frantic cables to their representatives abroad to pull in their horns and sit tight. If the market is up they boom with optimism and expansion. It is part of that ancient provincialism of Wall Street which, up to the time the late E. H. Harriman realized that a large part of the United States lay beyond the Hudson River, believed that all America began and ended in Greater New York. You cannot tie foreign trade to the ticker!

Here is an incident that confirms what I have written: A certain enterprising American in Paris, who speaks French and understands French economic conditions better than any man I know in France, developed a big business throughout the republic. His concern is owned and controlled by a Wall Street corporation whose instructions to him have been more or less dictated by the condition of the stock market.

When America got into the war and the Government began to control industry, he got the following cablegram from the head of the business: "Government is regulating industry. Dispose of everything you have in stock; take no more orders."

Accustomed as he was to the vagaries of high finance, this was a facer for the man in Paris. He had spent five years in building up a profitable business. At that moment he had a million dollars in orders on his books; in his warehouses were ample stocks, thanks to his prudent foresight. Because the stock market, influenced by the news from Washington, happened to be off, and because Wall Street was shaky, he was called upon to sacrifice nearly everything to a moment of panic. By canceling orders he would have impaired the goodwill of his customers; by disposing of his stocks at once he would have lost a large sum, for the reason that, if exports from America were to be curtailed, the longer he held his goods the more valuable they would become on account of the short supply. Thus, all the advice from home was destructive.

He refused to be intimidated. He followed his own counsel, continued to take orders and held on to his stocks. Two weeks later he got a cablegram of congratulation from New York commending his courage!

I was in Paris when this episode took place. Do you wonder that the man in question was discouraged and said: "Will Wall Street ever realize that it cannot gamble in stocks and sell goods abroad at the same time?"

Most-Favored-Nation Treaties

The moment you touch any sector of the foreign-trade field affecting America, that moment you realize how urgently we shall need a bargaining tariff when the war is over. It will be difficult to combat speeded-up, reorganized and protected British industry; it will be much more difficult to attack France, intrenched behind a high-tariff barrier.

France will be a huge debtor nation when the war is over, and that means she will pare her imports down to the bone. We can offset this with two things—a bargaining tariff and a most-favored-nation treaty. It will be up to us to take the favored-nation place occupied by Germany before the war. Germany rammed this concession down the throat of France through the famous Frankfort Treaty, dictated by overwhelming military triumph in the Franco-Prussian War.

The United States can resort to no such bullying, because we are allies and not enemies of France. We can achieve the same result, however, through economic diplomacy, by making the French realize that they cannot sell us their luxuries—like champagne, frocks, laces, jewelry and silk textiles—without buying our machines and our manufactured goods. Curious as it may seem in the light of the sentimental relation between the two countries, we have never had a real favored-nation treaty with France. Indeed, she has always discriminated against us by putting a duty on manufactured articles.

Farseeing Frenchmen already realize the need of the friendliest possible economic relation with America after the war. One reason for this is that they know it is good business; the other is that France will be

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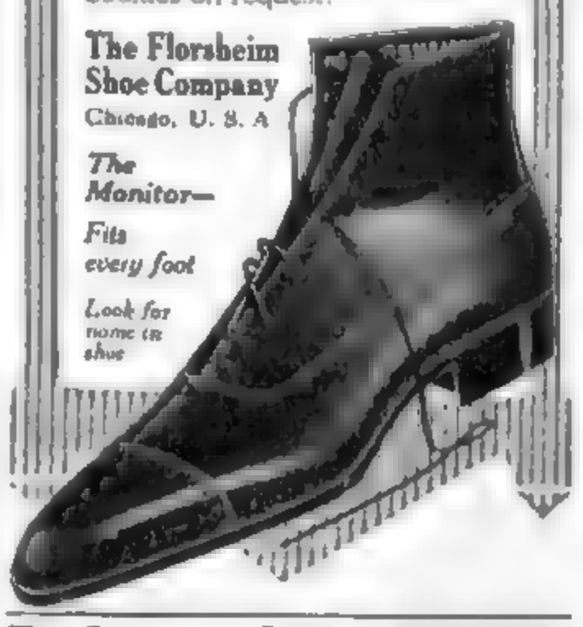

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enormously in our financial debt, and it does not always pay to rub your creditor the wrong way.

A section of the French press has gone so far as to say that the drastic prohibition of American goods is a grave mistake. The Temps, one of the leading Paris papers, declared that the latest order of exclusion was the death sentence of French commerce. This exaggerates the case; but there is no doubt of a growing tendency to mollify rather than antagonize American business.

Intelligent concentration on the French business field, backed up by a bargaining tariff, could put an immense quantity of American goods into France. The growing French hatred of Germany will preclude all possibility, save in the event of overwhelming defeat of the Allies, of her reëstablishment in France on any kind of favored-nation basis. Despite the fact that propinquity and the pocketbook usually level all social and economic animosities, it is doubtful that France will so far forget herself as to let Fritz play freely and unafraid in her business back yard again.

This means that we could sell France many of the products she once bought from Germany. They include raw skins, wool, copper, pottery, imitation jewelry, India-rubber and gutta-percha articles, brushes, fans, buttons, toys, machinery, electric-power plants, machine tools and metal goods.

We shall not be able really to invade the French market until we do some of the trade things we have left undone. We must establish a complete scheme of credit information and widen our commercial banking system in France. The increased financial facilities necessary to accommodate the needs of our troops have already helped in that direction.

We must do business on a c. i. f. basis, instead of a f. o. b. New York, Baltimore or Boston basis. This means, in simplest terms, that we must sell goods to France at a price which covers cost, insurance and freight, and puts them down at the door of the buyer. A chronic failure to do this has been a serious obstacle to our foreign-trade progress in the past.

We must send stocks instead of samples. As I have pointed out on other occasions, the Frenchman is a sort of continental Missourian. He wants to be shown. Nothing delights him more than to revel in the midst of a mass of goods and make his choice leisurely but surely. One great defect in our one-time business relations with France was our carelessness in marking cases and our inability to realize that a letter to France required a five-cent stamp. Thanks to our army overseas, we are now learning how to label packages correctly and plainly, and to put sufficient postage on letters.

We can never remain in the French business field unless we study the ground first. This is an ancient injunction; but it is never too old to be emphasized again. Here is a little story that shows how our would-be trade envoys fall down.

A Case of Now or Never!

Less than a year ago a well-known American drug firm sent an agent to Paris to conquer the market. He took with him considerable stock. He had never been abroad before and could not speak French. This was bad enough; but the worst was yet to come. After equipping offices and hiring a staff of assistants, he suddenly discovered that he could do no business. The reason was he had forgotten to investigate the French law that prohibits the sale of drugs or pharmaceutical articles until they are passed upon and approved by the Pasteur Institute. This involves an almost endless amount of red tape. In this case it consumed exactly three months. Through lack of adequate precaution he not only lost all this time but created a very bad impression in the French drug trade.

Finally, if we are to realize our trade destiny in France, American business men must stop saying "We'll wait until after the war." If they wait until after the war it may be too late. The time to plant the seed is to-day, when our Army is lined up shoulder to shoulder with the French on a common battle front of freedom, and when the heart of the nation beats for us with grateful appreciation. It is now or never!

There is no reason for lack of information about French conditions. If you cannot send a representative to France you can get in touch with the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris, or the newly formed French-American Chamber of Commerce in New York, which is the Economic Section of the French Institute in the United States. The latter is organizing committees to deal with French customs house procedure—duties, freights, communications, litigation and transportation. Failing at these two organizations, you can always reach the commercial attaché of the United States accredited to the American Embassy in Paris.

Indeed, the road to the new French trade relation is paved with opportunities. One of them is embodied in the third Lyons Fair, to be held from March first to the fifteenth, this year, in the famous French silk city, where the American manufacturer may put himself upon the trade map of the republic.

To facilitate him, an American committee, headed by George B. Van Cleve and including representatives of organizations like the Chamber of Commerce, the French Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants' Association, the American Manufacturers' Export Association, all in New York City, and the Boston Chamber of Commerce, has been formed, with headquarters at 1790 Broadway, New York. It has all necessary information about the exposition and is in direct touch with the authorities at Lyons.

The Fair at Lyons

This Lyons Fair reflects the reborn French business spirit. It is more than a fair: it is a great market for the interchange of ideas and the actual sale of goods. The financial turnover at the second exhibition was seventy-two million dollars. Like the British Industries Fair, it is projected as a substitute now and as a rival later on of the famous Leipsic Fair, which was Germany's annual national shop window.

The first two fairs were held in 1916 and 1917, in the full tide of war. At the first one there was not a single American exhibitor; at the second there were thirty-three. The applications for space in the forthcoming one indicate that this number will be greatly increased. From 1199 French exhibitors in 1916 the list grew to 2073 last year. There will be fully a thousand more when the doors open next March. I cite this large increase in numbers to show that France, in the midst of a war which menaces her very existence, finds time, energy and enterprise to devise exhibits at a world exhibition.

There is no joy riding or Midway sightseeing at the Lyons Fair. To become a stand holder, which is the French way of expressing exhibition space, one must be a manufacturer or be considered as one. Middlemen and retail tradesmen are not admitted as exhibitors. Business is done by means of samples—it is really a great sample fair—and the goods are forwarded from the factory, according to the terms of the contract. All retail trading is forbidden and no article can be delivered to a purchaser at the fair or during its life. This puts the whole proposition on a definite selling basis and concentrates energy on that activity. The Lyons Fair to-day is France's best market place.

The dominating personality behind this enterprise is Edouard Herriot, who is a full dynamic brother to André Citroen—co-star in a kindred romance of self-made success. He arrived from the provinces in the second city of France not very many years ago, with exactly fifteen dollars in his pocket. He became a school-teacher, and taught day and night until his interest in civic development and his eloquent espousal of industrial development got him elected mayor. He has been reelected twelve times. In the interim he has served four terms as senator from the Rhône Department.

Last autumn, when France faced the most acute food and transportation crisis of her history, it was Herriot who became the unanimous choice for National Minister of Transportation and Food Supplies and brought order out of chaos. If he keeps on at this rate he will have a career like Sir Eric Geddes and successively hold most of the important constructive posts in the gift of the Republic.

Herriot has made Lyons the Pittsburgh of France. But it is a Pittsburgh plus an intelligent assimilation of the best in German and American efficiency methods. He is magnetic, virile, convincing—a compelling figure of a man; the finest type of the new French leadership, no less effective in industry than in civics. Rub shoulders with this new French child of destiny and you understand why his country is adopting him for her own. He is a great leader, regarded by many as the coming man of France.

Unfortunately the American business man seeking to enter the French market cannot always do business with a Frenchman of the Herriot type. He finds many who are less desirable. This is largely due to the parsimony that is such a distinctive Gallic trait. The shorter and more charitable word for it is thrift. Remove the thrift idea from the average Frenchman and he stands naked.

Long contact with the French financial point of view, whether in buying or selling, has made more than one American realize that thrift may be a vice instead of a virtue. At thirty the Frenchman's sole idea is to amass a competence for his old age. This is a most commendable ambition; but when it becomes an obsession and influences all life it is likely to have its drawbacks. Nor does it diminish as you ascend the social scale. Right here you put your finger on the spot in the French business structure that we have had to hammer hardest. It is exceedingly difficult to do business with the acutely frugal, and the French do business in terms of frugality.

Unlike the American idea of establishing a permanent goodwill in trade, the Frenchman has little or no thought of future business relationship. He is concerned solely with the transaction in which he is engaged, and his whole energy is based upon getting every possible dollar out of it. Let the buyer beware! is his maxim. Such salesmanship as giving a concession to-day that will bear fruit in a reorder to-morrow is not in his business philosophy. I catalogue these personal facts because they are necessary to an analysis of trade opportunity in France. If we are going to do business over there in a big way after the war it is important that we shall know as much as possible about our clients and our customers.

The Frenchman's Partner

Despite every shortcoming of the French you have only to look at their history, whether in art or in industry, to find it written in the story and the glory of all time.

No inventory of the France of to-day, nor any forecast of the France of to-morrow, would be complete without some reference to her women. In war or peace they are the ruling sex, not only because the French are sentimental and are the world's best-known specialists in love, but because the French wife is her husband's partner in every sense.

When a Frenchman is married to a girl in trade it seldom follows that she gives up her business job with matrimony. If her husband has a commercial establishment into which she fits she almost invariably takes a position in it. More often it is to be mistress of the cash box. A Frenchman would regard it as treason not to discuss any contemplated business venture with his wife. It is the teamwork that wins.

To a greater degree even than in England women are doing men's work in France; first, because of the depletion of man power in the country, and second, because they instinctively turn to the masculine task and to labor generally. I have seen them operating heavy turret lathes which are employed in shell making, and handling the mechanism that drives huge cranes.

The Frenchwoman works at a speed that no man could or would imitate. She is an intense individualist and does not watch her neighbor working alongside. Her main job is to exact the greatest amount of labor out of the working hour. All the knowledge gained by women during these years of war will be capitalized to the fullest extent when the nation turns to the monster task of reconstruction. The woman will be a factor in the establishment of quantity output in France. Her sacrifice in war will be equaled only by her productivity in peace.

I can give you no better interpretation of the character of French womanhood than to attempt to visualize what will always remain in my memory as the most touching sight I have yet seen in the war. It was in the devastated region where the Hun had left a trail of ruined towns, blackened forests and despoiled land in his wake.

I was on my way back from the Front, chilled and depressed by the horizon of waste that hemmed me in. Suddenly I heard a steady hammering—a strange sound it was in the midst of such desolation—and no loneliness is quite so utter as the solitude of the ravaged places. I stopped my car, got out and walked toward a dilapidated house—the only structure with four walls that remained in what was once a thriving hamlet. When I reached the spot this is what I saw.

A Heroine Among Nations

A woman stood at an improvised anvil, beating out a horseshoe. Her husband, as I learned, had been a blacksmith. He had fallen in battle and she wore his uniform. A child played at her feet while the sparks flew upward. All she had in the world, save this mite of humanity and the ruins of her home, had been wiped out by the war. Even the roof above her head was wrecked. Yet she kept to the task that had once sustained her. Between the strokes of her hammer I could hear the boom of the far-away guns, sounding like the doom notes in the last act of Aïda. It was a thrilling and unforgettable contrast.

The woman at that rude forge was the heroic incarnation of defiant will—the symbol of her sex. Some great artist might have painted the scene and made it the companion picture of the great canvas that depicts Joan of Arc walking with her vision in the little churchyard at Domremy. These two daughters of France are of the same immortal sisterhood.

Can France come back economically? Behold what I have just tried to describe and you will realize that it is a useless question.

When you have stood on the hills that look down on Verdun, as I have, and seen the imperishable watermark that records the high tide of French valor, you will understand how the immortal phrase They Shall Not Pass! became the epitaph of German ambition there.

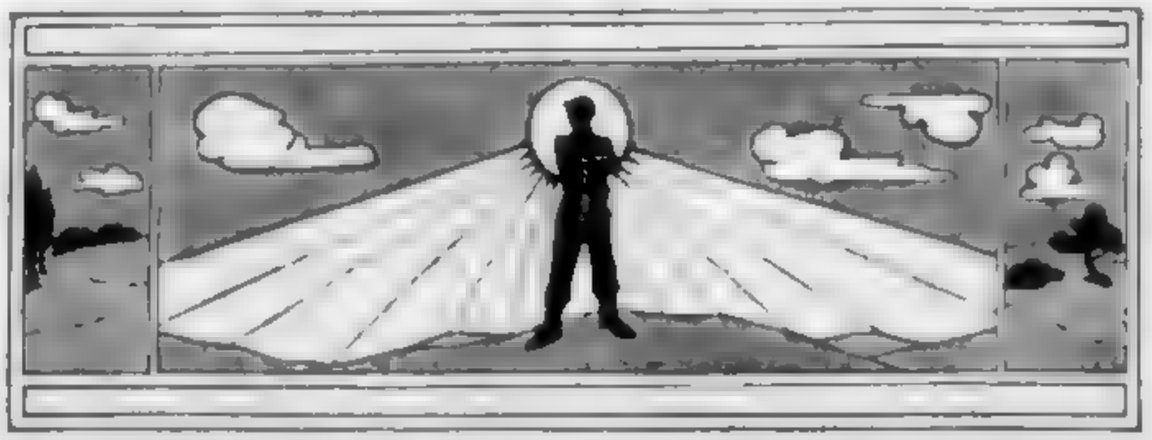
You comprehend, too, that the courage and sacrifice which registered it will write a kindred motto, We Shall Endure!—upon the walls of the world.

Out of the mighty crucible of the war shall rise a New France. The Citroens, Mayens and Herriots insure a virile industrial manhood; the training of her women guarantees an intensive output that shall not want for workers; the exclusion of imported goods and the rearing of an inevitable tariff wall proclaim the fact that the government is alive to the first principles of self-preservation. Like England, France is getting ready.

War is the infallible revealer. The American North did not know the South until kinship and lack of sectionalism emerged from the travail of our own civil strife. So, too, with America and France. The French may squeeze the sou until it screams; but behind that thrift is an epic of achievement which shall be duplicated by the performances of peace.

The France of to-morrow will be all that is embodied in the France of to-day, strengthened by the power, knowledge, craft and confidence gained during the years of stress. She will be a heroine among the nations!

We may well do business with her.



Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with business conditions in Europe. The next will be devoted to Italy

If you ever wake up to this, blame it on someone's inflammable roof

IN the last few years thousands of people of Atlanta, Baltimore, Salem and Paris looked helplessly on just such a sight —stood powerless while their homes, workshops and landmarks were eaten alive by the red scourge. So long as we are human, carelessness, oversight and combustibles will be with us. So will fire. And while a single burned home or gutted factory is a severe loss to the individuals involved, the community fire is a real catastrophe. And it isn't an accident. It is the price charged by ignorance for a lesson in fire safety.

All such fires start small and spread large over the Inflammable Roof Route. Your home's protection from the community fire depends on the material fastened to its rafters. Your factory's chance in a conflagration depends on its roof material.

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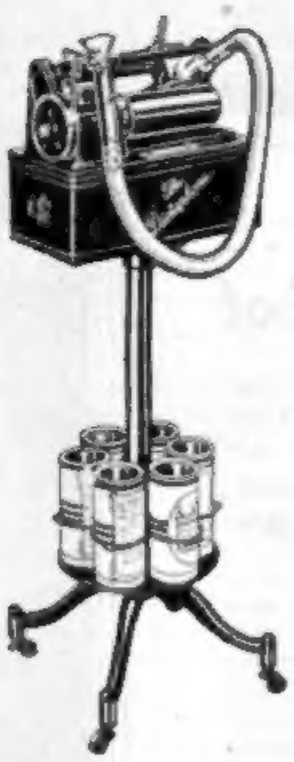

Allow for the advance in postage rates. Figure in cost of installing The Dictaphone System. Even then the cost of mailing this year's correspondence will be little, if any, higher than was the cost of getting out an equal volume of mail last year. That fact is absolutely *provable in your own office.*

The large employer can count the savings effected by The Dictaphone in terms of thousands of dollars. The man who runs a small business is also a big gainer. A demonstration in *your* office on *your* work should convince you. No obligation on your part. Phone or write today.

To Secretaries and Stenographers

The Dictaphone makes you more valuable to your employer. It adds one more to your business accomplishments. It offers you modern, pleasant, dignified work. It means more and better letters, and they mean better pay for you.

"The Shortest Route to the Mail-Chute"

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REGISTERED IN U. S. AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Dept. 113-B, Woolworth Building, New York City

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Buffalo	622 Main St.	Flint, Mich.	210 Walsh Block	New Haven	210 Meadow St.	Portland, Ore.	429 Washington St.	Toledo	628 Spitzer Bldg.
Chicago	512 N. American Bldg.	Grand Rapids	150 Ottawa Ave., N.W.	New Orleans	517 Canal St.	Rochester	23 Clinton Ave., S.	Toronto	201 Stair Bldg.
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Write for booklet "The Man at the Desk"

It is not a Dictaphone unless it is trade-marked "THE DICTAPHONE"

Food will win the war. Don't waste it.

A LOADED MOTOR TRUCK SAVED FROM FIRE BY A $10. BILL

(IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY)

He was hurrying a heavy load to the freight yard when the truck caught fire.
Pyrene stopped the blaze, rescued the truck, saved $6000 in merchandise and enabled the manufacturer to make delivery on time. $10 invested in Pyrene buys protection for a motor truck. Put up one ten-dollar bill today for each truck you own. These are no times to take chances with fire. Pyrene on your truck gets you a 15 per cent reduction on auto fire insurance. Saves its cost. Sold by hardware and auto supply dealers.

Pyrene Manufacturing Company, New York City

Chemical Engines, Fire Hose, Waste and Safety Cans, All Fire Appliances.

Conservation will win the war

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Please tell me how much I can save annually by putting a Pyrene on my Automobile Motor Truck

Name_____

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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

—the *man-o-man* tobacco that sure does all the time listen like it's tailored-to-your-taste; that's as smokable before breakfast as after dinner; that rings-right, *always*, against the fussiest smokeappetite; that never bites your tongue; never parches your throat! Bite and parch are cut out by our exclusive patented process! Yes sir, P. A. is tobacco you fire up with the same keen zip-zing-relish from one end of the calendar to the other; that puts you over-the-top every time you puff the gladgoods into your smokechest! And,

Prince Albert holds all the long-and-happy smoke records up to and over twenty-four hours! You can step along at tip-top-speed, or loll-'long-in-low with equal joy, for

P. A. is tuned to turn-a-trick at any smoke pace you hit!

So, here's a wireless word to men who yearn to smoke a joy'us jimmy pipe; men with touchy-tongues that have been stung-up and retired from the firing line:—

You go right to Prince Albert like the pair of you were buddy-pals and blaze-away with that scot-free-feeling you get when you smoke P. A. for seven years without batting an eye! For, P. A. never worried any other man, and *it won't worry you!* No matter how many times you've fallen down on smoke-stunts you'll stand pat with P. A. and fire-a-pipe like an old stager—and get that wonder-spirit of P. A.-peace-and-content!

And, regulars who puff some P. A. "just to find out what all this smokefuss is about" pretty quick climb on the Prince Albert band wagon and swat the cymbals loudest—*P. A. makes 'em so glad!*

Prince Albert is to be had everywhere tobacco is sold in toppy red bags and tidy red tins; handsome full pound and full half pound tin humidors—and—in that classy, practical full pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition!

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Tobacco Co.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.